# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

*Illustrated*

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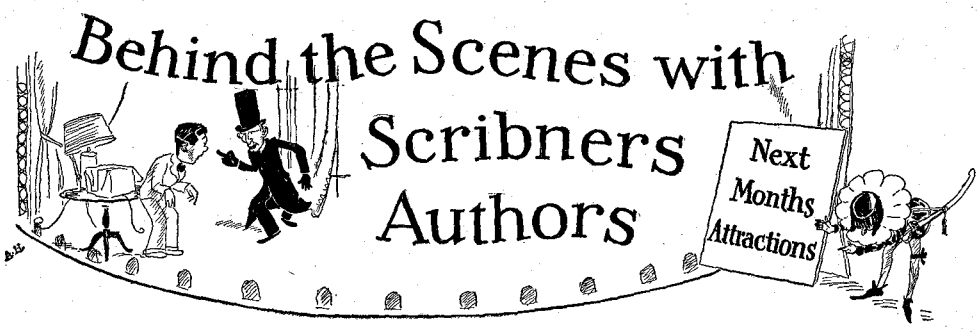


*A Glimpse of the Actors at this Performance and a Glance at the Bill for Next Month*

WE glanced furtively up and down the street before entering. We closed the door quietly and tiptoed cautiously along the hall to our library. Once inside there and we were safe! Sniffing the air gratefully, with a smile and a tune on our lips we began to unwrap the mysterious package we carried under our arm. But, horror of horrors, just as we were about to spread it with a triumphant gesture upon the table and go to the hiding-place of the vicious instruments in which we use the stuff, a curtain moved. A figure emerged, clad all in black; his gloves even were black, a tall black hat sat upon his long narrow head, black coat-tails swished about his ankles as he approached us with a glide that seemed to have a sibilance about it.

His lips were set in a leering smile. "Ah, ha, young man, I have you this time. My agents have not smelled the filthy tobacco on your breath in vain. Open that package!"

We tried to shout defiance but couldn't. In the strenuous effort to open our mouth we woke up wildly to find it all a horrible dream occasioned by the activities of the Anti-Nicotine League, which by a campaign of "moral suasion" intends to stamp out tobacco in this country.

**A Moral Blizzard**

It seems silly, this agitation. But to many people the Eighteenth Amendment seemed silly. It was one of those moral blizzards that H. A. L. Fisher speaks of in "America After Fifteen Years," the leading article in this number.

For our part, we don't want any more blizzards. We're all for a summer of glorious tolerance. We have enough pipes to last us for many years, but we don't relish the idea of buying alfalfa from a bootlegger at exorbitant prices, and he assuring us that it has just been smuggled in from Turkey or that it is pre-prohibition Virginia stuff, the while we smile sceptically and buy it just the same.

Mr. Fisher, by the way, is a peculiarly English phenomenon: an educator and a politician. Of course you will contradict us with Woodrow Wilson and Marion Leroy Burton and Nicholas Murray Butler. But Wilson abandoned teaching when he entered politics; Burton and Butler have not held political office. Mr. Fisher was Minister of Education in Lloyd George's cabinet and is at present warden of New College, Oxford. And, in American terms, he corresponds to member of Congress for the New England colleges.

**A British Phenomenon**

We promised a glimpse at the play-bill of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for next month, and we shall begin keeping our promise by the important announcement that two of our star performers in this issue will also appear in the next: Edward G. Spaulding and Edith Wharton. Both belong to that group of intelligent people who ally themselves with no school, who examine all things critically.

In the Christmas number Mrs. Wharton discussed the writing of fiction in general. This month she takes up the short story, and in the two following numbers she will discuss the construction of the novel.

In a long editorial comment on Mrs. Wharton's first article, the New York *Herald-Tribune* said:

> Mrs. Wharton admits that the creative imagination can make a little go a long way. "One good heart-break will furnish the poet with many songs," she remarks, "and the novelist with a considerable number of novels." It is a good saying. Better yet is the one that follows: "But they must have hearts to break." That, from a thoroughgoing artist, from a past mistress of technique, cuts deep. . . .
>
> . . . Mrs. Wharton states courageously and luminously the crux of the so-called "moral" issue. She knows, as every authentic artist has always known, that you do not inject morality into art as though it were an elixir poured out of a bottle. But she recognizes the high philosophy which presides over the question of the fit and proper subject.



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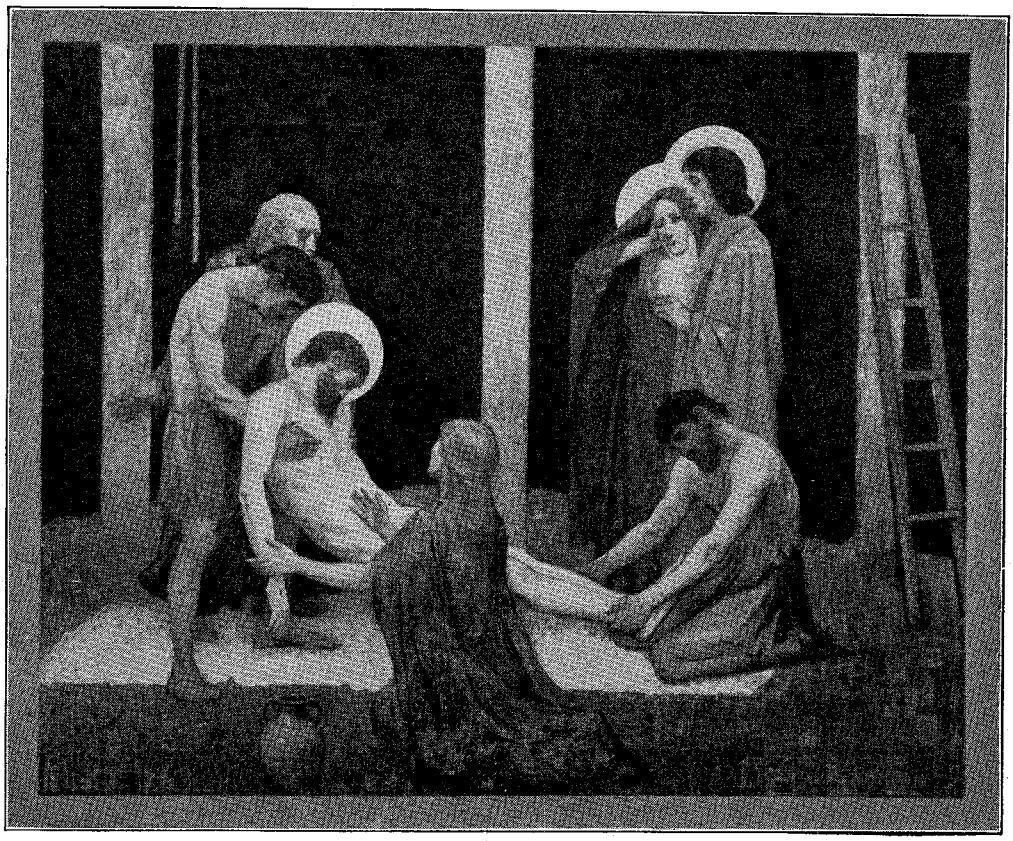

THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS

THE CENTRE PANEL FROM THE ALTAR PAINTING BY
AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK
FOR THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES AT SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASS.

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# AT CHRISTENDOM'S CROSS

By John Finley

On Seeing the Altar Painting by Mr. Tack

Mary the Mother of Christ was there
  And John whom He'd chosen to care for her;
Simon who'd helped Him His cross to bear
  And Joseph who'd offered his sepulchre;
He who had come under darkness' guard
  And she that "loved much," on her bended knees,
Magdalen, bringing her precious nard;—
  All Christendom stands at the Cross with these.



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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII APRIL, 1925 NO. 4

# America After Fifteen Years

BY H. A. L. FISHER

M. P. for the Northern English Universities, President Board of Education in Lloyd George's Ministry, Author of "Studies in History and Politics," etc.

IT is fifteen years since I last visited the United States. A short time, maybe, if measured by seconds, minutes, and hours, but long enough if we take account of the great changes which have transformed the political landscape of the world during this crowded and momentous period. For consider just a few of the happenings of these stirring fifteen years—the revolution in China, perhaps the most complete revolution in all history, the Great War, the downfall of the three European empires, the resurrection of Poland, the establishment of a Communist government in Russia, the dictatorship of Mussolini in Italy, the abolition of the Khalifat, the grant of autonomy to Catholic Ireland and of practical self-government to the three hundred and twenty-two million inhabitants of the Indian continent. A very crowded fifteen years! More than a century of change seems to have been packed into them.

What, however, of the United States? Has this great, conservative empire, so wealthy, so fortunately remote from the central storm-centre of world politics, so absorbed in its own business and pleasures, also undergone changes? Are there any alterations of mentality discernible to the close observer? Any change in the trend and working of institutions? Any new tokens of revolt and impatience? Any transformations in the constitution and customs of American society? Those are the questions which, visiting America after this interval of fifteen years, I naturally put to myself.

The first, the most obvious, and the most enduring impression which I have derived from my visit is that of a great advance in the diffusion of material prosperity and comfort.

Fifteen years ago America was a very rich country. She is far richer now, richer absolutely and richer by comparison with the rest of the world. There has never been in the whole course of history a society in which the means of material comfort were so widely or amply diffused as they are in the America of to-day. In England cabinet ministers cannot afford to keep motor cars. In America, thanks in the main to the enterprise of Mr. Henry Ford, a car is regarded as an essential perquisite to the normal working household. Professors and students, typists and bricklayers, the humblest operative as well as the wealthiest millionaire owns, or appears to own, a car. Little children drive about in toy automobiles. In Los Angeles there is a car to every four persons, children included. When winter comes the roads of Florida are black not only with the automobiles of the wealthy in search of change and sunshine, but also with the Ford cars of the workingmen. American civilization is on wheels. There are few problems which engage more attention than that of parking, and how beautifully developed the art of parking has become! With what neatness and dexterity is the machine manœuvred into its appointed niche within four inches

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from the pavement! For every one appears to be able to drive in America. It has become one of the national arts, as widely diffused as the taste for music in Germany, or dramatic appreciation among the ancient Greeks. Indeed, one of the arguments advanced in favor of prohibition is that in a society in which most citizens are engine-drivers drunkenness is not a private vice but a public danger. This great development has sprung up in the last decade. Fifteen years ago no one asked himself the question whether he could get about quicker on foot than in a car in one of your great cities. Now that question is frequently asked and the answer, as often as not, comes down on the side of the pedestrian. By a curious irony the demand for speedy motion, if carried beyond a certain point, defeats its own end. Out of overmuch mobility there results immobility. The luxury of the few, becoming the necessity of the many, ceases to yield the old revenue of pleasure. There will come a time, and that not very far distant, when cars will be so numerous that half the enjoyment of using them will disappear. Meanwhile the whole American people is rioting in this new source of power over place and time.

Then there is the radio. Fifteen years ago we had not heard of the radio. Now every tenement-house in New York is fitted up with a wireless apparatus. The listeners-in have become a powerful factor in politics, the more powerful inasmuch as no one knows, or from the nature of the case can know, with certainty what effect listening in does in point of fact exert. I have heard it said that the last presidential election was determined by the "radio mind," that the "listeners-in" being immune from the temperamental excitement which is generated by a great meeting, conceived a disgust at the extravagance of the Democratic Convention and determined to vote Republican by way of protest. I cannot believe this. The result of the presidential election is capable of a very much broader explanation. America said to herself, "We are very prosperous as we are, why change?" The mammoth plurality of Mr. Coolidge requires no further diagnosis.

Still it would be idle to deny to this new and wonderful invention great potentialities of influence in the future. The listener-in forms his own judgment in the quiet atmosphere of his own home. His verdict, therefore, is likely to be less emotional than that of the frequenter of public meetings; the "psychology of the crowd" has less influence; prose counts for more; poetry weighs lighter in the balance. One might expect then that the listening-in habit will tend to reduce the value of mere oratory and to strengthen the reflective elements in the public opinion of the nation. If so, its influence will be all to the good.

An extraordinary development of motion-pictures is also a feature of the history of this period. Los Angeles has grown great and illustrious on the films. The motion-picture is indeed a peculiarly American form of art. Other nations dabble in it, America pursues it with passionate intensity and spreads its film fashions and the fame and features of its "film stars" throughout the world. As an inexpensive means of providing amusement, combined with a little instruction, to a vast population, much of it imperfectly equipped with a knowledge of the language of the country, the motion-picture plays a useful rôle. For such a public, tragedy is too august, comedy too nimble, farce too idiomatic, music too profound. The motion-picture, with a minimum of audible sounds, makes an appeal to the eye as intelligible to the latest immigrant from Lodz or Aleppo as to the scion of the oldest colonial family in Virginia or Massachusetts.

I place in the forefront these three important inventions because they are helping the American nation to solve one of the gravest problems which confront an industrial democracy when once it has reached a certain level of material prosperity. How is it to dispose of its leisure time? A hundred years ago that was a comparatively unimportant question in America. Even fifteen years ago it was a great deal less important than it is now. It was less important because there was less leisure and less surplus wealth. Now it has become all-important. The American democracy has become possessed of leisure and of money; and within the last fifteen years science has come to its help and whispered in tones of apparently irresistible fascination, "Drive cars, enjoy the movies, listen in."

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The organization of popular amusements is a great and necessary part of the social art. No wise man will despise it. You in America have always been an open-air people. You were a people of farmers long before you had begun to develop your factories and, now that you have developed a great industrial population, you have begun again to take to the road and the open air. I confess that I am amazed at the scale and rapidity of your athletic developments. You were thinking a great deal about football fifteen years ago, for did I not see the Harvard stadium crowded for the annual match between Harvard and Yale, and for at least a month before that great event feed as part of my daily intellectual diet upon the vaticinations of the daily press as to the relative form of the contending teams? But there have been immense developments in the football world since then. Here is an incident which certainly impresses the foreign visitor. There was a match quite recently between the Universities of Wisconsin and Illinois in the stadium at Urbana. The stadium at Urbana, be it observed, is constructed to hold sixty-seven thousand spectators (I wonder what Abraham Lincoln, who used to do justice in a little court-house near by, would have thought of this) and was erected by the patriotic zeal of the alumni of the university. On that great day a stream of special trains ran out from Chicago at intervals of fifteen minutes to the scene of the encounter, the first train starting at 6 A. M., the last returning at 2 o'clock the next morning, and conveyed to and fro thirty thousand enthusiasts from that great city. Thirty thousand human beings willing to travel eight hours by train for a football match! What a diffusion of athletic interest through the community is implied by such a transaction!

Golf also has come in with a vengeance. Fifteen years ago it was practically unknown. Now it is universal and practised by old and young alike of either sex with inflexible pertinacity and ardor. The business man, relaxing the stoical pursuit of dollars to the brink of the grave, and having made his sufficiency, now bends his will to the improvement of his game on the links. First he tries to break a hundred, then to break ninety, and then, if he proves to have skill, to get round in seventy-six. The country clubs are fitted out with every luxury, the greens are carefully watered, a new and very effective creeping grass has been discovered, and no pains are spared to make the links as good as science and money can make them.

All this is, of course, very expensive. Golf is in the main a rich man's game, but not altogether. There is a nine-hole municipal course on the outskirts of Buffalo, hard by the gleaming waters of Niagara, upon which the factory hands play in their hundreds of an evening when released from industrial toil. All this constitutes an immense change. A new *lingua franca* has been created for the whole continent. Wherever you travel, from the Atlantic shore to the Pacific coast, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico—there is one almost unfailing bond of common interest—the ancient and royal game of golf.

America has not yet become a country of book-lovers. For one traveller consuming a book in a railway-car you will find a hundred occupied with magazines or newspapers—more particularly with newspapers. American journalism was somewhat of a portent to a European traveller fifteen years ago, for you realized sooner than did our newspaper men in the old country the huge new public for the printed word which the primary schools in an industrial democracy were creating, and the kind of intellectual or non-intellectual food which that public demanded. But many of your methods have now been adopted for better or worse in the old country, and your newspaper is therefore not quite so great a shock to us as it was. It has, however, developed in two quite distinct directions, one of which seems to me to be bad and the other good, in recent years. The daily paper has swollen beyond all recognition in size. On week-days it is a formidable armful. On Sundays it is a whole library. There cannot be a single day in the year in which the New York *Times* does not print more words than are contained in the Gospels, or a Sunday on which it is not more verbose than the Old Testament. In these amazing miscellanies every want is supplied except that of a sustained and continuous interest. Fashions, athletics,

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novelettes, art and politics, social scandals, crimes and divorces, anecdotes and intimacies, any little detail which can flick the jaded curiosity of the idler, above all tons of local gossip, are collected by some powerful machine and discharged with diurnal punctuality at the head of the American citizen. It is amazing how he bears up under the load, how making a long voyage he buys the papers of one zone after another as the news-vendor invades the car and obtrudes them on his attention. The American newspaper, a thing in the main of deftly chosen scraps and patches, is like the cinematograph and responds to the same craving. It offers not food for reflection, but a vast canvas of miscellaneous word-pictures, imposed upon a huge scaffolding of lucrative advertisements. Here there is no perspective, no accentuation of the important issues, no careful differentiation of the transactions of the day according to any standard of intrinsic significance. It is easy to see that the high lights and the low lights upon the theatre have not been arranged by Clio, the muse of history. But what matters? Newspapers are made to sell, as razors are made to cut, and, judged by this test, American journalism is a brilliant success. Fifty-five million papers are sold every day to an eager and impatient public.

The growth in the sheer bulk and volume of the more important newspapers must not be misinterpreted. It is not, unless I greatly err, the result of a growing appetite for reading among the American public. Nor is it the fruit of an enlarged intellectual curiosity. Indeed, the explanation is not to be found in the intellectual sphere at all. The phenomenon is purely commercial and serves as an additional illustration of that surprising increment of material prosperity to which I have already drawn attention. The newspapers have swollen because the advertisements have increased and for no other reason. A sufficient powder of literary material must be sprinkled over the illimitable table-land of commercial jam.

I cannot think that in thus swelling out its dimensions the newspaper press has added to its intellectual usefulness, however serviceable this process may incidentally be to the dissemination of knowledge as to salable commodities. There is, however, another direction, and that of the utmost importance, in which the press of America has made clear and evident progress during the past fifteen years. There are many Americans papers to-day which are awake to the outside world.

This was not the case fifteen years ago. At that time it was impossible to follow with intelligence the course of world events in the American daily press. Occasionally there would be a shaft of light upon a particular topic, but then in the most tantalizing way darkness supervened and a month might elapse before the subject was again referred to. There was no continuous supply of information from abroad. There was no continuous commentary upon world affairs. It was impossible for any American reader, however desirous he might be to inform himself, to obtain from the daily press any just appreciation of the general situation of politics. A divorce, a murder, a sensational case of graft, the death or illness of an important public character—were quite sufficient to divert or to arrest or even to dry up the most promising flow of information upon the most important themes in the region of foreign affairs.

I notice a great change now. An artist might symbolize it by a fresco depicting the giant figure of America, the symbols of material wealth thickly strewn around her couch, slowly waking up to the world. In several American newspapers—it would perhaps be invidious to particularize—it is possible to find news which is both careful and well selected as to the happenings in foreign lands. Some papers are more adventurous and make a definite effort to direct the public judgment. Moreover, the New York *Times*, which has perhaps gone farther than any other organ in the direction of disseminating foreign news and accompanying it with an appropriate commentary, has come—thanks to the air mail—to exert an influence all over the Union and not merely in the Eastern States. There are many households in which this excellent paper figures as the second organ, read in the evening or a day late, while the local newspaper is read at the breakfast-table.

Moreover, for the more serious student there is now an admirable periodical entitled *Foreign Affairs*, edited by Professor

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Archie Coolidge of Harvard University. Add to this the numerous clubs for international affairs, the special "World-Mind" alcoves in public libraries, the summer school at Williamstown, which attracts distinguished publicists from every country, and it will be seen that the thinking part of the American public is by no means content with an attitude of indifference to the larger movements of the world. It is true, indeed, that these interests have not as yet sunk very deep or spread very wide. The great mass of the population is still mainly and almost exclusively concerned with its own immediate interests. Nevertheless there are clear signs of a change. New tendencies are at work. There is a discernible enlargement in the field of vision, and a certain weakening of the time-honored bastions of American self-sufficiency.

Such a change might naturally be expected to result from the slow but certain growth of culture and knowledge; but it has, of course, been accelerated by America's entry into the war. Now the war has not exercised the great moral effects in America with which we in Great Britain are familiar. The country was not in it long enough. The sacrifices were by comparison slight. Australia, for instance, with only five million inhabitants, lost more men in killed than the whole of the United States. Only in Princeton—where the fine eagerness to engage was matched by a lamentable loss of life—was I conscious of the war as exercising a continuing influence over the genius of the place. But the war has at any rate stirred up an interest in general politics which did not previously exist. The young men in the universities are curious about Europe. Moreover, they have conceived a respect for Great Britain. The feeling toward my country is unquestionably more friendly than it was fifteen years ago. This I attribute mainly to our recent confraternity in arms and also in part to the Irish settlement and the funding of the war debt.

Nevertheless, it is clear that America does not propose at present to enter the League of Nations. You are a very prosperous and therefore a very conservative nation, ready to scrap everything except political ideas. "We are well enough as we are, why should we change?" is the thought which naturally occurs to the citizen reflecting on an expanding balance at the bank. So the great political maxims of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, the Monroe Doctrine, the doctrine of non-intervention, still retain their empire on the public mind. They are regarded as faithful servants not lightly to be dismissed.

Moreover, the League of Nations question has become fatally interwoven with party politics. To the hard-shelled Republican the League is Mr. Wilson's League and therefore abominable. If Mr. Wilson had wished to get his League accepted he should have taken the Republican reservations, but he was obstinate, and now even the acceptance of the reservations will fail to reconcile the party to the League. The Republican does not argue the League on its merits. It is sufficient for him that it bears marks of a Wilsonian origin. All the Republican leaders, the late Senator Lodge included, were League men before Mr. Wilson became a convert to the idea. But Mr. Wilson's imperious handling of the question alienated them. Strong party feeling swept them away from their moorings, and a very violent gale of public opinion will be needed to sweep them back.

Such gales or blizzards are not unknown in America, and occasionally hurtle with devastating force through the golden orchards of worldly-wise content. The passage of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the sale of intoxicants, was the result of such a blizzard. A tempest suddenly rose in the Protestant churches which swept the politicians in Washington off their feet. What has happened once may happen again. If the ministers of religion bestir themselves, if the women in America take up the League as they do in England as our one and only shield and preservative against war, then America is bound to come in. The reasons which are so easily multiplied against participation, as, for instance, that the covenant is badly drawn, that it involves inconvenient commitments, that Japan is a member and raises awkward questions, that America must consider her foreign populations, that the British dominions are represented in the assembly, that the League is too strong, or again that the League is too

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weak—all these reasons will fall away and be replaced by reasons equally cogent on the other side. At present, however, the League is so unpopular that even Mr. Davis was afraid to blazon it on his banner. He undertook to refer it to a plebiscite.

This anti-League feeling must not, however, be construed as indicating a simple return to the old spirit of isolation. The war has generated a great and unmistakable interest in world affairs among the leaders of American intelligence. Nothing impressed me more than the eagerness with which I was interrogated by my friends and acquaintances in the Eastern States with respect to the course of European policy and more particularly of British party struggles. Fifteen years ago there was far less interest and far less knowledge. Now there is not only interest and knowledge but a desire to make America's weight felt in the balances of world policy, provided only that this should not be done through the instrumentality of the League. Disarmament conferences by all means, so long as they are summoned by the President of the United States and not by the Council of the League, and sit at Washington, not at Geneva. Americans in the League Secretariat, in the League Commissions, by all means, so long as they are not official representatives of the government but act in a private capacity. Let war be outlawed, so long as the enforcement of the decree of outlawry be not intrusted to the League of Nations, which has been constructed for the purpose. The good Republican, in fact, is anxious to do his duty to the world, but does not want to be shown the way by Mr. Wilson.

I do not deny that there is an influential body of men standing quite apart from the professional politicians who deplore America's abstention from the League, and are anxious that she should take up her membership. These are the university intellectuals. In the American seats of learning men are apt to view the situation very much as it is regarded in my own country. They say in effect: "The League is by no means perfect, but it is doing good work for peace and conciliation and the promotion of humane causes. Moreover, it is the only permanent instrument constructed to this end. Therefore it ought to be supported." These views, it is true, are held at present by a comparatively narrow circle. My impression, however, is that the personal eminence of the men who hold League opinions will by degrees secure for them a larger audience.

The political enfranchisement of women is so recent that it is impossible to forecast its future consequences for American life. It may, however, be noted that this was the first presidential election in which families were divided in political allegiance. Not that the women tended to vote one ticket rather than another, but that they were disposed to vote according to their inclinations and that these in some cases differed from those of the male members of the family. In one home with which I am acquainted the father voted for Mr. Coolidge, the mother for Mr. Davis, and the daughter for Mr. La Follette. It may be added that notwithstanding these variances complete harmony and good humor prevailed.

If the American women have not taken up the League of Nations as a distinctively woman's cause, they show abundant evidence of a growing concern in public welfare. Fifteen years ago the political self-consciousness of the American woman was a young, rare, and tender plant. Now it is robust and plentifully evident. Women's conferences, women's clubs, women's leagues, women's organizations for other than purely social purposes are greatly multiplied.

How far feminine influence operated in procuring the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment I cannot say, but those who contend that prohibition has come to stay in America are justified in pointing to the woman's vote as a factor likely to operate in favor of its continuance. Needless to say, no change which has come over America in recent years is more continually and ardently discussed than this daring piece of social legislation. By some it is vehemently denounced as a breach of the Constitution, as an intolerable interference with individual liberty, as the prolific parent of lawlessness and crime; by others it is defended as a heroic and successful remedy for a deep-seated social evil.

I am disposed to think that the world is not yet in a position to form an accurate estimate of the results for good and evil of this remarkable and audacious experi-

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ment. That it has been productive of serious evils is incontestable. The law is very widely evaded and more particularly by that class of society to whom the state most naturally looks for an example in the strict maintenance of law. It is said, and the statement is not seriously challenged, that anybody can get a drink who knows how, provided, however, that he is careless of price and quality. In the maritime cities the Americans are resisting the revenue laws now, just as they fought against them in the decades which preceded the Revolution. Only there is this difference: the old laws were imposed by a government in London; the new law is the work of the American democracy itself.

These are grave and incontestable evils. Every American lawyer and statesman deplores them. Nothing can be worse for the morale of a country than a widespread disregard of the law. Already Americans complain of the terrible prevalence of serious crime in their country, and of the great difficulty in securing convictions for murder. And now with prohibition, the forces making for lawless action and a cynical disregard for legality are enormously increased. When a firm impudently describes itself as "official bootlegger to the Cabinet and the Supreme Court," it would be idle to deny the magnitude of the evil.

On the other hand, it is contended that far less liquor is drunk in the States under prohibition than was formerly consumed. I imagine that this is unquestionably true. Though the rich people who want liquor can obtain it at a price, the same facilities are not open to the poor. Employers of labor tell us that labor is more regular in consequence of prohibition, and that the industrial output of the country has been materially increased. Moreover, a saloon which operates in a back room and is liable to a police raid offers fewer temptations to the ordinary passer-by than a saloon flaunting its wares in the full light of day.

My belief is that the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment will ultimately depend upon the extent to which the manufacturers can prove that the amendment is good for trade. As yet we have no figures which enable us to reach a conclusion. If, however, the American public becomes convinced that the new law has added to the industrial output of the country by abolishing drunkenness among the workers, then I cannot imagine that the decision will be reversed by reason of the fact, deplorable as it may be, that the rich can, by taking a little trouble, supply themselves with alcoholic refreshment at a high price. It is by its dollar-earning power that prohibition will eventually be judged. At present there is some reason to think that it may be good for business and calculated to strengthen America's competing power in the markets of the world. So long as this opinion prevails among hard-shelled "economic men," the temperance idealists have auxiliaries powerful enough to enable them to maintain the position. The experiment, however, is far too new to enable us to pronounce with confidence as to its effects upon industry.

The Eighteenth Amendment was, I imagine, a great triumph of social and religious idealism. It is also illustrative of a tendency in American political thought which may have been latent fifteen years ago, but was certainly not obvious to the traveller's eye. I allude to the growing disposition to regard the sacred fabric of the Constitution as admitting of improvements.

Fifteen years ago I was told on all hands how very difficult it was to alter the Constitution, and how unlikely it was that serious changes would be made in view of the exacting requirements of the Constitution. Now it seems to me that the American people are beginning to view the masterpiece of the Philadelphia Convention with diminished reverence. Have you not in recent years carried without apparent difficulty three important amendments, and is not a fourth under consideration as I write these words? Shade of Madison! The day may even come when America will say of the house which you designed for her, that in this age of steam and electricity it would be the better for considerable improvements.

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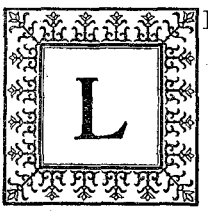
# The Writing of Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

## TELLING A SHORT STORY

### I



IKE the modern novel, the modern short story seems to have originated—or at least received its present stamp—in France. English writers, in this line, were slower in attaining the point to which the French and Russians first carried the art.

Since then the short story has developed, and reached out in fresh directions, in the hands of such novelists as Mr. Hardy (only occasionally at his best in this form), of Stevenson, James, and Conrad, all three almost unfailingly excellent in it, of Mr. Kipling, past-master of the *conte*, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose delightful early volumes, "Noughts and Crosses" and "I Saw Three Ships," are less known than they deserve. These writers had long been preceded by Scott in "Wandering Willy's Tale" and other short stories, by Poe, the sporadic and unaccountable, and by Hawthorne; but almost all the best tales of Scott, Hawthorne and Poe belong to that peculiar category of the eerie which lies outside of the classic tradition.

When the novel of manners comes to be dealt with, classification in order of time will have to be reversed, and in order of merit will be less easy; for even against Balzac, Tolstoy, and Turgenev the genius of the great English observers, from Richardson and Jane Austen to Thackeray and Dickens, will weigh heavily in the balance. With regard to the short story, however, and especially to that compactest form of it, the short short-story or *conte*, its first specimens are undoubtedly of continental production; but happily for English letters the generation which took over and adapted the formula were nursed on the Goethean principle that "those who remain imprisoned in the false notion of their own originality will always fall short of what they might have accomplished."

The sense of form—already defined as the order, in time and importance, in which the narrated incidents are grouped—is, in all the arts, specifically of the classic, the Latin tradition. A thousand years of form (in the widest disciplinary sense), of its observance, its application, its tacit acceptance as the first condition of artistic expression, have cleared the ground, for the French writer of fiction, of many superfluous encumbrances. As the soil of France is of all soils the most weeded, tilled, and ductile, so the field of art, wherever French culture extends, is the most worked-over and the most prepared for whatever seed is to be sown in it.

But when the great Russians (who owe to French culture much more than is generally conceded) took over that neat thing, the French *nouvelle*, they gave it the additional dimension it most often lacked. In any really good subject one has only to probe deep enough to come to tears; and the Russians almost always dig to that depth. The result has been to give to the short story, as French and Russian art have combined to shape it, great closeness of texture with profundity of form. Instead of a loose web spread over the surface of life they have made it, at its best, a shaft driven straight into the heart of human experience.

### II

THOUGH the critic no longer feels that need of classifying and sub-classifying the *genres* which so preoccupied the contemporaries of Wordsworth, there are, in all the arts, certain local products that seem to necessitate a parenthesis.

Such, in fiction, is the use of the supernatural. It seems to have come from mysterious Germanic and Armorican forests, from lands of long twilights and wail-



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ing winds; and it certainly did not pass through French or even Russian hands to reach us. Sorcerers and magic are of the south, the Mediterranean; the witch of Theocritus brewed a brew fit for her sister-hags of the Scottish heath; but the spectral apparition walks only in the pages of English and Germanic fiction.

It has done so, to great effect, in some of the most original of our great English short stories, from Scott's "Wandering Willy" and Poe's awful hallucinations to Lefanu's "Dragon Volant," and from the "Thrawn Janet" of Stevenson to "The Turn of the Screw" of Henry James, last great master of the eerie in English.

All these tales, in which the effect sought is completely achieved, are models of artifice. It is not enough to believe in ghosts, or even to have seen one, to be able to write a good ghost story. The greater the improbability to be overcome the more studied must be the approach, the more perfectly maintained the air of naturalness, the assumption that things are always likely to happen in that way.

One of the chief obligations, in any kind of short story, is to give the reader an immediate sense of security. Every phrase should be a sign-post, and never (unless intentionally) a misleading one: the reader must feel that he can trust to their guidance. His confidence once gained, he may be lured on to the most incredible adventures—as the Arabian Nights are there to show. A wise critic once said: "You may ask your reader to believe anything you can *make* him believe." It is never the *genii* who are unreal, but only their unconvinced historian's description of them. The least touch of irrelevance, the least chill of inattention, will instantly undo the spell, and it will take as long to weave again as to get Humpty Dumpty back on his wall. The moment the reader loses faith in the author's sureness of foot the chasm of improbability gapes.

Improbability is never a danger, but the appearance of improbability is; unless, indeed, the tale be based on what, in my first article,* I called pathological conditions—conditions of body or mind outside the field of normal experience. But this, of course, does not apply to states of mind inherited from an earlier phase of race-culture, such as the belief in ghosts. No one with a spark of imagination ever objected to a good ghost story as "improbable"—though Mrs. Barbauld, who doubtless lacked the spark, is said to have condemned "The Ancient Mariner" on this ground. Most of us retain the more or less shadowy memory of ancestral terrors, and airy tongues that syllable men's names. We cannot believe *a priori* in the probability of the actions of madmen, or neurasthenics, because their reasoning processes escape most of us, or can at best be imagined only as belonging to abnormal and exceptional people; but everybody knows a good ghost when he reads about him.

When the reader's confidence is gained the next rule of the game is to avoid distracting and splintering up his attention. Many a would-be tale of horror becomes innocuous through the multiplication and variety of its horrors. Above all, if they are multiplied they should be cumulative and not dispersed. But the fewer the better: once the preliminary horror posited, it is the harping on the same string—the same nerve—that does the trick. Quiet iteration is far more racking than diversified assaults; the expected more frightful than the unforeseen. The play of "Emperor Jones" is a striking instance of the power of simplification and repetition to excite in an audience a corresponding state of tension. By sheer voodoo-practice it showed how voodoo acts.

In "The Turn of the Screw"—which stands alone among tales of the supernatural in maintaining the ghostliness of its ghosts not only through a dozen pages but through close on two hundred—the economy of horror is carried to its last degree. What is the reader made to expect? Always—all through the book—that somewhere in that tranquil doomed house the poor little governess will come on one of the two figures of evil with whom she is fighting for the souls of her charges. It will be either Peter Quint or the "horror of horrors," Miss Jessel; no diversion from this one dread is ever attempted. It is true that the tale is strongly held together by its profound moral significance; but most readers will admit that, long before they are conscious of this, fear, simple shivering animal fear,

* See "The Writing of Fiction" in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1924.

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has them by the throat; which, after all, is what writers of ghost stories are after.

## III

It is sometimes said that a "good subject" for a short story should always be capable of being expanded into a novel.

The principle may be defendable in special cases; but it is certainly a misleading one on which to build any general theory. Every "subject" (in the novelist's sense of the term) must necessarily contain within itself its own dimensions; and one of the fiction-writer's essential gifts is that of discerning whether the subject which presents itself to him, asking for incarnation, is suited to the proportions of a short story or of a novel. If it appears to be adapted to both the chances are that it is inadequate to either.

It would be as great a mistake, however, to try to base a hard-and-fast theory on the denial of the rule as on its assertion. Instances of short stories made out of subjects that could have been expanded into a novel, and that are yet typical short stories and not mere stunted novels, will occur to every one. General rules in art are useful chiefly as a lamp in a mine, or a hand-rail down a black stairway; they are necessary for the sake of the guidance they give, but it is a mistake, once they are formulated, to be too much in awe of them.

There are at least two reasons why a subject should find expression in novel-form rather than as a tale; but neither is based on the number of what may be conveniently called incidents, or external happenings, which the narrative contains. There are novels of action which might be condensed into short stories without the loss of their distinguishing qualities. The marks of the subject requiring a longer development are, first, the gradual unfolding of the inner life of its characters, and secondly the need of producing in the reader's mind the sense of the lapse of time. Outward events of the most varied and exciting nature may without loss of probability be crowded into a few hours, but moral dramas usually have their roots deep in the soul, their rise far back in time; and the suddenest-seeming clash in which they culminate should be led up to step by step if it is to explain and justify itself.

There are cases, indeed, when the short story may use the moral drama at its culmination. If the incident dealt with be one which a single retrospective flash sufficiently lights up, it is qualified for use as a short story; but if the subject be so complex, and its successive phases so interesting, as to justify elaboration, the lapse of time has to be suggested, and the novel-form becomes appropriate.

The effect of compactness and instantaneity sought in the short story is attained mainly by the observance of two "unities"—the old traditional one of time, and that other, more modern and complex, which requires that any rapidly enacted episode shall be seen through only one pair of eyes.

It is fairly obvious that nothing is more retarding than the marking of a time-interval long enough to suggest modification in the personages of the tale or in their circumstances. The use of such an interval turns the short story into a long tale unduly compressed, the bald scenario of a novel. In the third of these articles, where an attempt will be made to examine the technique of the novel, it will be needful to explore that central mystery—of which Tolstoy was perhaps the one complete master—the art of creating in the reader's mind this sense of passing time. Meanwhile, it may be pointed out that a third, and intermediate, form of tale—the *long* short-story—is available for any subject too spreading for conciseness yet too slight to be stretched into a novel.

The other unity, that of vision, will also be dealt with in considering the novel, in respect of which it becomes a matter much more complicated. Henry James, almost the only novelist who has formulated his ideas about his art, was the first to lay down the principle, though it had long (if intermittently) been observed by the masters of fiction. It may have occurred to other novelists—presumably it has—to ask themselves, as they sat down to write: Who saw this thing I am going to tell about? By whom do I mean that it shall be reported? It seems as though such a question must precede any study of the subject, since the subject is conditioned by the answer; but no critic appears to have propounded it, and it was left to Henry James to do so in one of

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those entangled prefaces to the Definitive Edition from which the technical axioms ought some day to be piously detached.

It is clear that exactly the same thing never happens to any two people, and that each witness of a given incident will report it differently. Should some celestial task-master set the same theme to Jane Austen and George Meredith the bewildered reader would probably have some difficulty in discovering the common denominator. Henry James, in pointing this out, also made the corollary suggestion that the mind chosen by the author to mirror his given case should be so situated, and so constituted, as to take the widest possible view of it.

One thing more is needful for the ultimate effect of probability; and that is, never to let the character who serves as reflector record anything not naturally within his register. It should be the story-teller's first care to choose this reflecting mind deliberately, as one would choose a building-site, or the orientation of one's house, and then to live inside the mind chosen, feeling, seeing and reacting exactly as the latter would, no more, no less, and no otherwise. Only thus can the writer avoid attributing incongruities of thought and metaphor to his chosen interpreter.

## IV

It remains to try to see what constitutes (in any permanent sense) the underlying norm of the "good short story."

A curious distinction between the successful tale and the successful novel at once presents itself. It is safe to say (since the surest way of measuring achievement in art is by survival) that the test of the novel is that its people should be *alive*. No subject in itself, however fruitful, appears to be able to keep a novel alive; only the characters in it can. Of the short story this cannot be said. Some of the greatest owe their vitality entirely to the dramatic rendering of a situation. Undoubtedly the characters engaged must be a little more than puppets; but apparently, also, they may be a little less than individual beings. In this respect the short story, rather than the novel, might be called the direct descendant of the old epic or ballad—of those earlier forms of fiction in all of which action was the chief affair, and the characters, if they did not remain mere puppets, seldom or never became more than types—such as the people, for instance, in Molière. The reason of the difference is obvious. Type, general character, may be set forth in a few strokes; but the progression, the unfolding of personality, of which the reader instinctively feels the need if the actors in the tale are to retain their individuality for him through a succession of changing circumstances—this slow but continuous growth requires space, and therefore belongs by definition to a larger, a symphonic plan.

The chief technical difference between the short story and the novel may therefore be summed up by saying that situation is the main concern of the short story, character of the novel; and it follows that the effect produced by the short story depends almost entirely on its form, or presentation. Even more—yes, and much more—than in the construction of the novel, the impression of vividness, of *presentness*, in the affair narrated, has to be sought, and made sure of beforehand, by that careful artifice which is the real carelessness of art. The short story writer must not only know from what angle to present his anecdote if it is to give out all its fires, but must understand just *why* that particular angle and no other is the right one. He must therefore have turned his subject over and over, walked around it, so to speak, and applied to it those laws of perspective which Paolo Uccello called "so beautiful," before it can be offered to the reader as a natural unembellished fragment of experience, detached like a ripe fruit from the tree.

The moment the writer begins to grope in the tangle of his "material," to hesitate between one and another of the points that any actual happening thrusts up in such disorderly abundance, the reader feels a corresponding hesitancy, and the illusion of reality vanishes. The non-observance of the optics of the printed page results in the same failure to make the subject "carry" as the non-observance of the optics of the stage in presenting a play. By all means let the writer of short stories reduce the technical trick to its minimum—as the cleverest actresses put on the least paint; but let him always bear in mind that the surviving minimum

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is the only bridge between the reader's imagination and his.

## V

NIETZSCHE said that it took genius to "make an end"—that is, to give the touch of inevitableness to the conclusion of any work of art. In the art of fiction, this is peculiarly true of the novel, that slowly built-up monument in which every stone has its particular weight and thrust to carry, and of which the foundations must be laid with a view to the proportions of the highest tower. Of the short story, on the contrary, it might be said that the writer's first care should be to know how to make a beginning.

That an inadequate or unreal ending diminishes the short tale in value as much as the novel need hardly be added, since it is proved with depressing regularity by the machine-made "magazine story" to which one or the other of half-a-dozen "standardized" endings is automatically adjusted at the four-thousand-five-hundredth word of whatsoever has been narrated. Obviously, as every subject contains its own dimensions, so is its conclusion *ab ovo;* and the failure to end a tale in accordance with its own deepest sense must deprive it of meaning.

None the less, the short-story writer's first concern, once he has mastered his subject, is to study what musicians call the "attack." The rule that the first page of a novel ought to contain the germ of the whole is even more applicable to the short story, because in the latter case the trajectory is so short that flash and sound nearly coincide.

Benvenuto Cellini relates in his Autobiography that one day, as a child, while he sat by the hearth with his father, they both saw a salamander in the fire. Even then the sight must have been unusual, for the father instantly boxed his son's ears so that he should never forget what he had seen.

This anecdote might serve as an apothegm for the writer of short stories. If his first stroke be vivid and telling the reader's attention will be instantly won. The "'Hell,' said the Duchess as she lit her cigar" with which an Eton boy is said to have begun a tale for his school magazine, in days when Duchesses less commonly smoked and swore, would undoubtedly have carried his narrative to posterity had what followed been worthy of the opening.

This leads to another point: it is useless to box your reader's ear unless you have a salamander to show him. If the heart of your little blaze is not animated by a living moving *something* no shouting and shaking will fix the anecdote in your reader's memory. The salamander stands for that fundamental significance that made the story worth telling.

The arrest of attention by a vivid opening should be something more than a trick. It should mean that the narrator has so brooded on his subject that it has become his indeed, so made over and synthesized within him that, as a great draughtsman gives the essentials of a face or landscape in a half-a-dozen strokes, the narrator can "situate" his subject in an opening passage which shall be a clue to all the detail eliminated.

The clue given, the writer has only to follow. But his grasp must be firm; he must never for an instant forget what he wants to tell, or why it seemed worth telling. And this intensity of hold on his subject presupposes, before the telling of even a short story, a good deal of thinking over. Just because the limits of the form selected prevent his producing the semblance of reality by elaborating his characters, is the short-story writer the more bound to make real the adventure in itself. A well-known French confectioner in New York was once asked why his chocolate, good as it was, was not equal to that made in Paris. He replied: "Because, on account of the expense, we cannot *work it over* as many times as the French confectioner can." Other homely analogies confirm the lesson: the seemingly simplest sauces are those that have been most cunningly combined and then most completely blent, the simplest-looking dresses those that require most study to design.

The precious instinct of selection is distilled by that long patience which, if it be not genius, must be one of genius's chief reliances in communicating itself. On this point repetition and insistence are excusable: the shorter the story, the more stripped of detail and "bared for action," the more it depends for its effect

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not only on the choice of what is kept when the superfluous has been jettisoned, but on the order in which these essentials are set forth.

## VI

NOTHING but deep familiarity with his subject will protect the short-story writer from another danger: that of contenting himself with a mere sketch of the episode selected. The temptation to do so is all the greater because some critics, in their resentment of the dense and the prolix, have tended to overestimate the tenuous and the tight. Mérimée's tales are often cited as models of the *conte;* but they are rather the breathless summaries of longer tales than the bold foreshortening of an episode from which all the significance it has to give has been adroitly extracted. It is easy to be brief and sharply outlined if one does away with one or more dimensions; the real achievement, as certain tales of Flaubert's and Turgenev's, of Stevenson's and of Maupassant's show, is to suggest illimitable air within a narrow space.

The stories of the German "romantic," Heinrich von Kleist, have likewise been praised for an extreme economy of material, but they should rather be held up as an awful warning against waste, for in their ingenious dovetailing of improbable incidents the only economy practised is that of leaving out all that would have enriched the subject, visually or emotionally. One, indeed, "The Marquise d'O." (thrift is carried so far that the characters are known merely by their initials), has in it the making of a good novel, not unlike Goethe's "Elective Affinities"; but reduced to the limits of a short story it offers a mere skeleton of its subject.

The phrase "economy of material" suggests another danger to which the novelist and the writer of short stories are equally exposed. Such economy is, in both cases, nearly always to be advised in the multiplication of accidental happenings, minor episodes, surprises and contrarieties. Most beginners crowd into their work twice as much material of this sort as it needs. The reluctance to look deeply enough into a subject leads to the indolent habit of decorating its surface. I was once asked to read a manuscript on the eternal theme of a lovers' quarrel. The quarrelling pair made up, and the reasons for dispute and reconciliation were clearly inherent in their characters and situation; but the author, being new at the trade, felt obliged to cast about for an additional, a fortuitous, pretext for their reunion—so he sent them for a drive, made the horses run away, and caused the young man to save the young lady's life. This is a crude example of a frequent fault. Again and again the novelist passes by the real meaning of a situation simply for lack of letting it reveal all its potentialities instead of dashing this way and that in quest of fresh effects. If, when once drawn to a subject, he would let it grow slowly in his mind instead of hunting about for arbitrary combinations of circumstance, his tale would have the warm scent and flavour of a fruit ripened in the sun instead of the insipidity of one forced in a hothouse.

There is a sense in which the writing of fiction may be compared to the administering of a fortune. Economy and expenditure must each bear a part in it, but they should never degenerate into parsimony or waste. True economy consists in the drawing out of one's subject of every drop of significance it can give, true expenditure in devoting time, meditation and patient labour to the process of extraction and representation.

It all comes back to a question of expense: expense of time, of patience, of study, of thought, of letting hundreds of stray experiences accumulate and group themselves in the memory, till suddenly one of the number emerges and throws its sharp light on the subject which solicits you. It has been often, and inaccurately, said that the mind of a creative artist is a mirror, and the work of art the reflection of life in it. The mirror, indeed, is the artist's mind, with all his experiences reflected in it; but the work of art, from the smallest to the greatest, should be something projected, not reflected, something on which his mirrored experiences, at the right conjunction of the stars, are to be turned for its full illumination.

[Mrs. Wharton will write in a coming number on "The Novel."]

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# Tom Shows

BY J. FRANK DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CHILDREN rushing out from school on Friday afternoon found standing at the schoolhouse gate a young man, gaudily dressed but somehow shabby notwithstanding his plug hat, who handed each one of them a little pasteboard bearing this intriguing legend:

THIS TICKET AND TEN CENTS
will
ADMIT ONE SCHOOL CHILD
to O. T. Thespian's
ORIGINAL UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
Grand Opera House
Saturday Afternoon, 2 p. m.
Moral. Instructive. Educational.
See the Troupe of Genuine Siberian Bloodhounds

GRAND STREET PARADE AT NOON.

Shown to drama-disapproving parents, with sufficient teasing and emphasis on the moral, instructive, and educational argument, this ticket produced the necessary dime, and that Saturday afternoon became one marked in memory by a bright stone. Neither the school-child nor the conceding parent ever seemed to grasp the fact that ten cents without the ticket would buy admission just as well as with it.

Throughout the northern part of the United States, in about 1880, were tens of thousands of good people of Puritan upbringing to whom the theatre and play-acting were anathema. "The School for Scandal," no. "Romeo and Juliet," no. A minstrel show, oh, horrors! But "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was something altogether different. That was a moral lesson.

In America to-day are vast numbers of middle-aged men and women who remember that "Uncle Tom" was the first theatrical performance they ever saw. Also the second, third, and fourth, very likely, unless "Ten Nights in a Barroom" also happened to come to that town. I was one of those. Until I was thirteen years old I never saw a professional company of actors in anything but "Tom"—but I had seen that sterling production five or six times.

Each time with a new excitement, too, a thrill such as never will be known by the modern sophisticated infant who comes home from the feature picture to remark that Jackie Coogan wasn't half bad.

No statistician has the figures of how many times "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been played in America since its first performance in 1852. If they could be assembled, the result would be staggering. No play in the world, probably, has ever had half so many productions. Tom has appeared in the very biggest cities and the most gosh-awful tank towns. He has humbly but smugly remarked to Simon Legree that you may kill my body, mas'r, but you can't kill my soul, in the largest metropolitan theatres, the dinkiest kerosene-lit halls over the headquarters of volunteer fire-engine companies, and every kind of a show-tent that ever a weary crowd of troupers ranted in.

In the patter of *Dramatic Mirror* and *Clipper* advertising they were U. T. C. Companies, but when actors spoke one to another they were Tom Shows.

Right after the Civil War, and into the 70's, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a headliner of American drama. In the 80's it became the reliable stand-by of every company of "rep" barnstormers. It was still going strong out in the sticks in the 90's, and the Western tent shows had it until close to 1910 and perhaps later than that. Thus for more than fifty years it shrieked its improbabilities across the footlights. The childhood of two generations wept bitterly over Tom's wrongs



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and screamed with hysterical laughter at the impossible horse-play of Marks.

I am not sure that I do not hold the amateur world's record as a Tom spectator, although in avoidance of controversy I'll claim only the New England title. I have seen at least a part of the show close to twenty-five times.

Having been of the breed that in childhood was not allowed to see anything else theatrical, the various versions and improvisations that time developed came to have a fascination. I was ever curious to know what they would do to it next. Becoming, while still very young, a newspaper reporter with access gratis to theatres and, later, something of a specialist in dramatic reviewing, I had opportunity to see Tom Shows without paying for the privilege, and for as long as it lasted I made it my business to drop in upon every one that appeared on the horizon, for at least part of an act. If it was bad enough, I stayed through. I became, in a way of speaking, a Tom Show collector.

In all that score and more of performances, I have never seen the same version twice. There seem to have been as many manuscripts of the play as there were early companies. In the later years of the show's life, there were no manuscripts. Tom actors knew every part in the piece according to one version or another, and usually according to many versions. They put the thing together, then, by word of mouth, according to the limitations of cast and scenery.

At its very best, it was structurally a poor play. It had to be; there were so many diverse and rambling threads of plot to be followed.

Early in the performance George Harris was the hero, and the heroine was his wife, Eliza. Presently George and Eliza vanished from the stage—to rush to their dressing-rooms and get ready to double as the New Orleans auctioneer and Marie St. Clare—and Uncle Tom became the hero, with Eva St. Clare pressing him hard for stellar honors until her untimely and pathetic death, with slaves on their knees cluttering up the room and singing "I wonder where my Eva's gone." After this it was all Tom until Simon Legree, the dirty scoundrel, called him a black Methodist dog and beat a twelve-hundred-dollar piece of property to death.

Everybody knows the story of how Harriet Beecher Stowe thought, when she wrote the book, that it would probably antagonize her abolitionist friends but that her Southern acquaintances would not find it unfriendly, because, of the three slaveholders who owned Tom, she made two kind and good and one cruel and bad, and of how surprised she was when the public promptly overlooked all the fine points of Arthur Shelby and Augustine St. Clare and concentrated its full attention upon the brutalities of Legree, so that his name became, in the Northern popular mind, the very synonym for slave-owner. But the shock of this surprise cannot have been as great as that which came to her if she ever, in her later years, witnessed what they did to her classic on the stage.

No manuscript could have made the play altogether coherent short of five hours and fifty scenes. Few versions even tried to. Each, in an attempt to crowd as many incidents from the book as possible into the acted work, took outrageous liberties with the plot. Additional outrages were perpetrated to put comedy relief into scenes where comedy neither belonged nor fitted. It made a rare hash.

Sometimes it was played in more than twenty scenes and sometimes in only six or seven. The less acts, the more disconnected became its odds and ends of plot. An auditor followed the thread of the thing only because he already knew it.

Rarely the play began approximately where the novel began, with Tom being called from his cabin at night by Eliza Harris and told that he had been sold, together with her little boy, and that she, with the child, was going to attempt to escape across the Ohio. More often Tom didn't come into the piece at all until he appeared at the St. Clare home in New Orleans, along in the middle of the play.

The show usually opened with a tavern scene in which George Harris, on his way toward the river, read on the wall the notice of a reward for his capture and, peeling off a kid glove, exhibited to a friend his branded hand, with a fine high-falutin speech in language such as few white men could have got off, let alone a runaway slave.

Every other negro in the play except

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Eliza always spoke more or less in dialect, such as it was, but it was a Tom tradition that George Harris should talk like a highly educated Northern white person who had specialized in political orations. There was sound authority for this tradition; Mrs. Stowe had done it in the book.

There were other traditions not so well grounded. Tom was always played with a white, or at least a grizzled, wig. If any negro of forty years or so in real life ever had gray hair, he was as freakish as an albino, but it got more tears to make him look old.

The good master Shelby almost never appeared. St. Clare was made good enough, so far as he went, but he was a colorless person, a mere feeder for the fat lines of Tom, Eva, Topsy, and Miss Ophelia. And never, never have I heard it even intimated in the play that while Shelby and St. Clare, the two kind masters, were Southerners, the dastardly Simon Legree was a Yankee, born in New England.

But then, few people who read the book ever grasped that point or, if they did, ever seemed to remember it.

Eliza, who skipped across the floating ice with her baby, and who quite possibly doubled as Topsy in later scenes, was likely to be a flippant soubrette. Phineas Fletcher, the Quaker, was a low comedian. And Marks, the lawyer, a more prominent but even lower comedian, was a silly ass who spouted inanities, always, for some obscure reason, wore white leggings, and invariably, indoors and out, carried a fat umbrella.

And of all the absurd hokum that ever passed for comedy on the American stage, the Tom Shows had the worst. Consider:

"Can you inform me, sir, whether it is possible for me to secure any sort of a vehicle to take us to the next town?" asked George Harris, the escaped slave, of Phineas, the Quaker.

"Friend George," replied Phineas in a high nasal whine, placing the ends of his fingers precisely together and rising slowly on his toes with the final two words of the speech. "I cannot say if thee can get a ve-hy-cle or any other kind of a ve-ho-cle, but I will be glad to carry thee thither in a carriage. Yea-a-a, veri-lie!"

That one was good for a great laugh, which explains why, after some ham actor first tried it, it ever thereafter stayed in.

And Fletcher had another sure-fire hit, in the later scene where Haley and Loker, the slave-dealers, accompanied by Marks, the lawyer, intercepted George, Eliza, and the baby, escorted by the Quaker, in a pass in the Ohio hills.

"We're looking for a runaway nigger named Harris," Haley said, "belonging to Mr. Harris of Shelby County, Kentucky."

"I am George Harris," orated that person, stepping forward with a Congressional gesture. "A Mr. Harris of Kentucky did call me his property. But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil, and my wife and child I claim as mine. I shall not surrender. Come, seize me at your peril. I have a pistol here, and I promise you I shall sell my life dearly."

Consultation between the slave-dealers and Marks. Loud threats and bully-ragging. Then came the Quaker's chance, as he stepped forward.

"Pistol and bullets and firearms have I none," he chanted, "and fighting is unbecoming to a regenerated man—but if worse comes to worst, this right hand is sudden death and this left hand is six weeks in the hospital. Yea-a-a, veri-lie!"

That doubled the audience up in its seats. When worse did come to worst, presently, and the gun-play began, they were still laughing. They laughed even harder when Marks, the cut-up, trying to hide behind a too small rock, opened his umbrella to protect himself from the flying bullets as Haley was shot, the Quaker knocked Loker down, and the curtain fell.

However the different companies put the show together by acts and scenes, and however the cues and lines surprisingly assembled themselves to fit the altered situations, this scene in the mountain pass was never left out; this one and four others—Eliza's escape across the floating ice, Topsy's "Golly, I'se so wicked" confession (sometimes with song and dance interpolated right there in the St. Clare parlor), Eva's death-bed, and the killing of Uncle Tom.

Legree always did that killing personally, and did it very easily and expeditiously. Tom lifted up his arms so as not to get hurt and Simon, with a snake

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whip, cut him three times around the body, shouting, with each stroke, "Take that! And that! And that!" Then he hit him lightly over the head with the butt of the whip and Tom took his fall.

And right there was where some bar-

*By courtesy of the Yale University Press.*

baric artist put in a line that always got murmurs of righteous anger from the audience and laid the foundation for a later scene that would have given Mrs. Stowe a sleepless night if she had ever seen it.

Legree called to Sambo and Quimbo, the two field-hands who also worked in the jubilee quartette, played in the orchestra, and doubled in brass in the street parade, and commanded them, with fine effect: "Take him out and throw him in the hog-pen." Oh, what a brute!

Then a couple of scenes later Legree got his. Not by the good, old-fashioned D. T. route, as in the book. Not by any plausible means whatever, but at the hand of none other than that jumping-jack Marks, who properly had no business appearing anywhere in the play after George and Eliza got away in safety, but was usually dragged in at least once after that.

Young George Shelby, son of the old Kentucky master, appeared to buy Tom back and found him dying; this was in most of the versions, young George being played by the middle-aged company man-



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They will appear in their original character of

**EVA, TOPSY AND ST. CLAIR,**

As performed by them (and them only,) in the principal Cities of AMERICA, ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND, over **ONE THOUSAND TIMES.**

The Critics of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, were unanimous in their praise of

**THE GIFTED AMERICAN CHILD.**

☞ In consequence of the great length and importance of this splendid drama, no other piece will be presented. The families who have patronized the exclusive performance of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, when given by the Howard family in New York City and elsewhere, are respectfully solicited to attend, as the moral work will occupy the entire evening.

**Opinions of the New York Press.**

This thrilling work is not only the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, but may safely be pronounced one of the most extraordinary literary productions that have ever presented to the contemplation of the human mind. Its unparalleled popularity in every portion of the world, and especially its translation into so many foreign tongues, its deep communion with those sacred instincts and emotions of humanity that find expression in every beating heart, and address themselves in the universal language of thought to every bosom susceptible of the love of liberty, and the spirit of resistance to oppression.

It seems unnecessary to be more minute in the discussion of a book so well known to all as UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. It may be added, however, that notwithstanding the attempts of numerous imitators to present us with an effective embodiment of the character of Mrs. Stowe's "Eva," only the marvellous child known as "LITTLE CORDELIA HOWARD," can be said to have fulfilled all the conditions of the difficult part, and satisfied all the highly wrought expectations of the public taste and general judgment. Wherever she has gone she has been hailed as the "Eva" of reality, and has elicited from the press and people one unqualified expression of enthusiastic admiration. Singularly enough, her mother, Mrs. G. C. Howard, is acknowledged to be the only "Topsy," yet truthfully endorsed as a faithful copy of the original—with all the vivacity, all the subtlety and fullness of the negro character—its more volcanic mental peculiarities, as well as its more obvious idiosyncracies of the character. The best representative of "St Clare," is little Cordelia's father, Mr. G. C. Howard, who invests the character with all the interest of which its "masterly inactivity" is susceptible.

**ALTERATION OF TIME:**

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**Monday Evening, October 10th, 1859,**

Will be presented the entire original Moral Drama, dramatized expressly for the Howard's, in 6 Acts, and 36 Scenes, entitled

# UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

## Or, THE DEATH OF EVA,

EVA,.....LITTLE CORDELIA HOWARD
Topsy,.....Mrs G.C. HOWARD St. Clair,.....Mr G C. HOWARD

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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| UNCLE TOM,..... | | Mr. W. PETRIE, | |
| Marks, a Lawyer, | Mr. Harry Linden | Gumption Cute, (a Yankee.) | Mr. E. Varrey |
| George Harris, | Mr. R. Johnston | Mr. Shelby, | Mr. H. C. Raymond |
| Lagrve, | Mr. C. E. Mathewe | George Shelby, | Mr. W. Marden |
| Haley, | Mr. Green | Deacon Perry, | Mr. W. Lomas |
| Phineas Fletcher, | Mr. E. Varrey | Tom Loker, | Mr. Curtis |
| Sambo, | Mr W. S. Andrews | Alf Mann, | Mr. T. H. Shannon |
| Eliza Harris, | Mrs. W. Marden | Cassy, | Miss Mary A. Mitchell |
| Mrs. St. Clair, | Mrs. Warden | Emeline, | Miss Gillet |
| Aunt Chloe, | | | Miss Reylance |

## TABLEAUX.

The Rescue of Eva—Escape of Eliza—The Trappers Entrapped—Freeman's Defence—Eva and Tom in the Garden—Death of Eva—Last of St. Clair—Topsy Battling the Yankee—Cassy helping the Slave—The End of Uncle Tom, and the

GRAND ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU OF

**EVA IN HEAVEN.**

A spirit of celestial light in the abode of bliss eternal.

☞ The Odeyville Omnibus will leave the Theatre every evening, at the close of the performance.☜

☞ *Whistling, Shouting, and Standing on the seats, most positively prohibited.*

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*By courtesy of the Yale University Press.*

ager in his street clothes and no make-up, who hurried on back to do it after he had finished taking tickets at the door. And the play, in its early incarnations, usually stopped right there with Tom's death and perhaps a transformation scene of Eva floating up to heaven as a pious climax. But in the weird version in which Legree got his come-uppance, Tom died according to the accepted ritual and then, while young George knelt reverently beside his clay and Legree stood down-stage, sneering, who should come in but the Ohio lawyer half-wit?

He made his inevitable entrance announcement that "I am a lawyer, and my name is Marks," and then delivered himself of a snappy speech to the effect that he had been retained by New Orleans parties to prosecute Legree for the murder of St. Clare—it never previously having been even intimated that St. Clare's death was anything but an accident. It also now appeared that lawyers, under such circumstances, had power to make arrests, for Marks produced the warrant.

Snarling defiance, the wicked Simon went after a pistol, Marks beat him to the draw, a shot rang out, and Legree crashed lifeless to the stage. Whereupon Marks waved his umbrella and cried, shrilly: "Take him out and throw him in the hog-pen."

Retribution, what? Ah, that was a line that used to make them sit up and wear their hands out!

In the 70's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given large and dignified productions, according to the facilities of that day. In the early 80's it had begun its long career with the road companies.

Properly presented, there could not be less than eighteen characters in the play, and these did not include Eliza's baby and the slave background. It usually was played by not more than twelve people and I once saw it done, I think, with eight. Tom himself, and perhaps Little Eva and Marks, in such a company, were the only ones who didn't double in at least one other part. When, even with doubling and tripling, there weren't enough actors to go around, they calmly cut out as many parts as necessary and faked the connections.

The audiences never seemed to mind the faking. In the 80's, at least three or four Tom Shows came to the local opera-house every season, no two of them alike. If the spectators missed anything im-

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portant out of one of the presentations, they could imagine it as having taken place in one of the others. So long as Eliza was barkingly chased across the ice, Eva went prettily to heaven after telling her father to be sure to set Uncle Tom free, and Simon Legree was villainous enough and, in latter years, got his needings with the hog-pen line, they were satisfied.

Every stage accident in the world happened with those barnstorming companies. Eliza lost her balance, fell off the ice into the cold blackness of the rushing river, and climbed back again dry-shod. The pistols missed fire. The dogs chased the wrong people. Eva's ascension into heaven stuck, and the red fire wouldn't burn. But nothing that was supposed to be serious got a laugh out of those audiences. They knew how it ought to be and accepted it as such.

Out where the East left off and the tanks began, a child of tender years who is now a stock-company star was playing Eva with a tent show. She was doing her death-scene, one night, her stage father, mother, Uncle Tom, and the rest of the household on their knees about her bed, when a heavy shower came up. The tent was old. A stream of rain came through the canvas and hit her in the neck. It was ruining her stuff. Gravely her weeping sire rose, went out into the wings, returned with Marks's comedy umbrella, and, kneeling again there in the ground-floor drawing-room of the St. Clare palatial residence in New Orleans, held it over her head and let her die dry.

"And will you believe it?" she told me not long ago. "Not one soul in the audience laughed."

The book Eva was seven or eight years old at the time of her death. In the play they ranged from five to thirty-five.

*By courtesy of the Yale University Press.*

Topsy, who should have been about nine, was seldom a child either in fact or character interpretation, and in an occasional emergency not even feminine. Once, in the trouping days of the actress who underwent the damp death-bed experience just recorded, the woman who played Topsy was taken suddenly ill and, as there was no Marie St. Clare in that cast and one person was doing Eliza and Miss Ophelia, all the doubling possibilities had already been exhausted. So the company manager came back-stage, blacked up, and did Topsy—but flatly

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refused to sacrifice a most luxuriant mustache.

Legree—the pet part of the actor of the old school who liked to have lines he could get his teeth into—I have heard played with every dialect known to American white men, and seen in every kind of dress the period could produce and once in white silk tights, patent-leather top-boots, a red sash, a white coat, and a seventeenth-century costume-play hat. My mind, on that occasion, naturally reverting to the not-unheard-of predicament of wardrobe trunks held at a previous town for unpaid board, I made it my business to get introduced to the actor and ask him why he did it.

"It is a matter I have long wished to do, muh boy," he informed me. "It has always been a theory of mine that Legree, in past productions, has been improperly dressed. My conception of the part is that of a rich, aristocratic planter—perhaps of the French type."

A little later in our conversation I asked him how long since he had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Smilingly and rather patronizingly he said that he had never read it.

In listing the number of parts in a Tom production, back yonder, I didn't count the bloodhounds. It was a poor show that carried no dogs. It ought to have a donkey for Marks to ride, but that animal's absence could be overlooked. Failure to provide at least two dogs, however, was the unforgivable sin.

It is a tradition in the profession that once upon a time a Tom impresario, desirous of doing something truly great, sent down into the South somewhere and bought some real bloodhounds. He had them in the street parade and the performance exactly one day.

Northerners were unfamiliar with the low-lying, sad-faced, lop-eared dogs of the true breed—and nobody except Northerners ever saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The public jeered his canine exhibit off the street and off the stage. Having brains, he wasted no time trying to convince them he was right and they were wrong, but promptly got rid of the harmless-looking animals that were the real thing and went back to the kind of bloodhounds his audiences expected—big, ugly-looking mastiffs.

Not all Tom dogs were mastiffs. If they were "Siberian" bloodhounds they were Great Danes. A full-grown Great Dane is an impressive figure, and he has a deep, soul-satisfying voice. Two or three Great Danes, well trained to chase Eliza, were the salvation of many a Tom Show.

I had the good fortune to witness a picturesque episode in the training of such a troupe. It was in the winter of 1888, in the office of A. B. Stover, of Stover's "Original Uncle Tom's Cabin," in Boston.

There were several managers whose advertising matter modestly proclaimed them to be the "Original," but A. B. Stover and Charles Smith, both Boston men, were probably the most famous.

Stover was a distinguished-appearing person of middle age, tall, with graying hair and mustache, and he wore well-tailored, expensive clothes, a beautifully ironed silk hat, and a handsome overcoat with fur collar and cuffs. He occupied the top floor of a loft building in Eliot Street. I climbed the stairs to it one Wednesday or Thursday forenoon with an out-of-work actor friend.

The hall door opened into an office, in which were a hot stove, an ancient desk, some chairs, a collection of actors and actresses "at liberty," and three dogs. The dogs looked prosperous.

They were magnificent Great Danes and they reclined bulkily in various parts of the room and refused to pay the slightest attention to overtures made them by the waiting professionals. Through a door into the loft in the rear could be seen bits of scenery, cakes of ice for Eliza to cross, angels waiting to escort Eva heavenward in the transformation scene, and odds and ends of props.

The assembled barnstormers, who included a leathery-skinned old tragedian with ripped kid gloves and a wise old-young woman who did banjo selections at local entertainments when the road had nothing for her, conversed on professional subjects. Each of them, it appeared, had recently scored personal triumphs which had been nullified either by the rotten acting of the rest of the cast or the incredibly poor judgment of managers in their selections of repertoire.

The dogs heard a footfall on the stair,

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sat up eagerly, and Mr. Stover came in, bearing a bundle done up in the yellow straw-paper that was the meat-market wrapper of the period.

He nodded casually to the men and women and spoke genially to the dogs, which picked up their feet, licked their chops, and otherwise registered interest.

*From a photograph by White Studio.*

The Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva," a musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 1925.

He took off his gloves, hung up his plug hat and fur-trimmed coat, opened the package, cut up the considerable quantity of raw meat it contained into small pieces, divided them into three piles, and got out of a drawer a big red bandanna handkerchief, which he draped about his neck with the fulness in front, first protecting his immaculate shirt front with another handkerchief, a clean white one.

He filled the pouch in the bandanna with a third of the meat, called one of the dogs by name, and began gravely to step and turn in a sort of slow war dance. The dog, barking incessantly, followed him, springing high into the air without striking his master with his feet, and at each successful leap gulping such part of the meat as he was able to pick out of the handkerchief. When he had secured it all, Stover showed him the empty bandanna, refilled it, called to another dog, and repeated the programme of dancing and dodging. He did it a third time. The dogs retired to their corners.

By feeding them in this manner daily, the manager had the beasts trained to follow, baying madly, any Eliza crossing the ice who wore a red handkerchief about her neck filled with meat, whether they had ever seen the lady before or not. If they caught up with her in the trip across the Ohio, they leaped authentically at her throat but never touched anything save the bandanna. Safe in the wings on the Ohio shore, she tore loose the handkerchief and let them have it.

The dog-breakfast ritual out of the way, Mr. Stover washed his hands, glanced over his mail, and then addressed the actors.

"I'm going to put on Tom at Glouces-ter, Saturday," he said. "Who wants to work?"

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Except this outsider, everybody did.

Stover began to cast the parts.

"You'll play Haley and Legree," he said to one man.

"Oh, Mr. Stover, I have never doubled when I did Legree," the actor protested reproachfully.

"You will this time—if you go," Stover unemotionally advised him.

"Well——"

Stover looked at the banjo soubrette. "You can do Topsy with songs and dances, and Eliza, I suppose."

The girl said she was a wonderful Topsy and nobody in the profession had better banjo notices, but she didn't know the lines of Eliza. This produced polite looks of incredulity from one and all, it being regarded in those circles as impossible that there should be any actor or actress in the world who did not know every part in Tom.

"Well, you can learn 'em if you want to work Saturday," Stover said. His manner implied that he suspected she was trying to get out of doing a double that was always difficult because of the short time elapsing between the appearance of the two characters. He was probably right.

He went on with his casting. The old broken Shakspearian with the ripped gloves rumbled in his best Edwin Booth voice, when Stover got to him, that he had usually played Legree.

"This isn't any double Tom Show," the manager reminded him, "and I've already got one Legree. You'll play Marks."

To readers under the age of forty-five this reference to a double Tom Show probably needs to be explained.

It was in the late 70's or very early 80's that some Uncle Tom manager, to make his production different, got up a version that had two Toms, two Evas, two Topsies, and two Legrees. I saw it, and even to my child mind the result was nonsensical. It was too absurd to last long. But that it was possible to do such a thing at all illustrates what a hold, in its day, the drama had upon the public, those tens of thousands who seldom or never saw any other play and were tolled in to see it again by the promise of innovations. I have wondered if the two-ring circus, which came in about that time, didn't give the double-Tom impresario his idea.

Completing his cast, so far as the number of applicants present allowed, Mr. Stover told them how much money, with three meals, Saturday night's lodging and railroad fares added, each would get for the one-day engagement—I think it was five dollars for the principals—and instructed them to meet him at the railroad station in time for a certain Saturday forenoon train. The men, he said, must wear high hats; there would be a street parade at noon. He would have uniform overcoats for them at the theatre. After the parade they would eat, and then show at two o'clock and again at night.

Nobody said anything about any rehearsals, or apparently dreamed of such a thing. They had never all worked together in a Tom Show. They didn't know which of innumerable versions it was proposed to put on, or what scenes would be left in or cut out. They didn't care; time enough to have that explained to them by Mr. Stover on the stage at noon while the parade uniforms were being doled out. If things didn't always jell, in the performance, they would *ad lib.* until they did. Somebody's lines would come out right sooner or later. It was said in those days that any Tom actor could be given a cue out of the last act in the middle of the first scene, and if he didn't straighten it out somehow he wasn't a trouper.

At Gloucester, no doubt, they assembled, paraded with the big dogs led by scared but happy small boys, Marks on a donkey, Little Eva in a pony-cart (Stover's "Original" prided itself on pulling a good parade), and a bright-coated band of six or eight darkies who later would give a concert outside the theatre, transform themselves into an orchestra inside, and at the appropriate moments slip up back-stage, don overalls, and be the slave color with jubilee selections.

Meantime, on Friday, representatives of the management had visited the grammar-schools as their pupils were being dismissed and pressed into each eager hand one of those "This Ticket and Ten Cents" pasteboards. And parents presently were being urged, all over Gloucester: "Ple-e-ease, papa! I can go, can't I, ple-e-ease? This ain't a theayter, papa. You your ownself have been to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' you said you had. Gimme ten cents to go, won't you, ple-e-ease."

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Tom was already beginning to slip, then. No longer was the A. B. Stover Original Company going out on the road for weal or woe, six nights a week and Saturday matinée. Instead, it had become a kid and Rube show, for Saturdays only, kids in the afternoon and Rubes in the evening, of all the company only the dogs who were its stars doing their daily dozen during the remainder of the week. It was still going fairly strong in the provinces, as part of the barnstormers' repertory, with "The Ticket of Leave Man," "The Lancashire Lass," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Hidden Hand," "East Lynne," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and the other old standbys that nobody had to pay royalties to use, but in the cities it was slipping.

It finally disappeared altogether from the big and medium-sized towns, except for a rare metropolitan revival. The most notable of these, in 1901, was staged by William A. Brady at the Academy of Music in New York with nationally famous players in the cast, including Wilton Lackaye as Uncle Tom and Theodore Roberts as Legree. In the same city, only this past season, the play was produced by a company of earnest Greenwich Village volunteers in which negro parts were portrayed by persons of that color.

In both these productions the worst of the hokum that in years of trouping had become part of the show was cut out and the play was as near as more modern act-and-scene construction would allow to the versions of the day when the book was still doing its big bit toward dividing the country in war. Dramatic reviewers were kind—some of them even enthusiastic—and the revivals were artistically successful.

But save for these two productions and perhaps a few not widely heralded experiments by stock companies (the musical comedy, "Topsy and Eva," which is running in New York when this is written, while based upon the old classic, is not, of course, a Tom Show) the play has not been seen in large cities for close to a quarter of a century.

Outside the big towns it lasted years longer, but Tom had already begun to fade from even the most distant provinces when the motion picture arrived to shoulder aside minor road companies in even the best of spoken dramas. Its performances grew more and more infrequent, then ceased—and Legree and Marks and Eliza and the ferocious Siberian bloodhounds became things utterly unknown to the younger generation, and to the older one only a memory.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" at last had been outgrown by shifting standards of public sophistication and was gone.

*From a photograph by Fernand Studios.*

The cast of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced at the Triangle Theatre, New York, by the Triangle Players, 1925.

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It had travelled from the greatest theatres in the country to the shabbiest little tents on the tank circuits so small that they possessed no town halls. It had helped to make vital history. It had done more, probably, than any other one thing to keep alive for years sectional misunderstandings and hatreds that were ready to die, although it had never by deliberation done this; "Uncle Tom," the book, may have been ante-bellum propaganda, but "Uncle Tom," the after-the-war show, was never consciously anything but entertainment. It lasted more than five decades for no reason save that to the simple folk of its day it was just that—a forthright, familiar, shrieking melodrama, slipshod, raw, and often most terribly man-handled, but entertainment.

At its best it was seldom art. At its worst it was the crudest kind of theatrical bunk. But a unique American institution passed out when the last Tom Show died.

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# Tropical Heat and White Men

BY ISA URQUHART GLENN
Author of "Bats Macabre," "The Shuttle," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE

IT was too hot to do any active thinking; to ruminate, like a cow in a nice pasture at home, was the most that could be expected. The stout man, his feet upheld by clever sinks in the long arms of his chair, chewed the cud of tropical queerness.

Two o'clock in the afternoon—the sacred hour of the siesta. The flies settled on the stout man's bald head; and when he dislodged them, which was difficult as their feet were sticky, they removed themselves to the ceiling and settled in groups that droned as placidly as the Señora droned out her interminable stories of troubles in the Hotel Delmonico. The Señora's stories had given him most of his material for the cud that he chewed. For the stout man was elderly, and of himself would never have stumbled on Manila by night. Manila at night and in the carnival season is languorous heat, and the smell of the Dama de la Noche from the gardens and the scent of musk from the girls. On such nights it seems to even the stout men of the earth that the old city smiles—and that she smiles at, not with, the white men who try to get at the meaning of it. For the meaning of it is that Manila gets you if you don't get it; but this is only clear to men who are old and fattish and beyond the temptation of the carnival.

The stout man stirred in his long chair and chuckled, as he remembered that Harry Given had met the East at the carnival. Poor fool Harry Given, who two years ago had come out on the same ship with the stout man and who, while the cold of the Golden Gate was still in his veins, had been a green youth, a simple fellow. But one develops fast, once that cold has melted in the soft winds which blow to meet ships sailing southeast. This Harry, then, had started his development on shipboard, where he lost no time before rising to the hook cast by the usual travelling woman with a roving eye. Small town: that's what Harry was: Main Street a-journeying. The stout man, watching at table Harry's foot returning the pressure of the travelling woman's promiscuous foot, used to think that a youth of this sort had no business near the equator—that dividing line between cold and hot morals.

Poor Harry! thought the stout man, watching the sluggish love-making of the flies on his ceiling. Picked up, while the first glamour was upon him, by one of those insolent, slim creatures of the streets—Paquita, with her sleek little head rising above her stiffly starched pañuelo, with

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the flirt to her long petticoats that is only acquired in the training-school of the oldest profession. If Paquita had ever before loved anything above money, Manila had yet to find it out. But Harry, watching all that went on around him of the childish shameless tropical mating, felt no fear. No place was going to "get" him; was he not a strong man? He tested himself in the fiery crucible of the Luneta by moonlight—the Constabulary Band sending forth the strains that try men's souls, while women with heavily powdered faces adroitly displayed more leg than was necessary with their beruffled skirts.

These sights, coupled with the insidious heat that seems to whisper, weakened the fibre of this soda-water young man; the carnival put the finishing touches to his downfall. Paquita in the blazing sunlight was a subtle short story; Paquita on the Luneta was a poem; but Paquita dancing at a carnival baile was a heady strong drink from which even the worldly-wise man had best flee.

The stout man had talked it over with the fat Señora who ran the Hotel Delmonico in the Walled City. "Wonder if those fellows think they can pick up where they left off? Eh, Señora? Bad business!" He had wagged his head sadly over the weaknesses of his sex when in a hot land.

The Señora, also, had wagged her head. "What is it that the so funny Americanos say? This *Giiven* 'has seen too many boats go by,' without a doubt."

He and the Señora watched many young men come out from the States—good ones and bad ones, and weak ones who had not meant to turn bad. The stout man had gradually evolved a theory which would have profoundly shocked the folks at home. He had decided that young men who had been fairly sinful before they left the States had a better chance to keep their heads. "A little innocent wickedness early in the game; heh, Señora? A little seasoning before they leave home."

The stout man thanked the Lord that he had got the necessary seasoning years ago, that he had been able to keep his head since before it had grown bald. He had fallen out of Harry Given's crowd for the very reason that he was seasoned. He had led his own quiet life in this room which had remained quiet until the amazing arrival in Manila of Lily Drew.

Lily Drew! Beautiful name, name of white people! The stout man, on this hot afternoon in his room, could still blush at the memory of the way in which he had met her. She had jerked his thoughts back from slime to the atmosphere of home and decency, and yet she had been an outraged fury with her hair down. He himself had grabbed his kimono closer with one hand, while with the other he had attempted a placating gesture; and he had then sidled away like a bloated crab. Strange how Manila alters a man's sense of values; he had not been able to leave off that flourish of the hand, but he had thought nothing of forthwith tearing down into the office of the Hotel Delmonico, all dishevelled as he was, and roaring at the Señora.

"'sus-Mari'-'oseph!" had then sworn the Señora, with blasphemous volubility. This expletive, if correctly spelled instead of being incorrectly pronounced in hissing syllables, embraces the entire Holy Family. "That room is good enough for a señorita who comes to Manila without a dueña! Me, Señor—I have seen, out here, many of your countrymen; but never before a señorita of America alone!"

"Well, is that a reason, I ask you"—had bawled the stout man, who, in the intervals between wrapping his gay kimono around his fat stomach and rewrapping it as its scant cut threatened his modesty, was brandishing his arms wildly—"is that a reason for putting her in the room next mine?" He had breathed hard; so that the large blue moon, which was in the exact centre of the kimono, and therefore fitted over the exact middle back of his form, had quivered with his emotion. "Here I've been away in the damned Southern Islands, sweltering with the heat, and with no ice, no decent chow, no nothing. And I get back here, to my own room and my own electric fan, and what I had every reason to think would be my own privacy; and what do I find? That there's somebody moving around, with quiet little steps like a kitten, in what is really the other half of my room, behind the open archway that your humorous architects call a door. And the screen gets knocked over,

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and I am face to face with a young female thing with her yellow hair standing on end with fright, her eyes popping out of her head—and she jumps me, in perfectly good American, for coming into her room! Again I ask you—is this fair to me?"

From lack of breath, he had come to his first full pause. He had folded his kimono with dignity and finality.

It had been the heat of the day, when all good people should be at the siesta. The Señora had been as informally garbed as the stout man. Her ample form had been sketchily shielded from view by a low-necked dressing-sack, and as she had lumbered from her seat behind the desk the flop of her chinelas could be distinguished in the two-o'clock stillness. She had fixed the stout man with a bland gaze. She had waved her pudgy hands, her bracelets jangling, her long earrings swinging slowly as if languid from the heat.

The Señor was, as he knew, a very valued patron. Would he have a cacao with her, in the patio, where they could all alone talk quietly about this so sad affair which had disturbed them both?

What fat man, in the dry season, could resist blandishments such as these? He would not take the syrupy cacao; he would, however, be pleased to have a Scotch-and-Soda.

They had moved across the deserted office and out into the patio. The patio was so cool and shady that the lizards had temporarily deserted it for more congenial sunny spots. The Señora and the stout man had stretched themselves in long chairs, and the stout man had further stretched out his short legs. He had sighed forgivingly. As the Scotch-and-Tan San slipped down his parched throat, he had regarded the Señora with growing favor.

"Darned if you don't know how to make a man comfortable, Señora!" he had remarked out of a grateful heart.

The Señora, also, had stretched out her legs, thereby displaying bare ankles built on heroic lines. Her figure had seemed to melt, and spread out, until the chair was filled up with it.

She had had a week of the most horrible! Out of a clear sky she had received this young American girl. A calesa had driven up to the door of the Hotel Delmonico, on the day that the *Empress of China* was in, and had deposited the girl and her luggage. The Señora had been scandalized. Pretty as an angel she was, with her hair the color of first-quality hemp; her eyes like the skies, but cold as the so-precious ice that the Señor enjoyed in his Scotch-and-Tan San—but where was her mother, that she was permitted to wander half-way around the globe in such fashion? She must have a mother—hein?

Yes, the stout man had murmured, he imagined that she did have, or had had, a mother; one always had a mother, to start with. He plunged his nose into his tall glass and gurgled without care.

It seemed that the Señorita was woefully upsetting the whole of the Hotel Delmonico. She—the Señora—had tried to show her how one lived in the tropics; but it had been difficult. The young girl was not in the least suited to the tropics. She was of the North, inside her skin as well as out. Would the Señor believe it that the Señorita had looked actually shocked when the Señora had settled with the cochero who had brought her—in the way that Spaniards had found good in countries beyond the seas—by shaking the breath out of him? And yet, that pig-dog of a cochero had been preparing to overcharge her because she was Americana. Ah, well! Gratitude was always lacking, in these Americanos. One must be philosophical.

A slow-moving muchacho was polishing the floor with a banana-leaf. The flies were droning noisily. All was peaceful, as the Señora cast her eye into the office. She came back to a chair beside the stout man.

"Seguro!" she sighed mightily. She kicked off her chinelas and let the cooling air have its way with her feet. "This señorita does not hasten herself to grow used to the costumbres of the Islands. I will tell you my troubles, with playing the game of being her mother which I am not. I explained to her that when she wished the services of these doubly degraded sons of dogs, the hotel muchachos, she should clap her hands together sharply—in that which you Americanos, who do much laughing, have named 'The Call of the East.' The Señorita wished a baño. She used 'The Call of the East.' She followed José through the sala on into the

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dining-room before she noticed that it was not as in America—this passage to the baño. She stopped short between the tables of the dining-room, holding her kimono tightly around her, with her towels and soap in her two hands clasped to her breast. I watched. I could not help laughing. She stumbled over a chair, blushing pink as the rosa; and a kind gentleman arose from his table and put the chair out of her way. This gentleman was far too busy arguing violently with the other Spanish gentlemen at his table to look at the Señorita's kimono; he was merely polite, in the way of the people of my country. We Spaniards are polite even when we have been long in the Islands. After this, the gentleman sat back to his table and commenced eating the sonice peas of the tiffin. He ate them with

Paquita dancing at a carnival baile was a heady strong drink from which even the worldly-wise man had best flee.—Page 361.

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his knife, as is the costumbre; why not, Señor? The knife could not have harmed the Señorita. But she shrank away with horror. As if he were thrusting the knife into her instead of into the peas."

It seemed incredible, now that he was looking back on that time; but the stout man had actually said to himself: "Damn this señorita who is buttin' in on my peace in the Hotel Delmonico!" But that was the way in which Lily Drew had come into his life. He was amused and he was angry, and he went on listening to the Señora's account.

"On this day of which I speak, Señor—on this day when she shrank from the knife which was already safely in the peas—she came running to me; she had seen many large cockroaches on the floor of that so-nice bathroom of the hotel. I told her that the cockroaches did not bite, except on mosquitoes; but she said that she feared them with a great fear. I leave it to you—was it not foolish? She did not take the baño, after all. It was a pity; her heart had appeared set on it. However, everything is in the hands of the saints. She would not have appreciated that shower-bath all-same Americano—that so beautiful Standard Oil can, so commodious, so unusually convenient with the holes punched in it for the water to drop through. You yourself have often remarked favorably upon it. . . . No, Señor, she is not meant by the all-knowing God for the tropics."

The long, hot, lazy days dragged by while the girl with the beautiful, pure name tried to adjust herself to the tropics. One of the chairs in the patio sagged more dejectedly from the weight of the round blue moon which was exactly over the stout man's middle. The mosquitoes fell into habits of their own, and bit the bare ankles of the stout man and of the Señora with a fine impartiality. For the stout man had fallen into the habit of seeking the Señora's confidences; he had grown to feel that he was an integral part of the fortunes of Lily Drew. Lily Drew—the young sphinx with a limpid eye, and a childish mouth which seemed always to be on the verge of telling the sphinx's secret and which never told the first word of it. Lily Drew—who knew nothing of the wide world and who yet knew enough to keep what she knew to herself. The stout man began to drop his eyes when he passed the girl in the sala, because she had told him that secret and she did not know that she had told him. Night after night he heard the rattan of her hard bed give out its thin and bloodless squeak; heard her gasp, from where her face was crushed into the round red "Dutch-wife" pillow, that she could not bear it—she could not bear it. He began to think a great deal about this girl who spent her nights sobbing out that she could not bear it, and who in the day wore white linen frocks and piled her fair hair high on her small head and looked from her gold-lashed eyes with the straight gaze of straight youth. The stout man felt fatherly toward her, and a little lover-like, although he subdued this latter emotion as out of place with a girl who wept by night and used words to herself that did not go with her ash-blond suggestion of purity. The faint leaning toward love only served to make the heart of the stout man very tender toward the girl in the room that was really a part of his room—and decidedly remorseful at the confidences which he was forced to overhear.

"Couldn't you give me another room, Señora?" he asked.

The Señora, when she sighed, lifted the dressing-sack to unheard-of heights. She had asked the Señorita what would she, in this hot land of the devil, if she were shut behind doors that let not in the air. She had told her that the gentleman in the next room was a muy grande señor and would not harm her.

The stout man was irritated into sharp words. "This girl is here alone, and she is young and—alone. She should not be in a room like that—open to the world—where even her thoughts can't be private."

"Aha!" exclaimed the outraged proprietress. "But—if I move you—who goes into the room which is really a part of her room? Much better you who are a muy grande señor."

The stout man moaned assent.

"Much better she go back to those Estados Unidos that suit her so well," continued the now thoroughly aroused Señora. "She should, seguramente, have arranged to marry with some young man who wished not to live in the Islands." She fanned herself, her bosom rising and falling in rhythmical indignation.

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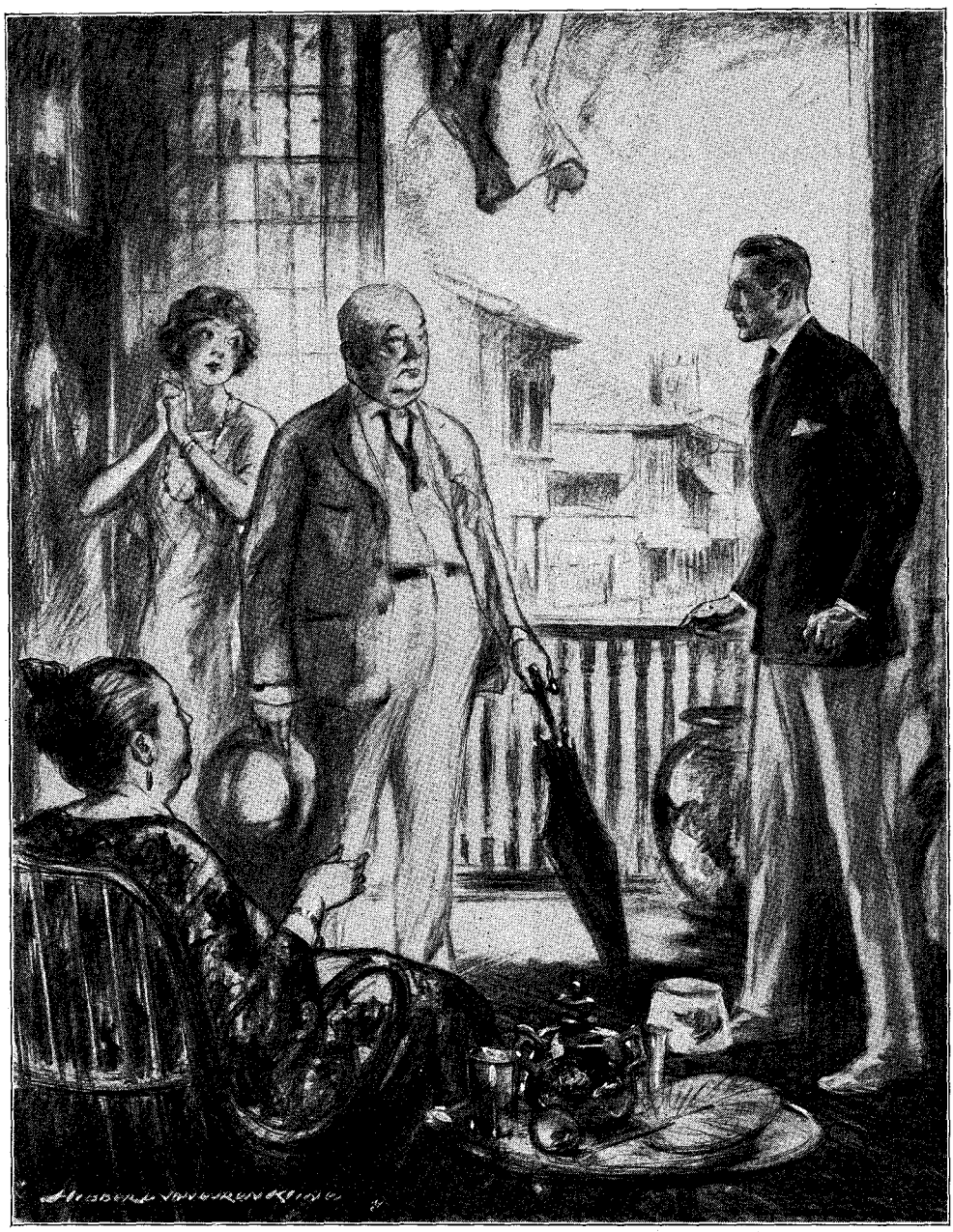

"That wasn't the reason . . . and you know it!"—Page 368.

With difficulty the stout man hoisted himself into an upright position and looked searchingly into her face. "You mean she's come out here to marry some one? You're sure of that?"

The Señora shrugged. Her black brows drew down over her eyes, which were turning cold. "The Señorita sees the road she ought to take. Who knows? This young man may even have run away. To follow a young man out here—is it not a great chance to take? I myself am



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telling you that it is a risk of the greatest. I have seen many young men to change their minds between boats, out here. This señorita—Madre de Dios!—will then be in what you call it a fix!"

The old lady's tone was censorious, and the stout man stared with alarm at her large white face. He had never before seen her look unkind. Her eyes had taken on the opacity of deep thought.

"Why don't you try to talk with her?" he asked miserably. "She looks ill. And she hasn't a woman friend to talk to."

"Ah, Señor!" the Señora exclaimed with disgust. "I hope I see my duty! But she can so freeze with her glance of blue ice! Blue eyes are cold when angry. I was introducing the Señorita to that costumbre of Manila which makes it, when it does not drive on the Luneta in the cool of the evening, sit out in the streets and fan. It was truly a night of heaven! The ylang-ylang trees scenting the air; the Southern Cross just rising over the wall of the city; the men in the bodega down the street drinking so happily that one could hear them a block away. I asked the Señorita, in these softening surroundings, of what she was suffering. But this girl of the cold North, Señor, what effect did this night have upon her? She looked at me so that I felt as if water were dripping down my back."

The stout man twisted uneasily in his chair. He was glad that just then one of his straw sandals fell from where it had been hanging on his toe, for he could stoop to recover it and so avoid meeting the gaze of the old woman. He felt guiltily that by suggesting to her that she question the girl he had betrayed the girl's unconscious confidences to him. But before he could think it out, the old lady swept garrulously on.

"From a black eye"—the Señora rolled her own fine eyes at the stout man, an illustration of what she meant—"from a black eye fire darts . . . a fire that scorches the poor unfortunate, certainly, and arouses in his breast an answering fire. He would like to kill; and the wish to kill a woman is a sign that love is somewhere in that man. It is a compliment to a woman, of the highest. But a blue eye—u-u-ugh! It makes the winter to come to the man's heart!" Rapidly the Señora's face changed from a laugh which had been in every crease of her many chins to a profound sadness which flooded the laugh and washed it from memory. "Señor, what can you know of such things—you who are a blesséd bachelor? Enough, Señor! You cannot understand of what I speak." The old lady put a hand on her vast bosom and drew a breath so deep that her rings sent forth little rays of light. Indeed, she felt, here—with the hand upon her bosom she slapped herself resoundingly—she felt that all was not well in the Hotel Delmonico.

The stout man had noticed, himself, that Lily Drew had of late been losing her high air of aloofness from the grime of the world. But in its place she was taking on no touch of human passion. It was as if the dirty heat were melting the ice-shell and leaving in its place muddy water.

Well—this had been several months ago, and he had been away from Manila in the meantime. It was strange that he could not get it out of his mind. Here he was in his corner of the third floor of the Hotel Delmonico; the electric fan blowing warmish air over his thin pajamas and the flies buzzing around his head with its sparse hair-fringe, and the room that was really a part of his own room except for the intervening suale screen was again empty. He knew it was empty; he had every reason for knowing it. But not for a moment of the times when he was in his own room could he get the room next door out of his mind.

He lay back in his long chair, stopped listening to the next room, and picked up the threads of recollection.

He had not seen Harry Given for many months, possibly a year, and he had been greatly surprised when, shortly after the day on which he had asked the Señora to try and talk with Lily Drew, he had come up-stairs and had interrupted Harry in the act of forcibly embracing the girl with the golden eyelashes. He had never thought of Lily Drew as the sort of girl who would know Harry Given. He had stopped short, in his amazement; and had then noticed that there was something studied in Harry's embrace, and that at the same time there was about the young

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There were three of them, staring at each other—this *Giiven*, the Señorita, and a saucy girl—a Filipina of the worst sort.—Page 369.

man a suggestion—a hint of an abandon which this girl could not have inspired.

"Upon my soul, kid," Harry gushed. "I had forgotten how handsome you are! I'm falling in love with you, all over. Give us a kiss: the Señora won't mind."

And then the stout man saw that the watchful Señora, flapping in her volumi-



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nous dressing-sack, was lolling back in one of the rocking-chairs of the sala. She had begun a polite apology for the informality of her costume.

"Don't bluff, Señora!" laughed Harry boisterously. "You know, as well as I, that we aren't fussy out here. What's a kimono, between friends? I'm glad that this thing has come up; because Lily here put me out of her room just now because she wasn't dressed."

Lily's golden brows were drawn together in a frown. She backed away, step by step, until she was close to the stout man—until she was behind the stout man and shielded by him.

"That wasn't the reason . . . and you know it!" she said, in a sort of gasping whisper.

The stout man had not got this thing straight in his head. That these two should know each other, and that there should be any question of Harry's going into her room, required calm and the siesta hour. He looked at the Señora. The old lady reached up from her chair and put her hand on the girl's arm.

"It is the great heat of the Intramuros, Señorita. I have seen it to do so many young men this way. They get the caliente cabeza. It will pass."

But the stout man, watching, thought that the great heat was scarcely responsible for the pallor which was on Lily Drew's face. Harry was looking her up and down with an avid eye, an appraising eye like the wicked eye of an auctioneer.

"Actually, you're prettier! I'd never have believed that a blonde could check up this way, in a land of luscious brunettes! Fatter, too—a little—but it's becoming."

With a queer cry that she stifled in her hands, Lily whirled and rushed from the sala. The stout man could see that a flood of crimson was surging up from the neck of her white linen frock. He followed the Señora down to the office and leaned across the desk.

"Did you know that she had met this Given?" he asked.

The Señora rolled her eyes around in their roomy sockets until she could look obliquely at him.

"Seguro!" she answered simply. "All along I, being a woman, knew very well that she had met some man!"

Fool that he had been! the stout man told himself. He felt a little chilly, and shivered.

The Señora motioned him nearer. "The Señorita met him when he went back to the Estados Unidos recently," she told him. "That much I got out of her, but no more. What a wonderful thing is the anger of an ice-maiden! The great heat that comes from the feel of great cold! It is not my business, except that I do not have scandals in the Hotel Delmonico. To-morrow I have the duty to ask the Señorita to look elsewhere for a room."

In a thick voice the stout man asked her why she was so certain that a scandal would come of it. He wanted to say more; he wanted to plead eloquently in defense of this young girl who was so far from her home; but he was never a man who could talk fluently, and just now his throat was obstructed by a lump that seemed to grow larger and to move up closer to the root of his tongue when he thought of Lily Drew's sobs by night.

The Señora was detaining him, a qualm in her own voice. "Señor, it is bad that you should now think me an old woman without a heart in my breast—but I do not understand the Americanos. This señorita, all alone, comes to Manila, which is bad. She comes to meet a man, and that is very bad. No young girl of Spain would be permitted to do these things. But—the young man what you call it 'dodges' her. There will be trouble. Listen, Señor: to-day I have done what is possible—I have done a mother's work. I have played dueña on a very dreadful paseo in the heat of the day—and walking on the feet of the Spaniard which do not walk far. It was suffering passing words. But the Señorita was what you call it trailing. We found him—this *Giiven*. We heard him, behind the wall of a garden. I knew the garden from hearsay, for over the wall are poinsettia clusters which hang, like wicked, jeering scarlet tongues, all mixed in with the three-sided cactus. One should have known, from the scarlet tongues which suggest the Evil One—if one were sensitive. Flowers, they tell us many things that are strange, if we but listen. They know!

"But the Señorita, like all pale women, is slow to understand. Stupidly, as I thought at the time, she ran for the gar-

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den gate, pushed it open and disappeared within. I hurried to overtake her, as she was under my care. When I got inside the gate some moments had passed; for I am stout, as the Señor sees, and the garden gate was narrow. There were three of them, staring at each other—this *Giiven*, the Señorita, and a saucy girl—a Filipina of the worst sort, as I could plainly see. This girl carried, seated astride her hip in the manner of the natives, a little naked baby of about a year of age; and her face was impudent! I lost no time, as this was no place for a white girl; I pushed and pulled the Señorita, who seemed dazed, out into the street. She remained dazed; I had to push her in front of me, as there was no room on the banquetta beside me who am broad.

"The Señorita had said no word since we had found the young man for whom she had searched. Upon our return to the hotel she stood in one spot on the floor of the office, with her eyes fixed. I told her several times: 'Señorita, the young man will follow soon. I am an old woman, and I know young men. Much better you go to your room and put the rouge on your cheeks.'"

"Go on!" said the stout man in a strangled mutter.

"By the power of the Evil One—who seemed to be looking after this affair—some native women were squatted on their haunches in the office, trying to sell their piña cloths. An Americana had come down the stairs to look at the embroideries. This *Giiven* walked, oh, so coolly, in from the street. Instantly the good God let me see that trouble was walking into the Hotel Delmonico. These Filipino women were exchanging signals, and it is impossible to conceive of natives being up to any good. But I moved too slowly, in throwing the natives out, owing to the paseo and my poor feet; and they burst forth—like the sickness on ships—with the great pleasure natives feel when they discuss the whites. 'That hombre there has married with a Filipino woman!' they said over and over again, cackling like hens. I looked at the Señorita with fear in my heart. The Señorita looked, on her part, as if she had never before seen the young man, and went up the stairway with never a word. She was in no hurry. She walked slowly, and calm as ice. It was strange, but of the North undoubtedly; for a Spanish girl, Señor, she would have used the knife. Madre de Dios! At first I trembled lest there be blood all over the clean floor that José had but just polished! I urged the young man to run. But he laughed in my face. And now I laugh, myself, Señor. There will be a scandal, but no blood. It is of the North—this affair!"

The stout man loosened the stiff neckband of his white duck coat. "How did he get up-stairs to her room?"

The Señora could not tell; many hours may have passed. She had been busy, what with new arrivals and other of her duties. She had been in and out of the office, but mostly out. The young man had sent up for the Señorita, who had refused to come down to see him. At last, in order to get rid of him, she had said to the young man:

"The Señorita has, perhaps, a touch of the sun. Has she not, against the advice of all who know the precautions one must take in order to get around that so wicked sun—has she not shopped when even the Chinos have gone to the siesta? Often have I cautioned the Señorita that she should leave off her corsets until band concert on the Luneta, when that wicked sun shall have gone to sleep. A corset in the daytime, in Manila? Dios!"

The stout man could see her, in his imagination, as she had thus shrugged out the doctrine of the equator. He wandered aimlessly up and down the length of the office. The Señora got up from her desk chair, much as a tight cork comes from the neck of a bottle. She would now go to her room, wherein, with many sighs and groans, she would spend the next half-hour encasing herself within the tight silk costume with which she invariably welcomed the sleep of the sun.

"She must go," she remarked over her shoulder. "There will be a scandal. It might even get into the courts!"

The stout man gave up all thought of his own evening toilet. He fled from the hotel. He needed the outdoors, and the sight of the sky of heaven, and he could not bear to sit in the room which was the other side of the suale screen and hear the



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girl packing to leave the roof that had sheltered her. No good would come of arguing with the Señora. He knew that the Señora had a heart within her vast breast; he knew that she had that goodness which springs from a knowledge of the world's evil; but she was a Spanish woman, and she would never condone the acts of a señorita who travelled without a dueña. And the Hotel Delmonico was her child, and she would protect her child from scandal which might get into the courts.

The stout man never knew for how long a time he had wandered through the tortuous streets of the Walled City. He stopped at a bodega for the dinner that he had not the will to eat in the Hotel Delmonico, and he took more of the vino tinto than he usually took. He must have courage, for he must eventually return to his room on the other side of the suale screen. But he needed the vino tinto before he could listen to the sobs of the girl in the next room. He knew that she must be giving dreadful sobs to the still air—sobs that tore her; he could hear them even now above the clatter of the bodega.

His thoughts turned to Harry Given, and the great change in him that two years in the Philippines had brought about. Without this great change having taken place, Harry Given would not have cheated a girl at home; he would have told her that for two years he had been married to Paquita.

"I must go back to the hotel!" the stout man suddenly announced to his soul.

As he went in at the door that led from the street into the office, his ears quailed at the tumult which seemed to be surging like an angry sea toward the third floor. The Señora was hurrying up the wide and shallow stairs; she was gasping, from her haste and from the tightness of her gown and of her high-heeled slippers; and on in front of her, and following her but not daring to push past her, ran the hotel muchachos all agrin. The stout man would not have believed that at his age he could take the stairs two at a time; but he did, and he arrived at his door before the Señora and the muchachos.

All was quiet within the two rooms which adjoined each other. All was quiet in the corridor outside the rooms, in which the group of rushing people had come to a halt all banked up against each other. He looked at the Señora, and she answered the look as well as she could for her long gasps for breath.

"There was a scream—" she told him.

He turned doubtfully to the archway which led into the double rooms.

"It is quiet in there—" he started to say.

"There was a scream," she insisted. "We all heard it." She put out a hand which was, from the quiet, beginning to shake and knocked on the archway. She knocked for what seemed a long time. "He came up here," she began with her trembling mouth. "He—called out to me that she had no right to deny him—that he had married her when he was—in his home six months ago—he said a marriage with a nigger did—not count—And he ran up here——"

The stout man knocked over the suale screen and went across it into the room. But no one was in the girl's room, and he went on among the pieces of furniture until he reached the recess in which was the window. There was no sound in the recess; but Harry Given was leaning against the half-wall which separated it from the room. He was holding himself in an upright position by his arms which were spread along the wall behind him; his legs, with that slim support, were trailing underneath him, giving, slipping, until as the stout man came in sight they slid into an indefinite twisted mass on the floor and Harry Given went down. But he tried to lift a hand and point to the window, and with a voice that shook and broke nervelessly he whispered:

"She . . . jumped . . ."

The stout man glanced at the clock. The siesta hour was over. He lifted himself from his long chair and set about dressing for the evening.

But he must see the Señora about moving him into another room. Since he had come back to Manila from his business trip, his nights in this room had been things of horror. He could hear, from the other side of the suale screen, the sound of stifled weeping. He could hear the rattan give out its thin and bloodless squeak.

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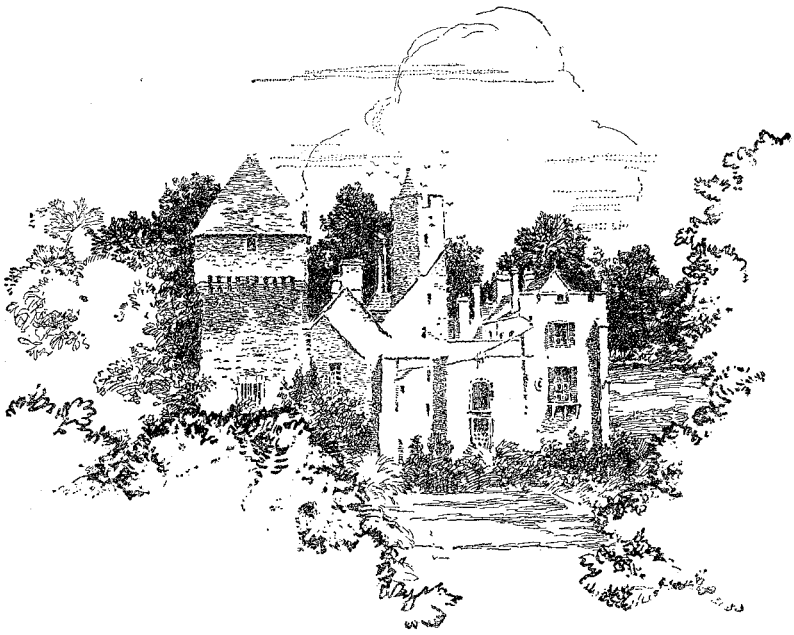

The château at Creully.

# Travelling with Creusa

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE
Author of "Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature"

"SI tu veux être heureux," says an old Norman proverb, "vas entre Caen et Bayeux." The advice is followed by scores of tourists every summer, but the happiness if it comes at all is likely to be more fleeting than the author of the adage intended. Sightseeing invariably whets the appetite, and, with the prospect of a good lunch at either end of the journey, the twenty-five kilometres that separate the two old towns dwindle away with astonishing rapidity. Furthermore, by reason of the curse that blights every automobile trip, the tourist, whether he be enjoying himself or not, must push on to the next town. From which it may be inferred that Creusa and I (so called because, like the bride of Æneas, she always follows at a respectful distance) did not motor. We walked.

Let me explain at once that Creusa and I are not objectionable walkers. Whatever our faults, they are not those of the athlete who deliberately undergoes every torment of the flesh merely to glut himself afterward with the comforting reflection that his body is not as other men's. We accomplished no feat of physical prowess that required either a preliminary training-table or the subsequent attention of a Swedish masseur. If the imagination is expected to show any activity it is obviously unreasonable to paralyze the body with fatigue. We found that ten miles a day, punctuated with frequent halts for food and drink and the examination of churches and châteaux en route, kept the balance even between the demands of the flesh and the spirit. A more thorough antiquarian, ap-



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palled by such haphazard sightseeing, would cover even less ground, while a really conscientious walker would hardly feel that he had started. We all know those terrible fellows who, once they have slung a pack on their shoulders, would rather hammer all day down the hard highroad than break their rash vow by allowing the train to carry them over a dull bit of country. No, we cannot claim to have walked with any high moral purpose, nor with any of the zeal of an early Christian martyr.

A more insidious heresy is that of the æsthetic walkers, which by force of circumstances we also avoided. There are people who insist, if they be afoot, on bold scenery. They stipulate for snow-capped peaks and rocky gorges, picturesque guides, edelweiss, and a possible chamois. These things are not to be lightly derided, but they do not of themselves constitute the *sine qua non* of a good walking-trip. The rich farm-land that lies between Caen and Bayeux has none of these advantages, and yet we have proved to our own complete satisfaction that it is a delectable country for walking.

Perhaps it is already evident that he who walks instead of motoring or flying becomes disgustingly complacent. It could hardly be otherwise. To break away even for a moment from one's own time, to swim against the stream, to do something simple and elemental instead of perpetually availing oneself of the misplaced ingenuity of others, cannot but be exhilarating. Spiritual as well as physical exhilaration breeds the sense of well-being, which in turn begets the fatal smirk of complacency. It was at Llangollen, Hazlitt tells us, that he sat down to a supper of cold chicken, a bottle of sherry, and the "Nouvelle Héloise." How meticulous he is and how convinced he leaves us that that supper was one of the most beautiful experiences of his life. Complacent! Of course he is, and the reader must be a captious fellow to cavil at such well-earned complacency. Incidentally, there is no better author for a walking-trip than Hazlitt, better even than Stevenson, who so whittles away at the thought that he leaves the reader nothing to do. Most walkers find they cannot be without "Tristram Shandy," but Creusa, who has otherwise a wonderfully catholic appetite, won't read him. Like the rest of her sex she gets exasperated with a novelist, or a husband, who can't speed up the narrative. For the wanderer in Normandy there is one other indispensable book—Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres." As it is too heavy to carry it must always go ahead in the suitcase. Luckily, suitcases in France develop a wonderful faculty for finding their own way across country quite unattended. Even though Henry Adams is chiefly concerned with Chartres, which unfortunately lies in the middle of a most execrable walking country, his feeling for the Middle Ages and his uncanny awareness of what the mediæval architect was trying to do make him an invaluable guide to every village where a Gothic or a Romanesque church is to be found. Who can forget his splendid comparison of the tower over the crossing at Coutances with a knight at arms astride his charger. It is pleasant to know that the man who experienced the perpetual discontent and disillusionment so painfully recorded in the "Education," found at last a spiritual haven in his passion for the architecture of the Middle Ages.

That same passion, which afflicts in some small degree every intelligent tourist in France, can be nowhere better indulged than at Caen. If possible, Caen should always be approached on foot and from the north, for it is only so that one catches the full beauty of the place. Like Oxford, it is a city of spires, but the railroad and the Route Nationale contrive to bring you into the town so that you would never know it. Walk up the Rue de Geôle, however, and you will see the two massive churches of William the Conqueror and Queen Matilda, the Abbaye aux Hommes and the Abbaye aux Dames, standing guard on each flank with a host of delicate spires in between.

For three days Creusa and I revelled in the luxuries of the Hôtel d'Angleterre while the *blanchisseuse* exercised her fine art on our modest store of dirty clothes. What a curse they are! Other things can be given away but few people will thank you for a dirty shirt, and if it is deliberately left behind, the chambermaid always finds it and gives it to you just as

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you are leaving. I once knew an Englishman who thought he had solved the great "wash" problem by mailing packages of clean clothes before starting on the trip to the various places where he expected to make a stay. He never did it again, and to this day his unclaimed underclothes are cumbering the post-offices of northern France. The loss to his wardrobe left him calm, but he is still haunted by the horror of tying up dirty clothes to send home and writing long descriptions of them for the benefit of French bureaucrats.

We were more fortunate. For once, the *blanchisseuse* kept her word and we were able to leave Caen the day we intended with a knapsack full of clean clothes and a mind, thanks to Henry Adams and the Abbaye aux Hommes, sufficiently weaned from Gothic to enjoy the severer beauties of the eleventh century.

At the little village of Thaon, about ten miles to the northwest, the last prejudice against the austerity of Norman architecture was finally dispelled. The light railway from Caen had taken us to Matthieu, and from there, aided and abetted by the excellent ordnance map, we struck across the fields to Thaon. Sightseeing on an empty stomach is a poor sport, but luckily there are few villages in France, however small, where the mild-spoken pedestrian cannot obtain some sort of a meal. Though there is no inn at Thaon, the proprietor of the diminutive café happened to be sitting down to a dish of tripe just as we entered. Monsieur was evidently not attracted by our appearance, but madame proved more hospitable. Now Creusa, like all good wayfarers, can eat and drink almost anything. Indeed I had never known her to balk, unless at some particularly virulent cheese, until this very occasion when a plate of steaming tripe was laid before her. There is a pleasant myth prevalent among pampered tourists that at "the funniest little places," meaning the best restaurants in Tours or Dijon, you can always get a delicious omelet and a roast chicken. Creusa knows better. The only alternative to the tripe was a chunk of cold meat, so tough that the jaws grew weary before the stomach could receive its prey. We fell back on the stale bread and cider and the shrewd conversation of our hosts. They were full of the most varied information. We discussed the evils of the filet lace industry, the acuteness of the servant problem, due to the fact that young people were drifting away to the cities (madame fondly believed that this tendency was peculiar to Thaon), and the splendid response made by the village to monsieur le curé's fund for a window in the new church. Twelve thousand francs in three days from a population of less than five hundred! Hein, how was that? We gasped our admiration, for it was not until later that the full horror of this misguided devotion came home to us. Thaon has sacrificed, if not actually sold, its birthright for a mess of pottage. During the last century the inhabitants went to work to build a glittering new edifice and suffered their beautiful Romanesque church to fall into disuse, all because they grew weary of walking half a mile. For antiquarians it was all very well, but for the business of every-day life the old church was too far away. Luckily the wise paternalism of the French Government prevented it from being used as a quarry by declaring it a "monument historique."

Nowhere is the character of a race so clearly written as in these old churches of Normandy. Viollet-le-Duc describes Norman architecture as the expression of a positive people, tenacious and self-contained but without traditions. Surely he overlooked their tradition of adventure and conquest, for the underlying possibility of defense is reflected in so much of their ecclesiastical architecture. Just as the master builders of the great Gothic cathedrals yearned for vast empty spaces, so the Norman strove for the dignity and security implied in sheer mass. At Thaon it was not only the round, uncompromising pillars and the tremendous walls, but the very tower itself, a squat pyramid of stone, that bespoke a race of sturdy, methodical men, who once they had dug themselves into the soil would not easily be dispossessed. The guide, who lived in an old mill surrounded by an English cottage garden, contributed still further to the general impression of permanence. During the late unpleasantness he had been ruthlessly transplanted to Saloniki,

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but now that he was back he would never travel again. The church of Thaon was home, and though he was willing enough to discuss the lighter aspects of the war, in particular the amours of his commanding officer, we felt that the disaster which had shaken Europe had left him strangely untouched. Certainly it was no nebulous New World that he had fought for. After all, the mind of man could hardly conceive a happier state than the one in which he found himself. The Old World with prewar prices—that was his slogan, and it would have been hard to convince him that there was anything on the political horizon more immediately alarming than the apparent impossibility of getting a respectable lunch in Caen for less than five francs.

We could have spent all afternoon drinking in the worldly wisdom of the *gardien*, but even on a walking-trip there must be some plan of campaign, and we had already decided to spend the night at Creully, six miles away. There is always a latent quarrel, which periodically comes to the surface, between Creusa and myself about the route we shall follow. Venturesome in many ways, when it comes to walking Creusa is inclined to play it safe. For reasons that seem to me entirely inadequate she clings to the beaten track in preference to my short cuts. I have run the whole gamut of persuasion from sarcasm to sweet reasonableness without ever convincing her that my way is the better. On the few occasions when she has humored me the short cuts have sometimes ended abruptly at an impassable river, or they have culminated in a ploughed field that reduced walking to a treadmill exercise, but never once has my reasoning been at fault. I have argued the point map in hand, I have initiated her into all the mysteries of contouring, I have preached Browning's doctrine of glorious failure, and all to no effect. There comes a moment in the day when Creusa insists on knowing where we are, when we arrive at the inn, and why we are not there already. These are the critical times in a walking-trip and woe betide the man who has not got a ready answer.

Sometimes the hand of God intervenes. On one hot morning, after we had been foiled by a muddy stream that I swear was not marked on the map, we arrived unintentionally at the village of Néhou two hours late for lunch. The café could do nothing for us beyond suggesting the baker, who also kept hens and, therefore, might be able to give us eggs. It was gloriously true. For the first few minutes the baker's wife took a despondent view of lunch. We were entirely too late; people did not have lunch at three o'clock in the afternoon, but in spite of these protestations we could see her weakening. We were sure of success, for the baker, a gigantic fellow with a certain kindliness about him that so often goes with great strength, was on our side. The eggs were soon forthcoming and with them a delicious platter of *haricots verts*. Madame was obviously tired, but she was not ill-natured. If she was reluctant to serve us, it was because she had six children to look after and there was a seventh expected at any moment. Having announced that fact with charming simplicity, she engaged Creusa in a technical conversation on obstetrics. As far as a mere layman can judge they manage these things better in Néhou. There is no doctor within five miles, but the baker's wife has a friend, a cousin in fact, well versed in all the arts of midwifery. This obliging friend will come in "pour faire le débarras et voilà tout!" Creusa admitted afterward that that luncheon fully justified my abortive short cut.

We arrived at Creully, however, without any adventures. Creusa had her way and we clung to the road. Undoubtedly there is a fascination about walking on a road, provided that it is not too straight and that it has not degenerated into a motor highway. There is the recurrent expectation of what new delights the next corner will reveal, the satisfaction of swinging past milestones, and, above all, the sensation which only comes to a pedestrian of owning the country through which he walks—owning it in the best way, not by deed or title but by knowledge and understanding. We were thus thoroughly prepared to enjoy Creully before we got there. Only the most squalid inn and the most surly hostess could have spoiled our good temper, whereas the Hôtel St.-Martin is famous for its cleanli-

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ness and hospitality. An English tourist was having tea at a table outside, which at once augured well for our comfort. Wherever the English go, and they penetrate to most places from the Himalayas to quiet villages in Normandy, they take with them a certain standard of living. It includes tea, soap, and water, excellent commodities all of them, and capable of being grafted upon the most primitive society. The American tourist is more thoroughgoing; he cannot build up without first tearing down. Shower-baths and ice-cream sodas may be more refreshing than portable tin tubs and English breakfast tea, but if they once force an entry into Creully, the Hôtel St.-Martin will have to come down and the Martin House will reign in its stead.

I prefer Creully as it is. In addition to its delightful inn it can boast of a twelfth-century church, decorated by humor-loving masons who cracked their jokes in stone, and a most delectable château. There may be many castles in Normandy more imposing and richer in historical association, but there is not one more livable. At the very first glance we shattered the tenth commandment. Creusa, being skilled in casuistry, pointed out that this particular covetousness was not a sin, for we were really gazing at the New Jerusalem. "Thy gardens and thy gallant walks continually are green." That must be a direct reference to Creully, and having seen it and assured ourselves of ultimate possession, we are prepared to submit to a good deal of discomfort during the threescore years and ten. We discovered afterward that it had once belonged to Colbert, who must have found it a relief from the magnificence of Versailles. After Louvois had ousted him from royal favor, and Louis XIV had definitely decided to squander the money he had saved, Colbert retired to Creully to meditate upon the folly of princes.

And now to tip the balance. As we strode out of our ideal village the next morning, by the château and the church on the road to St.-Gabriel, we passed the war memorial. What a terrible way the French have adopted of commemorating sacrifice! In England the war memorials are sometimes uninteresting to the point of insignificance, but in the villages of France they are often actually repulsive. Great, clumsy goddesses with enormous breasts, sheltering strained poilus clutching at palms of victory, will hardly suggest to future generations the infinite endurance of the French nation. For once the most artistic people in Europe seem to be hopelessly astray. Luckily we soon came upon the priory of St.-Gabriel and the château of Bressy, which effectively took away the bad taste of the war memorials. We had started early from Creully, and St.-Gabriel was hardly awake when we got there. The *gardien*, when he finally arrived, was more eloquent upon the iniquity of the Belgian refugees who inhabited the priory during the war than upon the history of his priory. The concierge of the château of Bressy was more satisfactory. It appeared that she was not at liberty to show visitors over the château, but, upon second thoughts, the proprietor being away and we having come from so far, well, perhaps we might just step inside. Once we had crossed the threshold she had no further compunctions. There was not a nook or cranny of the château and the grounds that we did not see, but our allegiance to Creully remained unshaken. Creully we could make our own, while Bressy would never be anything but the product of some highly sophisticated Renaissance virtuoso.

Between Bressy and Bayeux we met the walkers' worst enemy and fairly vanquished him. In France that enemy is usually known as "pluie," but the Norman employs a euphemism. Though he never admits rain, in some unaccountable way water happens to fall. "Il va tomber de l'eau," was the cheery prophecy that greeted us every morning, and it was always fulfilled. The wayfarer, however, soon learns to take the weather in his stride. Those benighted people for whom the country is only a place to play games are confined to the house by the first shower. Talk to them about the smell of the wet earth or the joy of feeling the rain against your face and they will probably ask you how you get that way. On a walking-trip in France or England the swift succession of rain and sunshine becomes part of the routine. How many times did the mackintoshes go on and off before we found ourselves in the shelter

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of Bayeux cathedral, and what an excellent excuse the rain was for lingering in the *pâtisserie* for just one more *baba au rhum*.

The cathedral of Bayeux rounded out our excursion into Romanesque architecture. The interior, with its Norman nave and its early Gothic triforium, was already far less sombre than the Abbaye aux Hommes at Caen. More than that, the masons who built the nave of Bayeux were aware of a new power. They were beginning to seduce the multitude with all the fascinations of novelty. There is variety in the decoration of the arches, the spandrels are filled with lace-work and rope patterns, of which there are nine different kinds, and in the niches above each pier Chinese dragons and strange Assyrian monsters stare at each other across the aisle. Victor Hugo maintains that the Middle Ages conceived no idea that it did not portray in stone. Bayeux is not, like Chartres, a complete mirror of learning, but the intellectual ferment has begun to work. Hitherto the cloister had held a monopoly of art. By the middle of the thirteenth century, when the nave of Bayeux was completed, that monopoly had been broken and the mediæval craftsman was entering upon his glorious era of unrestricted activity.

In the midst of my soliloquy upon Gothic architecture, and before I had even begun to suck the guide-book dry, I recognized the familiar far-away look in Creusa's eyes which warns me that she is not listening. It was not fatigue. Her natural resiliency, further stimulated by tea and *baba au rhum*, had already asserted itself, but while I had been droning along about the cathedral Creusa's more agile mind had jumped to the Bayeux tapestry. We had to see it before nightfall. According to the rules of the trip, unwritten but none the less inflexible, everything that is worth seeing is worth seeing twice. There must be the first impression, before we know what other people think of it. Then on the next day we come back with all available guide-books and histories. Attendance at the first session is absolutely obligatory, at the second, optional. Certainly no history can make the Norman conquest as vivid as those unknown artists of the Bayeux tapestry. Napoleon, with his usual talent for propaganda, paid them their highest compliment when he ordered the tapestry exhibited in the principal towns of France to whet the national appetite for the second invasion of England.

At Bayeux our modest walking-trip came to an end. To be exact, we concluded it with some formality at the excellent restaurant on the corner of the Rue St.-Martin. We had had other "bouts of poverty," to borrow an excellent phrase from Hilaire Belloc, in the Cotentin and in the hilly country around Mortain, but whenever Normandy is mentioned we shall think particularly of the strip of country between Caen and Bayeux. Even in this small area the half of the architectural riches has not been told. And yet, though we must go back to see the châteaux of Lasson and Fontaine-Henri, at least we have a foothold. We know the square stone farmhouses, the peculiar claret color of the ploughed fields, the taste of the cider, and the politics of "le bonhomme normand." Without some such knowledge, which can easily be acquired by the exercise of the five senses, travelling becomes a sorry business. Too often it degenerates into mere passive transportation. Even that is something. To be thoroughly familiar with a time-table or with the caprices of a hired automobile necessitates a temporary escape from Main Street. Thanks to the march of science, that escape, instead of being obvious, is now almost an achievement in itself. It will soon be possible for the tourist to circle the globe without learning anything, and to return home after a comfortable flight with an imagination as dormant as when he started. What wiseacre was it who said that the value of travel varies inversely with the speed? He was profoundly right. After all, one must be young, one must go afoot, and, here is where I have a tremendous advantage, one must go with Creusa.

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# From Park Row to Early Colorado

BY N. P. BABCOCK

SOME day, somewhere, by some one, a book will perhaps be written on country editors, which, through a photographic process of disclosing their varying constituencies in diverse parts of the land, may attain almost as wide a circulation as have certain others that deal so painstakingly with semi-urban folk and neighborhoods.

As a contribution in advance of such publication, the following recollections of a country editor in the Colorado of a little more than forty years ago, are here offered.

It was a life that came as a complete surprise to one who, born in New York City and employed as a reporter on a metropolitan daily, was provided with the opportunity of trying it. His conception of that part of the United States not included within the limits of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, was quite as hazy as any broad-minded dwellers in the country at large have reason to suppose it was.

The job of running a weekly paper in a newly established Western town appealed to him primarily as affording a comparatively restful task which would give opportunity for study and reflection; would remove him from the temptations to extravagance ever present in a metropolis, and enable him to go about the laying of that nest-egg which thoughts of domesticity sometimes arouse a young man's desire to possess.

Ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall—the eccentric gentleman who, after filling the highest office within the gift of his fellow citizens, wrote a play, went on the stage, and later became city editor of a New York morning newspaper—had been asked by a capitalist deeply interested in the newly opened Gunnison district, to find for him a young man to conduct a weekly paper which his resident agent had acquired among other odds and ends, together with numerous mining prospects in the locality. The salary, in view of the presumably small cost of living in a country town, seemed particularly generous to the young man selected.

Thus he went to Colorado—a tenderfoot among tenderfoots, dreaming of the tranquil life of a country-weekly editor, and awakening in a hotter, livelier section than any the old Bowery had ever disclosed to him. There was a promiscuousness about the use of firearms that was a trifle disconcerting, and to become acquainted early, as he did, with a soft-speaking, mild-mannered but entirely fearless man who knew that a deadly foe was on his trail, and that it was a matter of life or death for one of them at their first meeting, gave to him rather the feeling of being mixed up with the characters in a sensational novel.

Cal Hayes was the name of this desperate individual. He had been pointed out as a "bad man from Texas." So little did his appearance correspond with this title, the newly arrived editor became fascinated, and sought to learn the truth from the man's own lips. Yes, he had had a "gun play," all square and aboveboard, in the South, and had heard that the partner of his victim was after him. That was all, and was only wormed out after a number of visits to his liquid emporium, which was almost straight across from the editor's place of business.

A blue-eyed, likable sort of man was Hayes, but never failing, as was soon noticed, to turn a swift glance upon every person entering his establishment.

And then one evening it came! Two pistol-shots in the saloon across the way, and its owner lay crumpled in a heap upon the floor, while the "other man" from Texas stood looking at the body.

"Self-defense," the editor thinks, was the verdict. He is vague about that, although he knows the shooter was subsequently lynched for some other crime in another part of the State, but he is not



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at all vague as to the important part the incident played in bringing to him an appreciation of the fact that this was not at all the rural sort of neighborhood in which he had expected to run a weekly newspaper.

The fact that the place *had* a Main Street, with business emporiums in which the proprietors *could* be shot down, proves that he could not lay claim to having been one of the original pioneers, and yet it seemed to him he had arrived quite early enough for his own peace of mind; he begrudged no one the distinction of having arrived before him, particularly when told of the hardships they had undergone in getting there at all.

For example, there was the dapper gentleman who conducted a bank—a real bank, not one of the customary "faro" kind—nearly opposite Cal Hayes's place. He had reached Gunnison scarcely a year before, but had been far from attaining the comparative luxury in which the Park Row emigrant had made the trip. The latter had suffered no greater hardship than being compelled to wait a day or two at a godless little place, then known as South Arkansas but later called Salida, which was the terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, for his turn on one of the old Ben Holladay coaches that made the all-day trip from there over Marshall Pass into the Gunnison valley.

Sam G. Gill, the banker, had, as he delighted to tell later comers, undergone a much more exciting experience. With a chest disguised to look like an ordinary kit of tools, but which contained sixty thousand dollars in cash, he had arrived from Denver at Alamosa, where mountains of freight were awaiting the mercy of teamsters for transit over the Divide into the new mining district. Clad in the rough clothes of a day-laborer, and never losing sight of the precious chest, he had watched the loading of mule- and ox-drawn carts, making humble appeals here and there for a lift for himself and his box. Asked if he could cook, and mendaciously replying in the affirmative, he was finally able to secure a place for the chest in one of the moving outfits, and in return for his services as cook and general roustabout was permitted to accompany it. The trip took fifteen days, at the end of which Mr. Gill, dropping his disguise, opened the first bank in western Colorado with the sixty thousand dollars capital that had been furnished chiefly by Henry W. Taber, who later achieved one thousand-dollar night-shirt and senatorial fame.

All roads apparently led to the great Gunnison country in those stirring days of the early Eighties, following the Leadville boom in 1879. Over a tract fifty miles wide and one hundred miles long, mining-camps sprang up. Prospectors and adventurers poured in via Cochetopa from the San Juan region in the south, and over the South and Marshall Passes.

It was, as has been said, over the Marshall Pass in a terribly careening and crowded stage-coach, that the New Yorker made the journey from the railroad's end into the promised land. An all-day trip it was, and far from luxurious, but one which the pilgrims, housed in the limited accommodations at its point of beginning, became day by day more impatient to make.

Among these pilgrims were a doctor and a shoemaker. Each had a wife and two children of about the same ages, and while waiting their turn on the coach, they entered into a solemn compact each to treat the family of the other free of charge as long as both should continue to dwell in Gunnison. At first blush the doctor would seem to have had much the better of this bargain, but the shoemaker, it appears, knew that his children were more delicate than their appearance indicated and that his wife was subject to frequent ailments, so he was willing to put the keeping of soles on the feet of the doctor's flock against the doctor's best efforts to keep souls in the bodies of his tribe. In after-times these men were often twitted on the subject of their strange compact, but the jests soon palled upon the shoemaker, for whatever else might be said about the great Gunnison country, it could truthfully boast of a salubrious health-giving climate, and the rush thither grew in volume every week.

Camps gave names that suddenly became familiar to hitherto unvisited mountainous localities. There was "Tin Cup," and "Gothic" and "Ruby" and "Crested Butte," and dozens of other inhabited regions, to puzzle the Post-Office Depart-

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ment, but it was at the junction of the Gunnison and Tomichi Rivers that a *real* city, not a fly-by-night, mushroom settlement, was to arise.

The city of Gunnison was to be not a second Leadville, but a second Denver! And no man's faith in its future was greater than was the faith of Elisha A. Buck, owner and publisher of the then famous "Spirit of the Times" of New York City. In partnership with J. H. Haverly (of minstrel fame) he had begun extensive development of mining prospects in the surrounding hills, and later had acquired so large a section of the site upon which this new Denver was to be built that it was known on the map as "Buck's Addition."

This was the gentleman who had applied to ex-Mayor Hall of New York for an editor and had drawn a tenderfoot. The weekly, with whose administration the latter was intrusted, was in reality a combination of two new-fledged sheets that for a short time had been emerging from rival hand-presses, mule-hauled with great difficulty across the crest of the Rockies. It bore the hyphenated title of *News-Democrat*, and recently had attained the dignity of emanating from a cylinder press, which, later, was operated by use of a turbine wheel. It was merely a folio consisting largely of "boiler-plate" matter (at that period tacked upon a wooden base and "edited" with a hand-saw). Its price was ten cents per copy, a not exorbitant figure in a locality where pennies did not exist, and where without murmur one was expected to pay "two bits" for a cigar or glass of beer.

One of the rather more substantial buildings that had arisen in the year-old city of Gunnison prior to the new editor's arrival from New York further testified to the confidence of the paper's owner in its future. He therefore found comfortable lodgment, and was spared the primitively embarrassing experience of Edgar W., better known as 'Bill,' Nye, whose first editorial sanctum was in the loft of a livery-stable. "Which was why," as Nye once said, "we called it a stock company; and you could come up by the stairs, or you could twist the tail of the iron-gray mule, and take the elevator."

Why so colorless a name as *News* or *Democrat* should have been bestowed upon a paper in this, or in any other of the lurid sections of the West, the newly appointed editor found hard to understand; surely his predecessors might have taken a hint from masters of frontier journalism, like "Dave" Day or Bill Nye, who conducted respectively the *Solid Muldoon* of Ouray, and the *Laramie Boomerang* of Laramie, Wyoming, or from a resourceful editor named Reppey, who, in establishing the first newspaper in the mining-camp of Tombstone, Arizona, called it *The Epitaph*. His choice of a title for the sheet that came to him already christened, might, he thinks, have been *The Gunnison Gunner*—there was so much to shoot at according to Eastern ethics of journalism.

For example, at just about the time of his arrival, an individual with the forbidding name of Buzzard—Ike Buzzard—had compelled the postmaster at Crested Butte (one of the camps north of Gunnison) to hold at arm's length letters that were awaiting delivery, while he, from some perverted sense of humor, shot holes through them. The Park Row recruit does not remember precisely what his editorial hot shot was upon this item of news, but it certainly left no doubt in the mind of the reader that creatures like Buzzard could well be spared from the community, even at the cost of a ride on a rail. It should perhaps be explained that he knew Mr. Buzzard was at that moment safely locked up in the calaboose at Crested Butte.

A few days later while seated with his legs under a long table in the editorial sanctum, he was confronted by one of the most unpleasantly alarming specimens of humanity he had ever beheld—a being who would have been arrested on sight in the Bowery. A scraggly gray beard extended half-way down to the leather belt that encircled his waist and which was stuffed with cartridges for the two enormous pistols that dangled at his sides. He wore a leather jacket, and a soft black hat was slouched across his bushy locks.

Two fearsome eyes were turned upon the startled editor as his visitor, slapping the table with a folded copy of the last week's paper, said:

"You the feller runnin' this paper? My name's Buzzard."

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The editor's legs, as has been said, were under the table; his chair was against the wall; rising, under these circumstances, was difficult. Two compositors were in the basement below. A first impulse was to rap with heels upon the floor and call to them, but it seemed evident that sight of the visitor from top of the stairs would have halted further advance.

Silence, obviously, was taken as an affirmative answer by Mr. Buzzard, for, resting one of his great hairy hands upon the table, he said: "Yer 'pear to be runnin' a right smart sheet for these parts; what does she cost a year to subscribe?"

In his hand, instead of a gun, was a pouch from which he counted out the cost of a year's subscription; gave his address as at a ranch farther down the Tomichi, and walked out. The editor does not know to this day whether in sober moments his visitor approved the editorial or whether its writer was regarded as too young to die and not worth the killing. The Crested Butte postmaster, it seems, had declined to prosecute, which accounted for Mr. Buzzard being at liberty.

But during the perusal of this entirely bloodless incident, the reader has been left with but a vague notion of what the city of Gunnison was like at that time. A traveller may visit it to-day; fish in its near-by trout-famed streams; admire its State Normal School—one of the finest in the West; pause before the doors of its several churches and fine Masonic Temple, and chat with many of its twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, without gaining any conception of its appearance and atmosphere during the period in the early Eighties before the collapse of its mining boom, when it grew in less than three years from the home of a handful of pioneers into a city of more than five thousand souls. One may to-day walk along the broad main street, where trees have displaced the hitching-posts that once adorned it, and catch no echo of the pistol-shots, or of the accordions and fiddles that once made music there.

Tourists will still find in operation at the west end of town the "mammoth" hotel, whose beginning marked the height of Gunnison's old-time prosperity; but they will meet on the way no procession of burros laden with the hopes and "grub-stakes" of the confiding merchant and artisans of the old days.

Those patient burros and their irrepressibly sanguine and optimistic drivers! What quantities of commercial profits and professional earnings they carried up into the mountains—and left there!

But it is in the Gunnison of to-night, rather than in the Gunnison of to-day, that vision of the past is most completely lost.

A reporter whose assignments had made him not unfamiliar with the police-coveted "Tenderloin District" in New York during the late Seventies, was not supposed to be surprised at any exhibition of municipal indifference toward the violation of those ordinances whose inforcement would most have pleased the political party not then in power, but he confesses to the shock which accompanied a discovery that gambling in all forms was regarded in Gunnison as a perfectly legitimate pursuit, and that "faro" and "roulette" games were running openly in the front rooms of all-night saloons. Nor did it lessen his surprise to see that the players were not exclusively of his own sex.

"Keep your paw off Maud's chips!" said a loud voice on his first visit to one of these popular resorts.

"He *did!*" screamed a shriller voice. "They *was* my chips; I was copperin' the ace an' lettin' 'em lay."

Biff! bang! A shot (fortunately in the ceiling); a man bent nearly double over the back of his chair, with two men at his throat, and in the doorway a group of scantily-clad damsels from the neighboring dance-hall. Police whistle? There was no such thing on that side of the range. The half-choked man took the morning stage out of town, and that was all there was about it.

This was the restful, secluded locality where the getting-out of a country paper once a week was to have left an abundance of time for earnest study and self-improvement. Is it to be wondered at that the disillusioned young New Yorker found it difficult in such an atmosphere to decide where, in his editorial capacity, he should set the limit of suppressed indignation? The holding, in a public hall on a Sunday night, of a prize-fight between a bulldog and a wildcat, or "mountain-

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lion," as it was called, appeared to be a suitable mark, and he availed himself of the opportunity.

This obtained for him, on the following morning, a visit from the mayor—a man named Kruger, who was of German extraction and exceedingly popular.

"Look here!" said the mayor, "by which of them has your paper been subsidized, the dance-halls or the new Methodist mission?"

"What do you mean?" the editor asked.

"Well," was the reply, "they are the only two institutions affected by the rival attraction you have roasted in your paper, so I thought maybe—" Then he laughed, and so did the other in spite of himself.

"Don't be too serious," His Honor continued; "there's nothing in it. But," he added, as he reached the door, "that cat must have been doped, or the dog wouldn't have had such a picnic."

After all, a country paper must conform in some measure to the tastes of its constituents, even though they be tastes not easily acquired. And the paper had now become a daily—still at a dime per copy—for two railroads were approaching and the town was rapidly increasing in population. Telegraph service was shockingly poor, but there were always enough sprightly local happenings to fill up; many more than a weekly issue could well take care of. The new editor's predecessor had, he said, been considerably embarrassed, just prior to the former's arrival, by a sensation of great magnitude that developed the day after his paper had gone to press, and was all over before the next date of publication.

This was an Indian scare, which caused some of the more timorous inhabitants to dig holes under their homes in which they could hide. The Utes were in process of being driven out of their old reservation, which included the whole of the Gunnison valley, and a large body of them were encamped within twenty-five or thirty miles of Gunnison, down in the direction of what is to-day the thriving town of Grand Junction. Their natural dislike of the predatory white race was not decreased when a freighter named Jackson, in a scrimmage with several drunken members of the tribe, had the misfortune to kill a son of Chief Shavano.

News of this affair reached Gunnison through a frightened runner, coupled with the announcement that the tribe would, in all probability, seek to wreak vengeance upon the inhabitants of that place. But as Jackson failed to obtain protection from the officials at the near-by agency, they caught and wreaked vengeance upon *him*, and in less than a week the scare was over. The Indians, it may be said in passing, were not finally removed from Colorado into Utah until September, 1881.

"But how," inquired the New Yorker of his predecessor, "even if you *had* been publishing a daily at the time, could you have got any news of what was going on at the source of the danger?"

"Well, I could have guessed some, and faked more," was the unblushing reply.

That other editors, later on, might be forced to this expedient of guessing and faking to "cover" a news story developing in the same inaccessible region did not occur to the young man from Park Row at the time, but such proved to be the case.

In the same way as had come news of the threatened Indian uprising, came one day the intelligence that Gunnison's popular sheriff had met death at the hands of a band of horse thieves in pursuit of whom he had a day or two before ridden, with several deputies, down into the valley of the Uncompahgre River.

Mayor Kruger, with flashing eyes, promptly called for volunteers to avenge the sheriff's death, and it was a gallant, mounted party that set off in the direction of Grand Junction with that sanguinary purpose in mind. In the party were the editors of both the morning and the evening papers (the city boasted two dailies at that period). They could not be as splendidly gallant as the rest, because neither could accompany the expedition beyond a point that would enable him to return by press time. He of the evening sheet was of course compelled to head for home much earlier than was the other, in consequence of which the *News-Democrat* was able accurately to record the first day's progress of the avengers to a point considerably beyond where the evening paper had left them.

But the editor of the evening sheet was no tyro at "faking and guessing," and on

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the afternoon of the second day he placed the expedition as "close upon the heels of the horse thieves" where, on the following morning, his rival journalist discreetly left them. In the meantime Mrs. Bowman, the wife of the sheriff, had accepted the news of her husband's death as authentic, and had caused crape to be hung on the door. Possibly this is what caused the evening paper, on the third day, to announce the recovery of the sheriff's body, and the fact that it was on its way home. Such, at all events, was the announcement made, and at twilight the editor of the morning sheet strolled out toward the foothills to cogitate upon the matter. He had about decided to kill or severely wound at least one of the bandits, in next morning's news, when he recognized in a horseman riding in from the east Sheriff Bowman himself!

"You're dead," he said, rushing up to the rider. "You can't go home; there's crape on your door; Mrs. Bowman will take you for a ghost!"

Being an amiable, as well as, undeniably, a brave man and good sport, the sheriff consented to dismount and remain in seclusion until the editor had prepared for him a homecoming that could be effected without undue confusion and publicity. The result was that his safe return and the thrilling story of the killing of George Howard, cattle thief, down on the White Water, became known to less than half a dozen residents of Gunnison until they read of it in the morning newspaper.

Possibly the sheriff's courteous recognition of a newspaper's duty to its readers was attributable to his recollection of a rather distasteful experience to which its editor had been subjected, some time before, by one of his deputies.

The circumstance referred to had occurred within a few weeks after the New Yorker's arrival in Gunnison, and before he had been able fully to remove those conceptions, formed on Park Row, of the calm and quiet dignity of a country editor's life. "They tell me," had said a man who came bustling in upon him with a package under his arm, and who was recognized as belonging to the sheriff's office, "that you come from the East and know something about boats."

Having once "covered" a cruise of the New York Yacht Club, the editor acknowledged the compliment as correct.

"Know something about knots, I guess?" continued his visitor, as he unwrapped the parcel and brought to view a long, new hemp rope; "so what do you say to tying a hangman's knot in this ere rope? We've got to use it over at the jail to-morrow morning."

The suggestion was made as calmly as though he were suggesting participation in a morning cocktail, but, as may be imagined, was much less appetizing, and was therefore politely declined.

Far better for the credit of the town was the orderly execution next morning of a condemned man in the county jail (some other seafaring person having been found to tie the rope) than was a more summary and impromptu hanging that took place a year or so later.

But of Gunnison's only lynching, the editor, after all these years, declines to speak. He presumes it may be accepted without description as the culminating point of disillusionment from preconceived notions of rural weekly journalism. He recalls that for his horrified editorial comments upon the affair, he was (and this perhaps better than anything else gives a true picture of Far West conditions at that time) soundly reproved by the leaders of his political party, and reminded that an election was approaching and that "we needed the votes." However it may be with small-town papers throughout the country to-day, in early Colorado "Politics" was the boss to be obeyed—although, of course, there was no objection to a paper's committing suicide if it chose to do so.

Very prominent among the difficulties of running a newspaper in western Colorado at this period was that of convincing compositors there was as much money in handling type at home as in searching for the various types of mineral in which the surrounding hills were supposed to abound. One Sunday it was learned with dismay from the foreman of the composing-room that the entire force, consisting of five compositors, had yielded to the call of the wilds, and as the foreman had decided to celebrate the event in a manner peculiar to himself, the editor's position was

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what may at least be called unenviable, he having no knowledge—how many metropolitan newspaper reporters *have?* —of the mechanical end of the business.

Friends proved loyal in the emergency. One of the minor county officials announced that he could set type, and could, he believed, drum up several other equally accomplished residents of the town. Toward evening he said he had found one in the person of a young man whose more ostensible business was that of "lookout" at a "faro" table (happily not just then in operation), and that a clergyman, who had formerly been a compositor, had promised to come around at the close of the evening service and help out.

In the meantime it was suggested that a plainly marked letter be put in each compartment of the several type-cases, showing just what particular letter of the alphabet each such compartment contained. Mere novices, of which there were abundant volunteers, would thus, it was explained, be able to contribute as much as a "stickful" to the contents of the paper during the night. This plan, the editor now says, might have worked out but for the fact that the two or three kind souls who attempted to follow it knew nothing of the proper division or "spacing" of words, and, on coming across any word that would not fit in so much of a line as was left in their "stick," would promptly put in a lead and go on to the next line, with a jumbled result that hardly need be explained to any intelligent reader.

The county official was rather rusty at the game, and as the evening advanced, the sportive young man above referred to, seeing the need of additional skilled help, volunteered to get it. During his absence, the clergyman arrived, but had barely hung up his coat and stationed himself at a type-case, when laughter was heard on the stairs, and into the composing-room came the sportive youth, dragging by the arm a tow-headed girl from one of the dance halls.

"You know you can set type," said he. "You've told me you used to work in a Chicago job room."

The young woman, after her first unaccustomed shock of embarrassment, was plucky, and, removing her hat, she took the "case" next to that of the parson, where she soon proved she had not forgotten her trade.

As daylight approached, there was enough type in the forms to make a fair showing, but nobody could "justify" it —that is, arrange the type in such manner that it wouldn't fall out when the forms were raised for removal to the bed of the adjacent press. A day's publication—several days, in fact—was thus lost, but the editor now somewhat proudly regards that Sunday night in the composing-room of the Gunnison *News-Democrat* as furnishing one of the most admirable instances on record of enthusiastic co-operation by the church, the state, and the stage for the perpetuation of the press.

A journey to Denver for the obtaining of printers to take the place of those whom dreams of glistening quartz had lured from the path of duty became necessary. But journeys to Denver were not unwelcome to editors on the western side of the range. The railroad kindly made it a matter of no expense, and their more metropolitan brethren of the press generally recorded their arrivals as matters of public moment, commenting not only upon their appearance, but upon the wondrous awe produced among them by a glimpse of life in the great metropolis.

Eugene Field, at that time city editor of the Denver *Tribune*, could always be relied upon not to let the visit of a rural editor go unnoticed. Upon the editor of the *News-Democrat* he had conferred the title of "Tall Darning-Needle of the Gunnison," and on one occasion, he having quoted the latter as authority for a ridiculous story concerning the then State senator, A. M. Stevenson, the editor had demanded that he make a retraction.

"All right," said Field. "You write a card and I'll print it." An explanatory card was written, and the next morning it appeared in *The Tribune* preceded by these words: "Senator Stevenson met the Tall Darning-Needle of the Gunnison on Arapahoe Street yesterday, and threatened to break him in two; hence the following card."

It is the opinion of the editor, now, forty years later, that no such act of

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duplicity as that was ever perpetrated on old Park Row upon any visiting country editor, though hailing from the remotest wilds of Jersey or Connecticut. The latitude of a poet seems to have been accorded to Eugene Field before he really became one of national fame; nevertheless his Muse on one occasion in those early days, led him into a situation from which he emerged but second best.

C. C. Davis (better known as "Cad" Davis), who was editor of a daily paper in Leadville, on returning one day to Denver from Manitou Springs, informed Field that there was a party of tourists down there from Field's old home town, St. Joe, and, in advising Field to pay them a visit, laid particular emphasis upon the beauty and general attractiveness of a young lady in the party, whose charm had won her the well-deserved title of "Belle of St. Joe." He also announced his own intention of paying another visit to the Springs.

The next morning there appeared in the Denver *Tribune* a "poem," to which was boldly signed the name, "C. C. Davis." One verse of this amorous contribution ran as follows:

"I'm going to Leadville to print and to write
With a little bird's song in my breast,
But I'll hie to the Springs every Saturday-night,
And woo the sweet bird in her nest.
'Neath the glorious stars and the sad-visaged moon,
While the vespers are whispering low,
I'll sit in the soughing and gloaming and spoon,
Oh! I'm mashed on the Belle of St. Joe."

Naturally Mr. Davis paid no further visits to Manitou Springs. On the contrary, he returned to Leadville, where, in every issue of his paper for a month or more, appeared the most senseless and amateurish "poems" he could anywhere discover, each bearing the name of Eugene Field as its author. Capitulation, it is said, was finally made at the request of Mr. Field.

This ingenious method of squaring accounts seems, to the reminiscent exile from Park Row, worthy of the description it has received, because, as a rule, the editorial paragrapher in the Colorado of those days did not clothe the expression of his resentments in diplomatic terms. There was a tendency toward the shorter and uglier words, which now and then brought about those reprisals that were responsible for a very general belief that certain editors bore charmed lives.

A book, as was said at the beginning of this article, may some day be written with the "Country Editor" as its chief moving spirit, but if its purpose be to picture the supposed tranquillity of his calling, its scenes will not be laid in early Colorado.

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# Mary Ellen

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE

THERE'S a river by your window, Mary Ellen, Mary Ellen,
And in the heavy shadow of the shore
There is some one singing softly, singing slowly to the rhythm
Of the drawing and the dripping of the oar.

Singing slowly, singing softly of a lovely lazy river,
Night-wandering, a dusk afar and free,
Of a woman in the moonlight paler even than the coral
That gleams in the still gardens of the sea;
Singing sadly of the hurt she gave in passing, of the feather
A-flutter where her woman's heart should be.

There's a whisper, Mary Ellen, cleaving through the river grasses,
The creaking oars go seaward and depart.
The night is singing; water ever ripples over water
And deep your eyes are, dreaming, feather heart.

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# Jonesy Gets His Swim

BY EDWIN COLE DICKENSON
Author of "The She-Quitter," "The Altar Rock," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. L. CROSBY

IT would be difficult to say when Jonesy, trumpeter of Troop X, stationed on the Arizona-Mexican border, first became obsessed of the idea that he must have a swim in the Pacific Ocean.

To be sure he had been born and bred in a Connecticut shore town and the smell of salt air was as a breath of new life to him. Then again there were rumors of a possible recall of the troop to Eastern quarters, and having come this far across country, Jonesy perhaps wished to be able to say that he had been from coast to coast.

Whatever the reason, he pestered the top continually for leave until the harassed first sergeant passed his request up to the captain at last in self-defense. Now



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the captain was exceedingly fond of his diminutive trumpeter although he did his best sometimes to conceal his affection. He sent for Jonesy and had a heart-to-heart talk with him with the intent of discouraging the project.

"What on earth do you want to go to Los Angeles for?" he demanded.

"Just for a swim in the ocean, sir," Jonesy explained.

"A twenty-four hour trip and two months' salary for a swim!" the captain exclaimed.

"—In the ocean, sir," Jonesy added, as though that explained all.

Patently it did not, for the captain hailed from an inland city and knew not the meaning of salt water in blood.

But as has been observed, Jonesy was a favorite and besides the troop was in his debt for more than one lucky escapade which had redounded to its credit.

"See here, Jones," the captain said after a minute's reflection. "You are entitled to a pass, but I haven't any right to let you get so far away with things up in the air. I'll let you go for three days. That will give you two days to go and come in and one day to swim—and if you are not back on time, I'll—I'll court-martial you," he declared with all apparent sincerity.

"I'll be back, sir," Jonesy answered gratefully. "All I want is to feel that salt water closing over me."

"All right. But see that you come to the top again and get back on time," replied the captain grimly and closed the interview.

Jonesy got a ride into Nogales on a supply truck, caught a local to Tucson and a sleeper on the Sunset Limited for Los Angeles. It was seven o'clock in the morning of the following day when he set foot in the latter city. It was not at all as he had pictured it—warm and balmy and flower-scented—but more like New York on a smaller scale and chilly in comparison with the border climate. He expressed himself along these lines to the clerk at the Y. M. C. A. when he procured a room. "Get outside," was the advice. "If you've got the time, take the run down to San Diego by automobile."

"I want to swim in the Pacific," Jonesy explained.

"Go in at Coronado, then," explained the clerk. "But you'll find it cold at this time of year."

Now Jonesy was wofully inexperienced as a traveller. All of his peregrinations had been personally conducted by Uncle Sam. Boy-like he accepted this advice in the belief that San Diego was as Coney Island to New York or Revere Beach to Boston.

He took passage in a touring-car jitney. There were only two other passengers, a slight elderly gentleman on the rear seat beside him and a loquacious drummer forward with the driver. Jonesy's companion at once entered into conversation with the young soldier and by the time they were well down into the orange country Jonesy had told him about his trip and its object.

"But why are you running way down to San Diego for a bath?" his companion queried, plainly amused. "Why not Santa Monica or Venice, say?"

"How far is this San Diego, anyway?" asked Jonesy in turn, for it had already occurred to him that it was taking a long while to get there.

"Something over a hundred miles," was the answer. Jonesy exclaimed in dismay, "A hundred miles! And I've got to get back to camp to-morrow."

But now the driver, who apparently had been taking in the conversation, interrupted pessimistically. "Cheer up, buddy," he called back, "we may not get any farther than Big Arroyo. The water was almost up to the floor of the bridge last night and still rising."

"It's a fine time to tell me that," protested the drummer indignantly. "I'd have taken the train or the boat if I'd thought you couldn't get through."

"Well, I made it yesterday," the driver parried, "'course I'm not saying that it ain't all right, only that it may not be."

The drummer grunted and relaxed into silence. Jonesy cuddled lower down in his seat. It was colder than he had anticipated. He began to wonder if he really wanted to swim.

A jamming-on of brakes brought new interest in the situation. Jonesy sat up and took notice. The car had stopped behind several others from which the passengers were alighting. The driver of

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*From a drawing by P. L. Crosby.*

Jonesy, trumpeter of Troop X.



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Jonesy's car grunted. "Bridge's gone!" he exclaimed in disgust. He stepped from his seat and his passengers made haste to follow him. The elderly passenger kept pace with Jonesy as they approached the entrance to what had been the bridge.

For it had indeed gone, all of it except a few boards that clung to the first pier out from shore. It was this pier that the crowd was intently watching, and Jonesy exclaimed as his eyes took in the situation.

A car hung from the abutment by a front wheel. A turbid, raging torrent tore savagely at it, welling to within a foot or two of the top of the pier. Perched on the narrow surface of this were three figures, a man, a woman, and a girl of six or seven. The man steadied the others. There were no uprights left to cling to and they shrank to him in obvious terror.

Steps had already been taken toward this rescue. The apparatus wagon of the fire department of a neighboring town was on the scene. But the ladders were not nearly long enough and the pier was too far to throw a rope. The firemen stood helplessly at the water's edge.

The slender, elderly man beside Jonesy pushed through the crowd. He had grown suddenly alert and masterful. He conferred with the firemen, and Jonesy saw them shake their heads. Then he turned to the crowd, surveying it with a keen eye.

"Those people have got to be saved," he declared. "The water is rising rapidly. Who will volunteer to swim out with a rope?"

Swim out with a rope! A murmur arose from the crowd. What swimmer could keep his head above that turmoil of waters, let alone breast it to the other pier trailing a rope!

"It can be done!" declared the speaker vehemently. "I would do it myself if I were twenty-five years younger." He pointed dramatically up-stream to a point of land that made out into the stream.

"Starting from there a good swimmer ought to make the pier before he is carried by. Who will volunteer!" There was a ring in the old fellow's voice that was too much for Jonesy. A challenge, too, that stirred the soldier in him. He approached his late companion, pulling off his blouse. He was the sole volunteer. "I'll have a try at it," he said.

The gleam in the old fellow's eye warmed the cockles of Jonesy's heart. "Good for the army," he said with a set jaw.

He took active charge of the measures he had suggested. The lightest ropes that could be found were knotted together. These reached from the bridge entrance to the point above. Unless they sagged too greatly they would reach from shore to pier, if Jonesy made it.

"No time for frills. Strip down to your underwear!" the little man commanded, and sheltered behind other men Jonesy did as he was bid. The rope was tied about his waist.

"All right, give me room," said Jonesy shortly. He took a running dive from the bank and parted the brown flood-waters of the stream.

It was like leaping into ice-water. His blood, thinned by service in the hot desert, cried out against it. He fought to the surface gasping, with the rope between his legs. He freed himself and struck out, fighting cross current to offset the rush of the torrent. His swift crawl stroke warmed him after a bit but the drag of the rope impeded his efforts. Once again he got a foot caught in it and lost valuable time in freeing himself.

His eyes were fixed now on the pier and the figures that clung to it. It was nearing him rapidly, but it was more his drift than his speed through the water that accounted for it. He tried edging up-stream but saw at once that this would not do, such was the force of the current. His only chance was to use all his strength to cross before he was swept by.

The current was sagging on the rope now, dragging him down-stream. The pier grew in size. He could see the working features of the woman, the grim set look of the man, who was slipping off his coat. But it was the mixture of hope and fright in the child's eyes that spurred him to almost superhuman efforts. He buried his head and drove forward arm over arm with the pier a few feet away.

He lifted his head for breath. He had missed it! The smooth face of the pier was sliding by within a foot of his reaching hand and he could not stem the cur-

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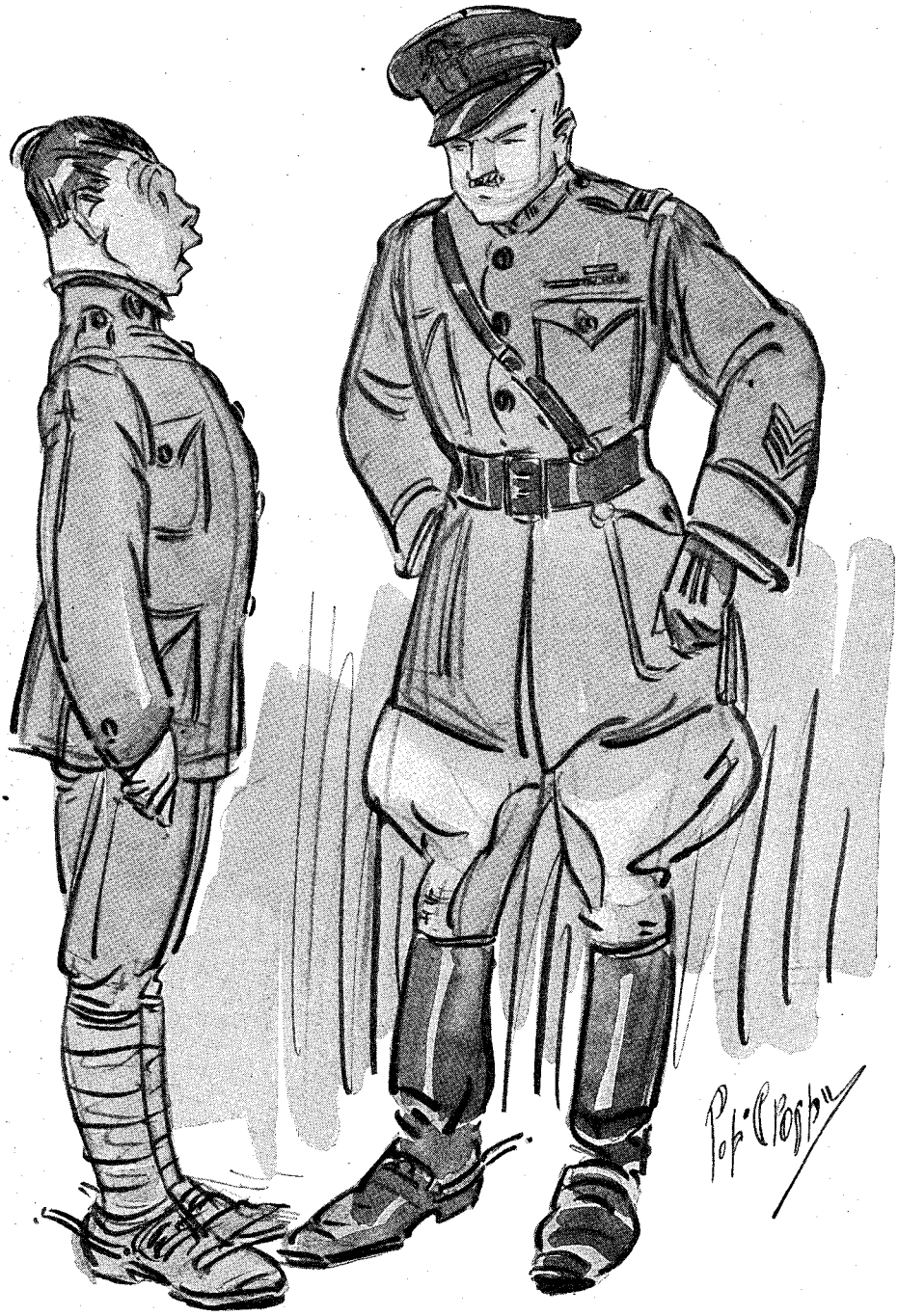

*From a drawing by P. L. Crosby.*

"—In the ocean, sir," Jonesy added, as though that explained all.—Page 386.



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rent! Then he saw the man on the pier kneel and whip his coat toward him. Desperately Jonesy grasped at it and caught it. There was a moment when it seemed that the other would be drawn in, such was the savage grip of the current. Then Jonesy found himself floating in a boiling eddy behind the pier, and he heard the cheer that went up from those on the shore.

The little man on the bank had not been idle. A heavier line was bent on to the light one Jonesy had brought out. Jonesy, clad in the coat that had rescued him, hauled this out with the help of the other man. They made the end of it fast to the partly submerged car. The shoreward end of the rope was made fast well above the water and a crude breeches-buoy rigged. In this those on the pier were hauled ashore in safety.

It was Jonesy who went last. He was lifted out by many willing hands and made much of. They wrapped him in blankets and carried him with boisterous enthusiasm to his car. There he found the little man who was giving orders to the driver to break all records to town and a hospital.

But Jonesy was not going to any hospital. He could not overstay his leave.

. . . like some football warrior he hurried to his room with the blankets wrapped about him.—Page 391.

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Between the warming sun and his blankets he was himself again by the time they had reached the city. So he was driven to the Y. M. C. A., and like some football warrior he hurried to his room with the blankets wrapped about him. And there the small elderly man left him with a hand-clasp, first demanding his name and address which Jonesy reluctantly gave, for there was "No use making any fuss over this, boss," Jonesy said. But the little man just smiled and wrote in his note-book.

And Jonesy overstayed his leave at that. He had been more tired than he had realized and out of the sun something of the chill of the waters had returned. He had crept into his bed, and when he had next opened his eyes it was night and he had missed his train.

Jonesy was eighteen hours overdue when he rode into camp on a supply wagon. He made his way at once to the first sergeant's tent. The top eyed him queerly over the papers he was working on.

"I'm sorry, sarge," Jonesy began, "but I got held up and——"

"Save your breath, Jonesy," the top interrupted him. "You are to report to the captain at once."

With a sinking heart the little trumpeter made his way to the captain's tent. That officer sat flanked by either lieutenant. His face was preternaturally grave as were those of the other officers. Jonesy saluted and stood at attention.

"You have overstayed your pass eighteen hours. What have you got to say for yourself?" said the captain grimly.

Jonesy's face grew long. He could not find his tongue. "I—I got held up, sir," he stammered, at last.

"Held up!" the captain echoed ironically. His eyes held Jonesy's like magnets.

"Yes, sir," answered Jonesy in agony. Another long minute the captain eyed him and then he tossed him a telegram that lay on his table. "Read that," he commanded curtly. Half dazed, Jonesy read:

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 21, 19—
*From:* The Commanding General.
*To:* Captain Troop X, Nogales District, Nogales, Ariz.
*Subject:* Trumpeter Jones.

I report that on the 10th inst. Henry Jones, trumpeter of Troop X, Nth Cavalry, saved the lives of three persons marooned on a broken bridge by a sudden flood at the imminent risk of his own life. His courage was in keeping with the best traditions of the Army. You will overlook any overstay of leave. He is recommended for promotion at the first opportunity and will be cited in general orders.

JOHN S. BLAKE,
*Brigadier-General, U. S. A.*

Underneath was written in lead-pencil the following note:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

I personally observed the above-noted act and accompanied the boy to his hotel after the affair. If the rest of your outfit is made of the same timber, Lord help the enemy.

I might add that if your trumpeter still wants to swim—in the Pacific—or the *Atlantic* for that matter—you have my permission to give him leave of absence for that purpose.

Cordially,
J. S. B.

Jonesy's eyes were popping out of his head. He had forgotten the presence of his superior officers.

"So that little gink in cits. was the C. G.!" he exclaimed. Then he came to and looked up to find all three officers grinning.

"Sit down and tell us all about it, Jones," said the captain.

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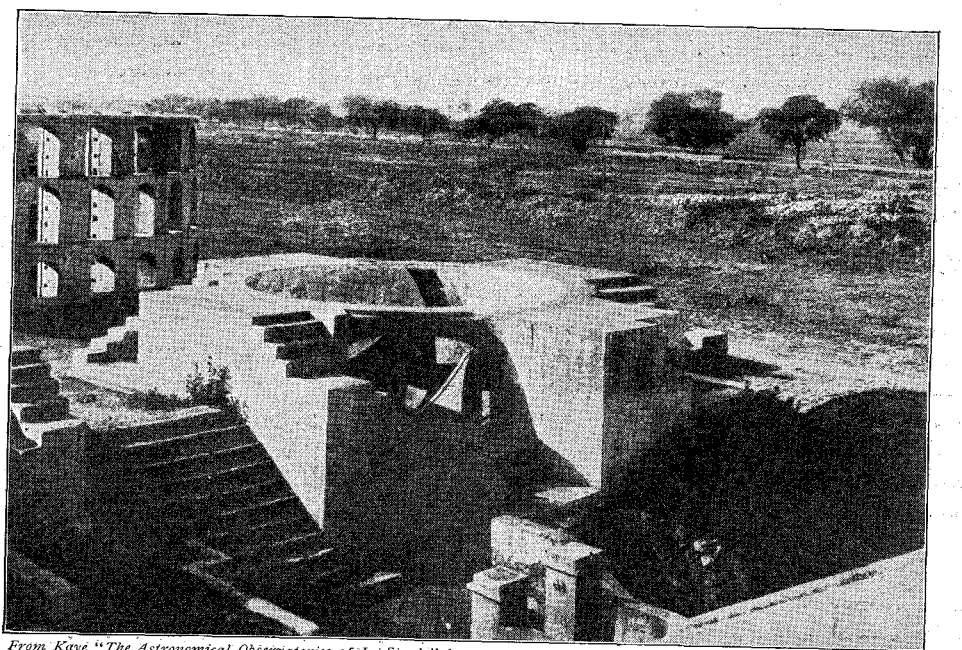

*From Kaye "The Astronomical Observatories of Jai Singh," by courtesy of the Superintendent of Government Printing, Calcutta, India.*

FIG. 8. The Jai Prakas or "Crest Jewel of all Instruments" of the Observatory at Delhi.
A huge existing example of the hemispherical sun-dial of the Greeks.

# The Oriental Ancestry of the Telescope

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Author of "The New Heavens" and "The Depths of the Universe"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE first astronomer was primitive man, who ordered his life by the stars. The daily course of the sun and his cheering return after the cold and darkness of the night; the advance from winter to summer, as the arc of the sun's path rose toward the zenith from its lowest limit in the south; the changing phases of the moon and the terrifying darkness of eclipses; the serene majesty of the midnight sky, sparkling with stars and rotating in slow and stately measure about the celestial pole; these and the wandering planets, the sudden meteors, and the rare comets, little noticed by modern dwellers in the glare of cities but of compelling splendor in the transparent atmosphere of the ancient world, deeply impressed the mind and the imagination of prehistoric man. Even in the Stone Age observations of the sun and moon are suggested by certain circles and crescents in neolithic art, replacing the animal portraiture of paleolithic times.

Thus early began the study of astronomy, starting from conceptions which, though simple and familiar, imply inductive thought, and aided by the clarity and definiteness of ideas of space and figure, time and number, motion and recurrence. Unlike the invisible electrons,



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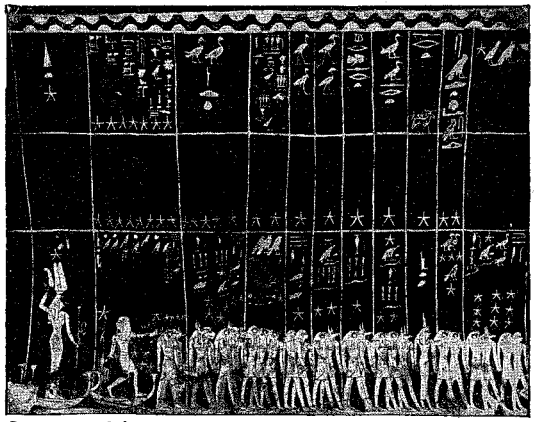
whirling in their orbits within the atom, or the microscopic organisms so vital in biological research, the brilliant members of the celestial host pursued their course before every eye, and invited study by their oft-repeated revolutions. Great laws of nature were open to discovery by any observer, armed only with clear vision and persistence of purpose. Hence it was that astronomy became the pioneer of the sciences, leading the way, not only in Egypt and Babylonia, but in Greece and the Moslem world, in the revival of research against the forces of mediævalism, and in the beginnings of modern investigation in Italy, France, England, and the United States.

### ASTRONOMY IN EGYPT

In Egypt, where civilization arose, three influences were dominant: the sun, supreme as the great god Ra; the stars, abode of the blessed; and the Nile, fructifier of the fields. The earliest peasants based their year on the annual inundation of the Nile, and the date of its beginning became a matter of practical concern. This happened to coincide very nearly with the heliacal rising of Sothis (Sirius), whose first appearance on the horizon in advance of the sun was thus taken to announce the new year. Systematic observations began so far back that the first fairly reliable date in history, given by Breasted as the beginning of the year 4241 B. C., was thus fixed by this star.

The ancient Egyptian, in all the phases of his life, was severely practical. Like the Roman, but in sharp contrast with the Greek, he had little intellectual curiosity and in general he cared nothing whatever for the problems of science. Breasted has recently found, in the only known medical papyrus which is not merely a mass of magical formulas, that the old Egyptian author occasionally exhibits some interest in the symptoms of cases designated by himself as incurable. But this is an individual instance, contrary to the national habit, the lone exception that proves the rule. The priests, always powerful and sometimes in complete control of the government, directed a large part of the activities of the Pharaoh and people toward their own aggrandizement, as we may see from the fact that almost the only surviving structures on the Nile are enormous temples and tombs, their walls covered with the grotesque images of the gods and the complex ritual of the underworld. Monumental art was cultivated under rigorous control, almost exclusively for theological and mortuary purposes. Under such circumstances we cannot expect to find that the Egyptians contributed greatly to the progress of astronomy as a science.



*By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. From a photograph by Mr. Harry Burton.*

FIG. 1. List of stars and constellations in the Sepulchral Hall of Seti I (about B. C. 1309), in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

On the extreme left is the star Sothis or Sirius, identified with Isis, whose heliacal rising originally marked the beginning of the new year. Next, to the right, is Orion.

However, the needs of common life and the daily routine and annual festivals of the temples demanded a reliable calendar and the subdivision of time, which could be provided only by astronomical observations. The priests became astronomers, and at a surprisingly early date, as we have seen, the opening of the year was fixed by the heliacal rising of Sirius. Contrary to the practice of the Babylonians, whose calendar was based upon the phases of the moon, the Egyptians determined their year by the annual return of the sun to a fixed point in the heavens, and measured its duration as three hundred and sixty-five days. With such beginnings, much might have been expected

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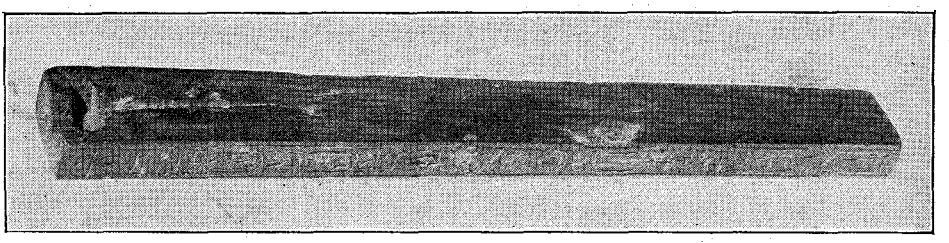


FIG. 2. Tutenkhamon's transit instrument.

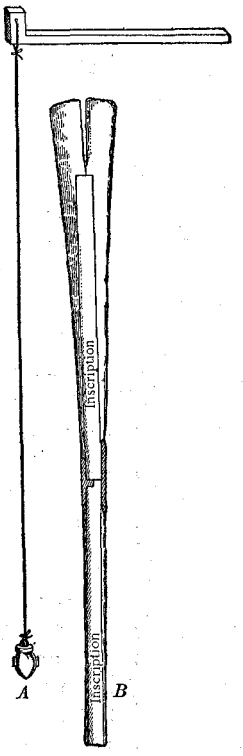
Note the mortise hole for the end block, and the narrow groove along the inscribed face where the plumb-line fell, as in Fig. 3.

of a truly progressive people. But, as in the history of Egyptian art, which never surpassed the high level attained in the earliest dynasties, we find but few signs of scientific advance four thousand years later, when the Egyptians passed on their slight intellectual possessions to the Greeks.

For observations of the stars, the summit of a temple, commanding a free horizon under the cloudless skies of Egypt, admirably served the purposes of the astronomer priests. The eye was all that was needed to fix the year by observations of heliacal risings, but instruments for the determination of shorter time divisions were invented at a very early period. Through a fortunate discovery, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has recently come into the possession of the earliest known instrument for observing the stars, made (as the inscription states) by no less a person than the Pharaoh Tutenkhamon, "with his two hands."

## BREASTED'S DISCOVERY OF TUTENKHAMON'S TRANSIT INSTRUMENT

After returning from Egypt in the spring of 1923 Professor Breasted and I spent a month at the Villa Palmieri, near Florence, as guests of Mr. James W. Ellsworth. Following his work at the tomb of Tutenkhamon, which I had been fortunate enough to see, Breasted was then writing of his previous discovery on the upper Euphrates of a remarkable Roman mural decoration, since published in his "Oriental Forerunners of Byzantine Painting." Through the kindness of Doctor Giorgio Abetti, director of the Royal Astrophysical Observatory, we were enabled to observe the sun, moon, Jupiter, and Saturn with two of Galileo's original telescopes, preserved in the Galileo Museum at Florence, and attached for this purpose to the equatorial telescope at Arcetri. In a future article I shall endeavor to describe this attempt to see the heavens with Galileo's eyes. After these observations with the earliest of telescopes, Breasted went to London, where he discovered at a shop of a well-known dealer in antiquities a far older astronomical instrument, the oldest, in fact, yet found. It is best described in his own words, taken from a letter written shortly after his return to the United States, while I was still in London:




*From Breasted "Ancient Times," by courtesy of Ginn & Co.*

FIG. 3. Egyptian transit instrument.

The observer looked through the slot in *B*, held close to the eye, and noted the moment when certain stars passed across the plumb-line *A*, suspended in the meridian.

"I have been very much vexed since I last saw you because at our last meeting I forgot to show you a new and unknown monument of Tutenkhamon which I purchased in London a few days



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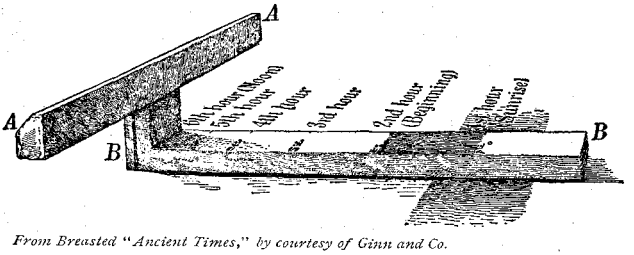
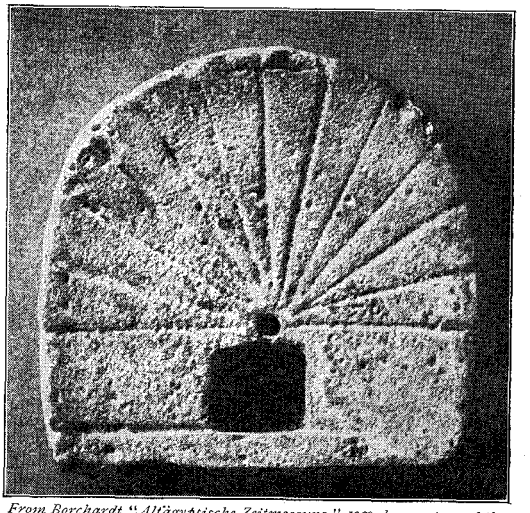
before I sailed. I mention it to you especially because the object turns out to be an astronomical instrument. It is a rectangular strip of ebony wood a little over ten and one-half inches long (perhaps intended for half a cubit), one and one-sixteenth inches wide, thickness just one-half inch. Along each edge, extending entirely from end to end, is an inscription stating that the object was made with his own hands, by King Tutenkhamon as a restoration of a monument of his father (meaning his ancestor) Thutmose IV. You may remember that the tomb of Thutmose IV contains a remark in ink on the wall reporting that his tomb was restored, of course after robbery, by Harmhab, who was practically the successor of Tutenkhamon. This new monument which I am reporting to you can hardly have come from anything else than a tomb in view of the fact that it has escaped destruction for over three thousand years. If so, then the tomb of Thutmose IV had already been robbed under Tutenkhamon's reign, and the latter, whose own tomb was so soon to suffer from tomb-robbers, was endeavoring before the close of his reign to repair their depredations in the tomb of his ancestor Thutmose IV. It is of interest also that the object restored was an astronomical instrument. At one end of the ebony strip is a rectangular mortise hole a little over half an inch long, about three-sixteenths inch wide, and a scant one-fourth inch deep. It is clear that this mortise hole contained a tenon holding in place a little block mounted on the end of the ebony strip. To the block was attached a plummet, and a vertical line cut in the edge of the ebony strip exactly opposite the middle of the mortise hole marks the place where the plummet cord descended. You will find the same instrument somewhat restored in 'Ancient Times,' page 78, Figure 59, marked A. I enclose a little sketch of the ebony strip in which I have restored the little end block from which the plummet was suspended. I do hope when you come through Chicago on your way to California that you will stop in Chicago and see it. My only justification for forgetting to show it to you in London is that I had not, at that time, recognized what the instrument was. It was only after studying the line marking the place of the plummet cord that I recognized the character of the object, the loss of the little block at the end rendering it by no means easy to recognize the thing. Its interest lies in the fact that it is the oldest of its kind, far older than the one published by Bor-




*From Breasted "Ancient Times," by courtesy of Ginn and Co.*

FIG. 4. Ancient Egyptian sun-clock.

The shadow of the crosspiece (*AA*), turned toward the east in the morning and toward the west after noon, indicated the hour on the arm (*BB*).



*From Borchardt "Altägyptische Zeitmessung," 1920, by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

FIG. 5. Egyptian sun-dial of the period of Merneptah. Found at Gezer in South Palestine.

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chardt, which I have used in 'Ancient Times.' "*

I have since examined this instrument, of capital importance to the history of science, and through Breasted's kindness I am able to give two photographs of it, together with the cut from "Ancient Times" to which he refers. It was known to the Egyptians as the "Merkhet," or "measuring instrument," and is of a type probably used for the orientation of temples as early as 3000 B. C. A complete example described by Borchardt dates from the sixth century B. C., more than seven hundred years later than the reign of Tutenkhamon.

This consists of a sight-vane, made from the middle rib of a palm-leaf, and a plumb-line suspended from an ivory support. One of the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the instrument reads: "I know the path of the sun, moon (?), and stars, each to its place." A meridian line was fixed by an observer sighting north through the slot (held close to the eye) toward the plumb-line, which was held at arm's length and moved east or west until it coincided with a star near the celestial pole. For time determinations two observers, each equipped with a complete instrument, probably sat facing each other on a north and south line. The hours were then defined by the moment at which certain northern and southern stars were seen to cross the vertical cord, aligned on the head, right or left eye, right or left ear, or other feature of the opposite observer. On the 16th of the month Paophi, for example:

1st hour. The leg of the giant, over the heart.
2d hour. The star Petef, over the heart.
3d hour. The star Ary, over the left eye.
4th hour. The claw of the goose, over the left eye.
5th hour. The hinder part, over the heart.
6th hour. The star of thousands, over the left eye.
7th hour. The star of S'ar, over the left eye.
8th hour. The finger point of the constellation of S'ar (Orion), over the left eye.
9th hour. The star of S'ar, over the left elbow.
10th hour. The star that follows Sothis, over the left elbow.
11th hour. The finger point of both stars, over the right elbow.
12th hour. The stars of the water, over the heart.

*From Borchardt "Altägyptische Zeitmessung," 1920, by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

FIG. 6. Egyptian water-clock of the period of Amenhotep III (about B. C. 1400).

The water was drained out through a small pipe and the twelve hours of the night were indicated by its level on scales inscribed on the inner face. Found in fragments in the temple of Karnak.

In Ptolemaic times, as Breasted adds, a picture of this instrument (the part made by Tutenkhamon) was used among the hieroglyphics as a determinative of the word "hour." In earlier times this word always had * after it, showing that diurnal time measurement was a *stellar* matter, doubtless determined by stellar observations. The Greeks called the whole instrument a "horoscope."

It is interesting to speculate whether the sealed boxes in the tomb of Tutenkhamon, of which many still lie untouched in the inner room adjoining the sarcophagus chamber, will contain one of these instruments. The whole household equipment of the Pharaoh was apparently placed in the tomb, and possibly this may have included a stellar transit. From the inscription already cited it is evident that

*A portion of the similar instrument now in Berlin Museum, recently published by Borchardt, bears the name of Amenhotep III, and is thus a generation earlier than King Tutenkhamon's transit.

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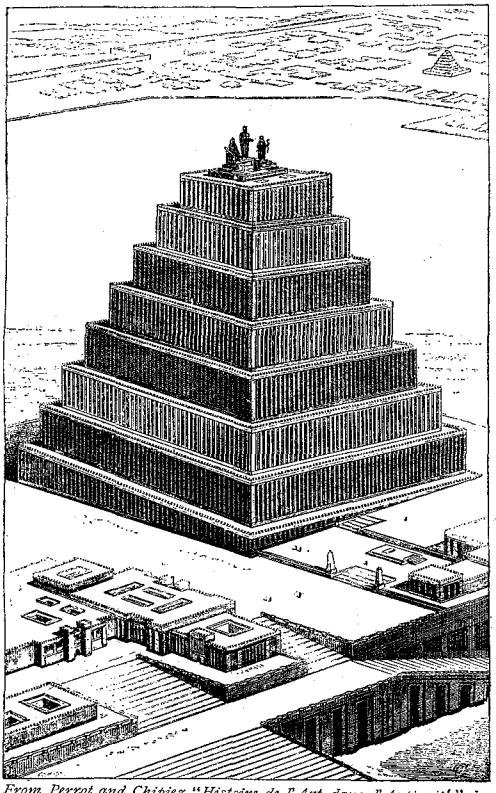
Tutenkhamon felt that the tomb of Thutmose IV, after despoilment by robbers, must again be provided with a "Merkhet," doubtless to count the passing of the hours in the nether world. After this mark of filial piety, it is to be hoped that Tutenkhamon's similar needs were not forgotten, and that a complete instrument of this early period may yet come to light.

### SUN AND WATER CLOCKS

Sun-clocks were also used by the early Egyptians, and one of these, dating from the first half of the fifteenth century B. C., is illustrated in Fig. 4. The shadow of the crosspiece, which was turned toward the east before noon and then toward the west, indicated the time on the arm *BB*. The interval between sunrise (longest shadow) and noon (no shadow) was divided into six hours, thus giving ultimately the twelve-hour day to Europe. Several other types of early Egyptian astronomical clocks have been discovered. One found at Gezer in South Palestine, dating from the reign of Mernepthah (about 1200 B. C.), is perhaps the most interesting as the prototype of our sun-dial (Fig. 5). An ivory disk, hung in a vertical plane, carried a projecting bar (gnomon) which cast a shadow on the dial, thus marking the hours in the familiar way.

Water-clocks, later used by the Greeks as the clepsydra, also originated in Egypt. One marked with vertical scales on its inner face, indicating by the falling level of the water the twelve hours of the night (probably between darkness and dawn) for each of the twelve months of the year, was found in fragments in the temple of Karnak (Fig. 6). It dates from the period of Amenhotep III (about 1400 B. C.), and is made of alabaster decorated in color with constellations and planets, the sun and moon gods, and the king with the gods of the twelve months. The water was drained out through a small pipe, and the form of the vessel was designed to give an equal fall of water in equal times, as a papyrus found in Oxyrhyncus attests. But neither in this form of outflow clock, nor in a better type in which the water dripped into the vessel from another source, was any degree of accuracy attained.



*From Perrot and Chipiez "Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité," by courtesy of Librairie Hachette, Paris.*

FIG. 7. Restoration by Chipiez of the Temple Tower of Khorsabad.

This tower, now in ruins, has been called "the observatory" because of its use by the Chaldean astronomers.

### THE GREAT PYRAMID

Much has been written of the Great Pyramid, and many efforts have been made to prove that it was designed to be an astronomical observatory. No competent Egyptologist, however, supports this view. It was carefully oriented, and an open shaft was directed toward the pole of the heavens. But, as Breasted has pointed out, this is easily explained in harmony with its obvious design as the tomb of the Pharaoh. The ancient mortuary texts, inscribed in the chambers of the pyramids, recite that "the King lives among the imperishables." This refers to the belief that he was transmuted into a

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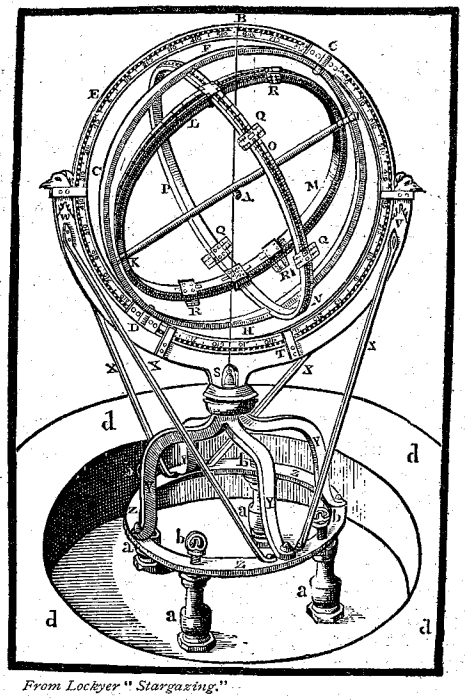
star, preferably one of the "undying" or "steadfast" stars, so called because they are near the celestial pole and thus never set.

As for the orientation of temples and pyramids, this was an extremely simple process, sufficiently well accomplished by directing a line toward the rising sun and one toward the setting sun, and bisecting the angle between them. Or the "Merkhet," as already mentioned, may have been employed. Biot, in discussing this subject, expressed his belief that whatever its original purpose, the Great Pyramid subsequently served as an immense gnomon for the determination of the time of the equinoxes, the dates when its east and west faces were grazed by the rays of the rising or setting sun. When still intact, with their perfect masonry and smooth finish, these faces would have served well for this observation, which after a few years of repetition might have measured the solar year to three hundred and sixty-five and one-quarter days, a quantity differing from the true value by about three-quarters of a day in a century. Even in 1853, when the disappearance of the smooth casing stones had already given the Pyramid its present step-like contour, Mariette, following Biot's instructions, thus determined the time of the vernal equinox within about twenty-nine hours. At that period the inhabitants of the neighboring villages knew that the rays of the setting sun at the equinox grazed the faces of the Pyramid, and the Sheik of Koneisseh told Mariette that the extremity of the shadow, which was about three kilometres long a quarter of an hour before sunset, fell near a granite rock a little north of this village.



*From Lockyer "Stargazing."*

FIG. 9. The Zodiacal Armilla of Tycho Brahe, similar to the ancient instrument of Hipparchus.

The early establishment of the Sothic year, the orientation of pyramids and temples, and the invention and long-continued use of simple instruments, which were ultimately incorporated among the hieroglyphic characters and are also depicted in larger scale on the walls of temples and tombs, bear out the tales of early Greek travellers regarding the origin of astronomical observation in Egypt. But the apparent inability of the Egyptians to advance beyond their promising beginnings, and their failure to attack any of the real problems of astronomy, compel us to look elsewhere for the true foundations of astronomical research. In spite of a great admixture of superstition and magic, we find evidence of marked progress when we pass from the valley of the Nile to the banks of the Euphrates.

### SORCERY AND SCIENCE IN CHALDEA

Fortunately for our knowledge of ancient astronomy, the cuneiform tablets of the Babylonians and Assyrians, far less fragile than the papyri of the Egyptians, have survived to our day in great numbers. When the royal library at Nineveh was enlarged by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria from 668 to 626 B. C., the added tablets included many relating to the astrology of the ancient Babylonians and the still more ancient Sumerian invaders. One series, known as "The Day of Bel," was ascribed by the wise men of the time

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to the period of the great Sargon I, about 2800 B. C. Guided by these antique documents, the soothsayers of the last Assyrian Empire reported periodically on both celestial and terrestrial happenings and predicted future events. High in rank and hereditary in office, the chief astrologer and many other functionaries whose names have come down to us frequently addressed the king from all parts of the empire. The tablets contain astronomical reports and astrological deductions based upon them. If the moon's horns were observed to be pointed, "the king will overcome whatever he goreth." The moon was also supposed to influence sheep and cattle, and lunar as well as solar halos were eagerly watched as a means for prediction, especially of rain. Omens were also based on the entrance of the planets into the signs of the zodiac, while eclipses, as sources of disturbance, called for supplications to the protecting gods.

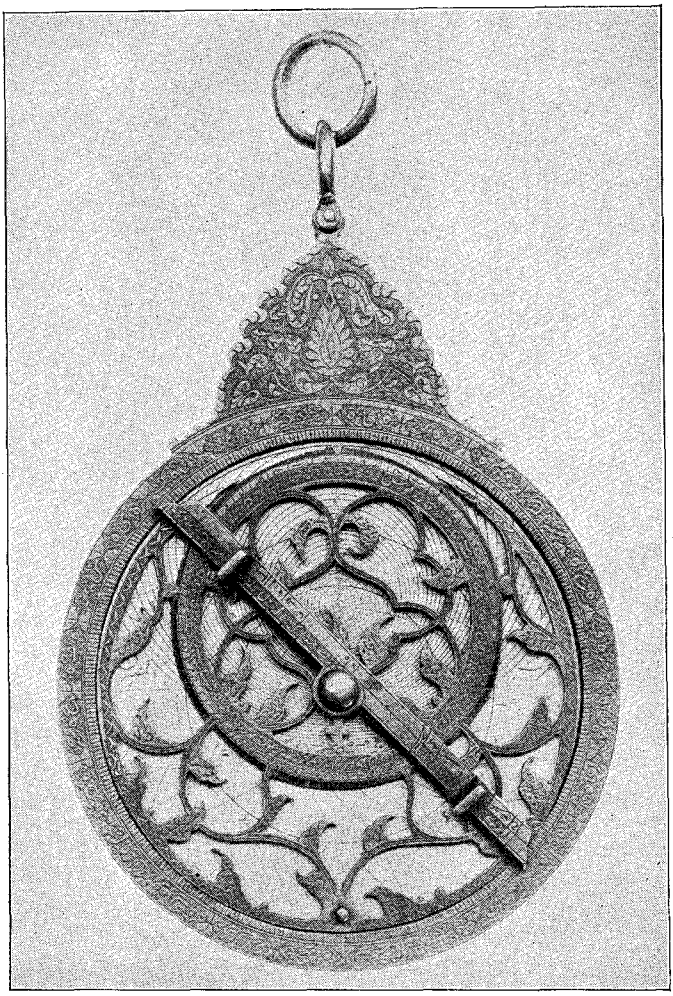

FIG. 10. Old Persian astrolabe, presented to the author by the late Sir James Dewar.

Chaucer recommends that the astrolabe be used as follows: "Put the ring of thyn Astrolabie up-on thy right thoumbe and turne thy left syde agayn the light of the sonne. And remeve thy rewle up and doun, till that the stremes of the sonne shyne thorgh bothe holes of thy rewle. Loke thanne how many degress thy rewle is areised fro the litel crois (east point) up-on thy est, and tak ther the altitude of thy sonne."

Although the Assyrians and Babylonians were so famed for astrology and magic that the very name "Chaldean"

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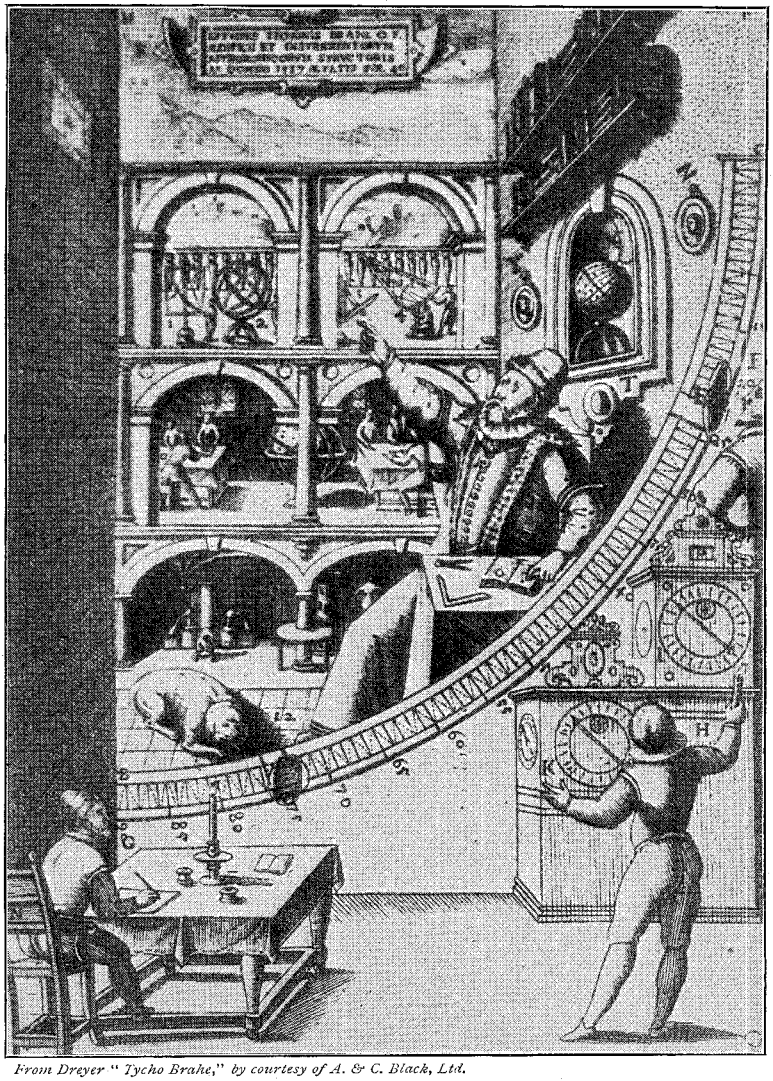
became synonymous with sorcerer, it remains true that they contributed notably to the establishment of astronomy as a science. Passages in their astrological represent some kind of clock. From the early appearance of the water-clock in Egypt, and the attribution of the clepsydra or some other form of time-measurer



*From Dreyer "Tycho Brahe," by courtesy of A. & C. Black, Ltd.*

FIG. 11. Tycho Brahe's great mural quadrant.

The astronomer at the extreme right is observing a star through the sights. Above the arc of the quadrant is a painting of Tycho and some of the instruments of his observatory.

tablets indicate that the calculation of times and seasons was a prime duty, and there is some evidence that they possessed instruments for measuring time. The term *abkallu sikla* on one of the astrological tablets is translated "measure-governor" by Thompson, who believes it to to the Chaldeans by Sextus Empiricus and Herodotus, there is little doubt of the correctness of this conclusion. Their tablets also mention a time unit, called *kasbu*, equal to two hours. A watch consisted of two *kasbu*, and three watches completed the night. The Assyrian year

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contained twelve lunar months, usually of thirty days each, with an intercalary month added from time to time. Even during the earliest period the tablets contain many lists of stars, observations of the moon, eclipses, planets, comets, altitudes of the sun and moon, etc. After the seventh century B. C. the interests of astronomy were more clearly recognized and no indications of the art of the diviner are found in a large body of tablets of this period.

### OBSERVATIONS AND PREDICTIONS

These tablets are of two classes, one containing observations, the other computations. The observational tablets include the positions of the sun, moon, and especially the planets, the latter given with reference to neighboring stars. At first a star was designated as indicating the place of a planet in its vicinity. But during the last four centuries B. C. angular measurements of position were made, though nothing is yet known as to the nature of the instruments employed. A high degree of precision was attained in the determination of the period of revolution of the planets, and eclipses of the sun and moon were successfully predicted.

One of the oldest computational tablets yet discovered is in reality a page from an astronomical ephemeris computed for the year 425 B. C., the fortieth year of Artaxerxes I. The left-hand column, both on the obverse and reverse sides, contains for each month the length of the month, the date of full moon, and the date of the moon's last visibility. The right-hand column predicts the dates of the heliacal rising and setting of planets and stars. On the reverse two additional predictions are included, as follows:

On the first Mercury rises.
On the third the Equinox.
Night of the 15th, 40 minutes after sunset an eclipse of the moon begins.
On the 28th occurs an eclipse of the sun.

Kugler, who translated the tablet, calculated that these eclipses actually took place on October 9 and 23, in 425 B. C. The eclipse of the moon was visible in Babylon, but that of the sun could be seen only at some distance from the city.

These predictions of the Babylonian astronomers were undoubtedly based on their discovery of the Saros, the eclipse cycle of eighteen years and eleven days, or two hundred and twenty-three lunations, after which the same succession of eclipses recurs, though not at the same places. It was from Babylonian sources that travellers like Herodotus derived the elements of the astronomy which the Greeks rapidly developed into an exact science. In fact, a Babylonian quoted by Strabo as Kidénas and by Pliny as Cidenas has been identified as the author of a cuneiform tablet of moon data signed by the astronomer Kidinnu. It cannot be said, in spite of the value of their observations, that the Babylonians made any original contributions to the instruments of the astronomer. The gnomon and the sun-dial, attributed to them by Herodotus, were used centuries earlier by the Egyptians, and the water-clock, as we have seen, was also of Egyptian origin. Nevertheless, the long practice of astronomy by the Babylonians, the care and accuracy of their observations, and the imposing towers used as their observatories, profoundly influenced the Greeks. The ruins of the temple of Bel, from whose summit the astronomer priests observed the heavens for centuries, must have deeply impressed Aristotle and the other scholars who accompanied Alexander the Great on his campaign in India and the Near East. As Draper remarks, the stimulus of the discoveries made by this expedition, among the widest variety of geological formations and paleontological remains and the strange and varied fauna and flora between the cataracts of the Nile and the banks of the Indus, aided in preparing the way for the remarkable researches of the Greeks, the true founders of modern science.

### THE RISE OF ASTRONOMY AMONG THE GREEKS

Homer and other ancient poets had conceived the earth to be a plane surface, encircled by the ocean, where the heavenly bodies rise and set and the burning sun hisses as he plunges beneath the waves. The Ethiopians, living near the margin of the earth, were therefore supposed to be scorched by the sun's close approach. This fabulous age was soon succeeded by



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the most striking developments, due to the extraordinary powers of the early Greek mathematicians and astronomers, who derived stimulating suggestions, primitive instruments, and important observational data from Egypt and Babylonia. Thales (about 600 B. C.), who learned in Egypt the empirical geometry of the priests, rapidly developed abstract geometry, and mathematics was raised to a science by Pythagoras, Apollonius, Euclid, and other members of the Alexandrian School. At the same time astronomy made equally striking advances.

The apparent annual motion of the sun among the stars is the basis of astronomy, and the knowledge of the sun's path gained by the Egyptians and Babylonians was brought to Greece at a very early period. The obliquity of the ecliptic, or inclination of the sun's path to the celestial equator, was measured by Meton in the year 430 B. C. Doubtless he employed a gnomon, the simplest of the astronomical instruments handed down by the Egyptians and Babylonians. It consists merely of a vertical pillar, whose shadow gives the direction and altitude of the sun. The lengths of the longest and shortest shadows, cast by the gnomon at noon at the time of the winter and summer solstices, afford the means of determining the obliquity of the ecliptic. Another very early instrument is the hemispherical sundial, in which the position of the shadow of a point at the centre of a hollow hemisphere was read on the concave surface marked with circles. A huge existing example of this is the "Jai Prakas" of the Hindu Maharajah Jai Singh (Fig. 8, page 392).

Practical and religious needs and the art of divination largely controlled the astronomy of the Egyptians and Chaldeans. The Greeks, on the contrary, show from their beginnings an entirely different attitude, sometimes weakened by mysticism, but in most cases identical with that of the modern investigator. Nearly four centuries before the Christian era Eudoxus developed a geocentric theory of the solar system and endeavored to test it by observation. Aristarchus of Samos (310–250 B. C.) held, in early anticipation of Copernicus, that the apparent motions of the sun, moon, and stars are due to the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution around the sun. Aristotle objected that in this case the stars should appear to shift in position when viewed from opposite ends of the earth's orbit. Aristarchus, in spite of the prevailing opinions of his time, replied that they were too far away to show any sensible change in direction. He was right, but the lack of instruments capable of detecting their excessively small parallax, or annual displacement, caused by the earth's motion, made possible the dominance of the geocentric doctrine set forth by Ptolemy in the Almagest, an astronomical classic that controlled human thought for fifteen centuries.

### PTOLEMY'S ALMAGEST

This truly remarkable book, which embodies the results of Hipparchus and other astronomers who preceded Ptolemy, reveals both the strength and the weakness of Greek science. Following Aristotle, Eratosthenes, and others, Ptolemy clearly demonstrated the sphericity of the earth, which he fixed at the centre of the concave sphere of the heavens. He ridiculed those who believed in the earth's orbital motion and axial rotation, and proved to his own satisfaction that the sun, planets, and stars revolve about it. The changing distances of the sun and moon, shown by their variation in apparent diameter, had been attributed by Hipparchus to a displacement of the earth from the centre of the circles in which they were supposed to move. To account for the backward and forward motions of the planets, which actually result from the modification of their steady orbital motion by the revolution of the earth about the sun, Hipparchus invented the system of epicycles, in which each planet is supposed to rotate in a small circle about a centre which moves at uniform speed in a large circle around the earth. These artifices sufficed to represent the motions of the sun, moon, and planets as then roughly known, and through the support of the Church and the wide-spread use of the Almagest, the Ptolemaic theory held sway until the reasoning of Copernicus (1473–1543), the improved observations of Tycho Brahe (1546–1610), the formulation of the laws of planetary motion by Kepler (1571–

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1630), and the discoveries of Galileo (1564–1642) finally led to its downfall.

The star catalogue in the Almagest remained until the time of Tycho Brahe the only widely available list of the positions and brightness of stars. The observations on which it is based were actually made by Hipparchus of Rhodes (about 130 B. C.), the greatest astronomer of antiquity. Fortunately, Ptolemy preserves for us a description of the instruments used by Hipparchus and other early Greek astronomers. In principle, most of these consist essentially of a graduated arc of a circle, ranging from a sextant to an entire circumference, supported in the plane in which the measure is to be made.

### THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE GREEKS

The simplest of these instruments, used for observing the altitude of the sun at the solstices, and thus for determining the obliquity of the ecliptic and the length of the year, probably goes back to the time of Timocharis and Aristillus, whose observations were made in the great Museum of Alexandria about 300 B. C. It consists merely of a copper ring, graduated with degrees and subdivisions, and mounted vertically in the meridian. Within it a second ring rotates in the same plane. This carried two diametrically opposite pins, with pointers for reading the circle. The altitude of the sun at noon was measured by turning the inner ring until the shadow of the upper pin fell centrally on the lower one.

The zodiacal armilla, which dates from Hipparchus or his predecessors, was used to measure the positions of the stars. It comprised a large circle rigidly fixed in the meridian, with a slightly smaller circle turning within it on pivots corresponding to the north and south poles of the heavens. This inner circle carried pivots corresponding to the poles of the ecliptic, with circles and adjustable sights permitting observations of stellar latitudes (above or below the ecliptic) and longitudes (east or west along the ecliptic).

The mural quadrant, developed later by the Arabs and by Tycho Brahe, is described in a small form by Ptolemy in the Almagest. When measuring the altitude of the sun the shadow of a pin at its centre was observed on the divided arc of a quadrant, attached to a cube of stone or wood and set in the meridian. For the planets and stars sights were used, as in Tycho Brahe's large instrument (Fig. 9). Mention should also be made of the dioptер of Hipparchus, used to measure the angular diameter of the sun or moon. A pin sliding along a rod was moved until it exactly covered the solar or lunar disk, seen through a sight at the lower end of the rod.

Astronomy thus became a science in Greek hands and was placed on a firm foundation through their development of geometry and trigonometry, their invention of well-designed instruments, and their measurement and remeasurement of celestial objects as a test of carefully formulated theories of the solar system. The precession of the equinoxes, due to the revolution in about twenty-six thousand years of the axis of the earth (the pole of the heavens) about the pole of the ecliptic, detected by Hipparchus by comparing his position of the bright star Spica with that determined by Timocharis and Aristillus a century and a half earlier, was the greatest discovery of antiquity. Physics, later destined to transform astronomy through the advances of Galileo, Newton, and their successors, was also firmly established by Archimedes and other members of the Alexandrian School. With such beginnings, science should have advanced rapidly. But Alexandria, the first great centre of research, declined. Mathematical and experimental science gave place to mysticism and magic. Greece was succeeded by Rome, and research was abandoned under the trammels of tradition and authority. Fortunately, though science vanished from Alexandria and was repressed in Europe, it was kept alive by the Arabs, who devoted special attention to astronomy.

### THE CHINESE AND HINDUS

The ancient Chinese and the Hindus, though their observations go back to very early times, contributed little or nothing to the observational methods of the astronomer, and their instruments appear to follow Greek models. The attitude of the Hindu astronomers toward exact measurements is summed up in a remark

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in the Siddhanta Siromani by Bhaskara, one of their number: "But what does a man of genius want with instruments, about which numerous works have treated? Let him only take a staff in his hand and look at any object along it, casting his eye from its end to the top. There is nothing of which he will not then tell, its altitude, dimensions, etc." In striking contrast is the practice of the great Maharajah Jai Singh of Jaipur (1686–1743 A. D.), whose five observatories are still among the most remarkable sights of India. Although a Hindu, he studied Moslem and European methods impartially, and his enormous instruments are copies or developments of those of Ulugh Bey, of Greek and Moslem origin. The oldest of the celebrated Chinese instruments in Pekin are of Mongol origin, as they were built in 1279 A. D., on Greek models, for Ko Show King, the astronomer of the great Mongol conqueror Koblai Khan.

### THE MOSLEM PERIOD

A striking chapter in the history of science is that of the Moslem period, following in the wake of their conquests from Arabia eastward to Persia and westward through Egypt and the whole north African coast into Spain. Their careful measurements of the sun, moon, planets, and stars led to important advances, and we are also indebted to them for their contributions to the development of algebra and trigonometry. Best of all, they kept science alive, and maintained a high level of civilization while most of Europe was at the lowest ebb. The Almagest was their great work of reference, and their instruments were modelled after those of the Greeks. In their hands the astrolabe, of antiquity so great that Gallucci (1595) repeats the tradition that it was made by Adam for the instruction of his children, was so universally and persistently employed that it can still be purchased in the bazaars of India, where it is in common use by the astrologers. It consists of a graduated circle on which a revolving diametral arm, furnished with pinnules or sights at its extremities, is pointed at the celestial object (Fig. 10).* Its obvious limitations when supported by the hand led to the provision by the Greeks of more stable mountings and a progressive increase in the size of the circle, illustrated by the great astrolabes of Jai Singh. A Moslem writer, Ibn Carfa, remarked that if he could do so, he would construct a circle supported on one side by the Great Pyramid and on the other by the Mokattam Hills, eight miles away across the Nile!

### TYCHO BRAHE

Perhaps the most striking tribute to the skill of their early designers is afforded by the fact that practically all of the instruments of the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, the last great observer prior to the invention of the telescope, are of Greek model. He devoted himself to their improvement, and the elaborate equipment built in his own shops for the great Observatory of Uranibourg embodies valuable advances, such as his method of transversals for subdividing the graduations of circles. Thanks to these, and to his skill and assiduity as an observer, the greatly increased precision of his star places enabled Kepler to discover his celebrated laws of planetary motion. But like all his predecessors, he was still confined by the limitations of the naked eye, and he could see no farther into the depths of space than the earliest star-gazers of paleolithic times. A radical advance, embodying a new but simple principle, was needed, and this he missed, though it lay within his very grasp. Spectacles had been known for three centuries, and may have been worn by members of his observatory staff. But neither the lucky chance in combining two lenses that first revealed the powers of the telescope, nor the knowledge of optics that enabled Galileo instantly to design his own instrument, came to Tycho's aid. Surrounded by the perfected instruments of the Alexandrian School, which he used so long and so effectively, he stands as the last great observer before the dawn of the telescopic age.

* Chaucer's "The Conclucions of the Astrolabie" quaintly sets forth the many uses of this instrument for the benefit of his son.

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# Bachelors on Horseback

BY ROGER BURLINGAME
Author of "You Too"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

CALDWELL and I used to take riding trips in our vacations. It was in the days before the war and before concrete roads and the dominance of motors, and back in those days the country folk understood it when two men rode up on horseback and asked for water. There were blacksmiths too, then, and feed stores at regular intervals and the villagers did not take us for state police or the forerunners of a circus when we walked through their quiet towns or pitched our camps on their outskirts.

Caldwell was a prosaic person, not given to talk or changes of mind or temperamental excursions or temper or depression or interest in himself or moods or any of the peculiar humors that would have unfitted many of my friends for quiet riding trips. It is my experience that such persons as Caldwell should form part of every outdoor expedition in which men are to live intimately together for continuous periods. They prevent men from cutting each other's throats.

Caldwell was a manufacturer. He made the tops and brushes for mucilage bottles. The glass bottoms were achieved elsewhere, I understand, Caldwell's interest being solely metallic. I actually cannot remember where or how I first met him; our lives drifted together, somehow, in the realm of horses. We may have met riding in Central Park or scraped acquaintance at a polo game. He was rich and I was poor. But horses are a leveller of such things; they levelled our ages too for Caldwell was in the forties and I was a boy beginning work. We must have talked of horses at the very start when I was enthusiastic about a Mexican border expedition I had just made with the cavalry of the state guard. Soon after, I began spending my weekends at his place in Westchester and making my pick of his stable for our long rides into late afternoons. Finding me companionable and supplying something of a hold for him on his parting youth, he had asked me to go on a vacation trip to relieve his loneliness and, as he put it, to make things easier in camp.

"Two can cook better than one," he said.

We went. Late every afternoon we bought our food and our horses' food for that night and the next day at some little village and camped near water. It was a beautiful free life. We talked little at first, riding, sometimes, for hours without saying a word. Yet in that silence we grew into a sort of intimacy.

Caldwell was a bachelor. I have never known why, but one never knows why about such things. He would have been a good husband and sensible father and relieved his loneliness which was quite evident from the first. On our first trip I think the subject of women was never once mentioned. When, on our way, we passed a girl who peculiarly delighted me by her beauty, he made no comment, nor, in fact, seemed to notice her, differing thus from my numerous bachelor friends. This seemed to me curious. I could not imagine a man not noticing a pretty girl.

"You're young," he said when, once, on our second trip, I commented on one. I laughed.

"I hope I won't get over that so soon," I said.

"The sooner the better."

I looked at him suddenly. A curiously bitter expression had come on his face. He changed the subject almost immediately and I went on thinking. Then, in the inarticulate way that things came about with us, I learned dimly that something had happened to him. Partly, no



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doubt, with the aid of my quick-moving fancy, I pieced together something vaguely like a love history in Caldwell's past. And now there was left behind a bitterness toward the sex.

As I look at it now Caldwell's was an old story and an exceedingly simple one. I was young then and analyzed little. My impulses were quick and direct and Caldwell's sex hatred annoyed me a little. But on the third of our trips that annoyance was unexpectedly interrupted and changed, momentarily into another kind of irritation which in turn passed (for a good reason) and left us the best of friends. And such we have remained.

It was a fine, cool July that third trip; a succession of cool days with bright skies and clear, dry air. We had got, in our easy riding, into the farm country of the Green Mountain foothills and were riding along a valley road. Patches of wood alternated with open rolling farm land, and a great variety of cool greens delighted us with their succession. A stream ran by to the left of the road, bent away from us, lost itself in woods and returned again laughing, like a friendly young person keeping us company. My horse walked sleepily and contentedly, but Caldwell's horse jigged and fussed a little and seemed uncomfortable. When we stopped to rest in an especially inviting mossy bend of the brook, Caldwell said:

"I believe I'll look at his back."

He took off the saddle and disclosed a new, raw sore.

"Hell," he said without raising his voice.

I looked at it and agreed that it was bad.

"It will hold us up," said Caldwell. "I can't ride on that. I wish there was a farm where we could put up a day or so. I hate to impose on these farmers. They're so poor in food."

A sore back is a serious thing. It brings, too, a pricking sense of shame to the rider. Yet even with good riding I have seen sores develop under a full pack. An infinitesimal grain of sand, the least unevenness in the weight of the pack, a dozen little things that may escape the most watchful eye, will sometimes abrade a tender skin.

Caldwell got his sponge out of his saddlebags and dipped it in the brook. But when he approached his horse, the horse swung away, worried and frightened. I stood at his head, but Caldwell had great difficulty and could only make little, ineffectual dabs at the sore. The horse circled about. It must have looked funny to any one not deeply concerned. Suddenly in the midst of our absorbed struggle a laugh rang out behind me. It was so unexpected that we both stopped and looked up. It was a lovely laugh, as musical as the stream laughing among its stones, but Caldwell was angry.

"Who's that?" he said.

It was an absurd remark. We were both looking at a girl. She was very slender and straight and young; she stood not gracefully nor awkwardly yet with a combination of both suggesting suppleness and freedom; suggesting to my city eyes something utterly of the country. Her dark brown hair hung, braided, her head was thrown back in a great abandon of laughter, and tears of laughter sparkled in her eyes. A faded blue dress hung loose to her knees, her legs were bare and tanned, her feet, a little apart, in her firm simple pose, were sunk in the green moss. Over her shoulder was a trout rod and the strap of a creel that hung by her side. Altogether she made a pleasing picture of country health and youth and a kind of beauty, perfectly part of the woods, that for me precluded all annoyance at her intrusion or her mirth.

But Caldwell was upset. His hatred of women came aptly to the surface. And his rage was a little pricked by the absurdity of his first remark.

"Let's see you do it," he said.

The girl stopped laughing. She looked down, reddening, and became conscious of herself. Her pose fell out of its straight simple grace. She stood a moment, digging little holes in the moss with her toes and then started away.

"I better be goin'," she said.

I felt suddenly desperate at losing her.

"Don't go," I said. Then, thinking there had been no good reason for my saying that, I added, "Maybe you can help us."

"I could talk to him." Her voice had

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the sharp Vermont tang a little accentuated by her youth. "What's his name?"

"Bay," said Caldwell. Caldwell in his prosaic way had named his horses for their colors. The girl looked up at him and saw me watching him, and became suddenly very brisk.

"Get over on his other side, David, and keep him from swinging his haunches round. And you, young lady——"

Altogether she made a pleasing picture of country health and youth and a kind of beauty perfectly part of the woods.—Page 406.

smiled. I saw Caldwell's face harden; deliberately, then, in spite of him, it relaxed.

"That's right," she said. "He is, ain't he?"

She rested her rod against a tree and went quietly to Bay's head.

Caldwell's face had lapsed now, into a sheepish grin, which he removed when he

"I'll talk."

It was a lot of fuss over a simple affair. And now it became more simple because Bay never moved. The girl talked to him. She seemed to be telling him a story of some kind. While she talked she kept darting little looks and laughs at me. Her voice was strong and high like a child's and her accent harsh. I have

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never liked that country New England emphasis. Yet I was held by it as the horse was. Bay forgot everything but that strange rigmarole she was talking to him. Suddenly I heard Caldwell's voice.

"All done." He was still brisk and sharp. "Got the ointment on and everything. He'll be right soon. Now, young lady, do you know any farm round here we might stop at a day or so?"

"Yep," said the girl, patting Bay's head. "Up the road a piece. You go—well—a piece right ahead. Mr. Jones's farm is on the right, the first house you come to." She stopped a moment. "I better be goin' now."

"We're much obliged, young lady," said Caldwell.

The girl laughed but said nothing. We led our horses back on the road. I looked round and called out, "Thanks a lot."

The girl had walked into the brook and was standing in the midst of it with her feet firmly planted among the stones and the water running over her ankles. She was pulling out the line from her reel. She looked an instant over her shoulder and smiled at me. I turned back and noticed that Caldwell was watching me intently.

"Nice girl," I said, but Caldwell did not reply.

We found the Jones farm easily and it absorbed us immediately. Caldwell began talking as soon as we saw it and his tone carried the conviction of great relief.

"Why look at that, David," he said, "it actually looks prosperous. I hate to impose on most of these people, but there's a big barn with a box stall in it, I'll bet, and probably plenty of oats and I don't doubt they can lodge and board us a couple of days without depriving them of much. Yes, David, I believe we've struck it lucky this time."

I glanced up at him, surprised. It was not his habit to run on this way.

"I guess that's so," I said.

"And probably they won't mind our pitching our pup tents in that little pasture, and by George the stream runs right through it. And there's no reason you shouldn't turn Chesty out in the pasture. There don't seem to be any cows in it. By George, David, it seems to me we're in luck."

"I believe we are," I said.

He looked at me a little uneasily, but surprising nothing unusual in my face, went on.

"Here, you take the horses, David, and I'll go and inquire."

I took the reins and Caldwell went up the geranium-bordered walk to the front porch. It was a nice old doorway with seats on either side the porch. The house was gentle with age, comfortably settled, and had the look of being at peace with the world after a long uneventful life.

I saw a neat little woman at the door and immediate conversation. The woman seemed to talk and gesticulate a good deal with Caldwell impatiently getting in a word now and then. I saw her point toward the barn and sweep her hand over the pasture and I assumed that everything was settled. But the talk continued. I loosened Chesty's girth and waited. I waited an interminable time. Finally Caldwell started toward the barn with the woman behind him. He beckoned to me as he turned the corner of the house and I followed, somewhat puzzled, with the horses.

This aggressive, commanding rôle was something new for Caldwell. Though the origin and motivating force of all our trips had been his, he had silently left all the ordering of them to me. By unspoken agreement I had always bought the food and picked our camp sites. He had deferred to my judgment on every point, surprisingly at first, since he was so much the older.

I joined them at the barn and found them gesticulating at two large box stalls. Caldwell introduced me to Mrs. Jones as if he had known her all his life.

"My young friend, Mr. David Martin," he said.

Mrs. Jones was as garrulous as, on the doorstep, she had promised. She was the sort of woman who should have peculiarly annoyed Caldwell and reduced him to monosyllables, yet he took as active a part in the talk as she would allow.

"You see sence my daughter went it ain't ben the same at all," she was saying. "Got merried a year ago, she did, an' she's got a big healthy boy of her own. A big healthy boy she hes, not as big as my boy was, but he wasn't usual he was

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so big an' he aint usual yet, he's so big but he's quite a help to his old mother at that."

"I'm sure he is," said Caldwell. I saw no reason why Caldwell should be sure exclaimed, "ye'll pay for it with the rheumatism. While there's a roof over my head I guess I can give my guests proper rooms."

When the time came for terms her

She looked an instant over her shoulder and smiled at me.—Page 408.

of such a thing and, altogether, I began to be bored with the whole proceeding. It ended by our going back to the house and being installed in her daughter's former room. I protested at this, especially when I observed that there was only one bed, but Mrs. Jones would not hear of our pitching tents in the night air. I explained that such was our habit.

"When ye'r my age, Mr. David," she solicitude became more comprehensible. The figures were nearly those of a first-class hotel. Caldwell agreed instantly. Mrs. Jones explained that her house was well-known to motorists, and this led us down another interminable road of talk. It was only the simultaneous arrival of Mr. Jones and the boy and the boiling over of the "kebbage" that terminated it at all.

Mr. Jones was a pathetic, subdued

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little man. The years he had spent with Mrs. Jones showed in every flicker of his look and every silent, haunted move of his demeanor. He had a nervous habit of hunching his shoulders together and edging away from her. His monosyllables, drawn from him reluctantly by her insistence, broke long intervals of silence, otherwise punctuated only by sighs. I felt sorry for Mr. Jones.

But the boy actively annoyed me. He was a great ox of a boy, about eighteen, with bushy red, unbrushed hair, crimson face, heavy lips, and great bovine blue eyes. His rebellion against his mother was aggressive and boorish. At supper he ate incredible quantities of food in an abandoned manner and spoke inarticulately from a replete mouth. I could see that Caldwell shared my feeling.

After supper the boy engaged his mother in a quarrel of some sort in the kitchen, while Mr. Jones slunk off to the barn. Caldwell and I were left together on the porch.

Caldwell's briskness and talk had departed and he had sunk into a silence from which it was difficult to rouse him. For the first time in our friendship there seemed to have come some sort of break between us. It was the kind of thing not unusual among men who tire of each other through the enforced intimacy of camping, but between us it was unique in our experience.

Finally I gave up talking and we lapsed far apart into our own abysses of thought. My own thought drifted back over the day and stopped awhile at the little incident of the stream side when Bay's back went wrong. Sharp against the green background came the figure of the girl standing in the brook. Every line of her was as clear as it had been when I looked back to thank her. Her smile and the color and light of her face were indelibly in my mind. It is strange how an instant pose, an instant expression, the reflection of a whim or thought so flashing, so momentary that it seems almost to have no real existence, can become photographed almost for eternity on the quick-moving film of consciousness to come back again and again at incongruous moments. Today I can see the whole of it as I saw it then.

But what seems more strange is that such a picture could have so stirred the fancy of my youth. Perhaps it was the weeks of simple living so divorced from the complex and purposed motion of my city life that prepared the background of my romancing. At any rate, as I sat there on the Jones's porch I conjured scenes so incongruous that I blush now to think of my absorbed seriousness. I suppose there was something rather warm and beautiful about these boyish images, despite, or perhaps by virtue of their absurdity; I know that I can nowise recall them, nor would I, if I could, set them down.

Caldwell's interruption, when it came, was merely a long and profound sigh. Then he got up, said something about bed and went up the stairs without waiting for me.

Caldwell's sleep when I joined him in bed was highly uncomfortable to me. He tossed about in an abandoned way, flinging his arms, waking at frequent intervals and saying irrelevant things. Eventually I could stand it no longer, got out of bed and with a slicker and blanket, found my way to the cool, damp pasture. There under a sky wonderful and complicated with stars, my weariness numbed me into a sleep that carried me well into daylight.

I woke to find the big boy standing over me and laughing. I woke slowly to great irritation which roused him to greater delight. He roared till the hills sent back the sound. It seemed he would never be done with it. He slapped his great thigh and tears rolled out of his blue cow eyes and his fat stomach shook like jelly.

I don't doubt I presented a foolish spectacle, coming slowly to angry consciousness and unrolling myself out of the complexity of my blankets, but his mirth was so unseemly and so raucous that I grew red and hot with rage. I jumped to my feet with my fists clenched, and if Mrs. Jones had not at the moment intervened, I should probably have said and done unwise things.

She scolded the boy for his laughter and sent him about his business. Then she turned and began scolding me for sleeping on the ground.

When I went back to the house, Cald-

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well had disappeared. I found his room in wretched disorder with bedclothes, shaving things and various equipment strewn about at frightful odds with his neat habits. He was off at six o'clock, Mrs. Jones explained. Without a word. Not even good morning. He was queer, wasn't he? Temperamental, you might say. She took a good deal of delight in the word, repeating it several times. Caldwell temperamental!

The morning dragged interminably. Mrs. Jones followed me to the stable and into the box stall and never stopped talking while I groomed Chesty and fussed over Bay's sore. Even the horses grew irritated with the flow of her talk and stamped their feet and swished their tails.

Caldwell came home at dinner time with a sheepish expression. He explained

The woman seemed to talk and gesticulate a good deal with Caldwell impatiently getting in a word now and then.—Page 408.

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shortly, talking to Mrs. Jones, that he had been to three villages looking for Bickmore's Gall Cure for Bay's back and none of the stores had ever heard of it. Imagine that! Never heard of Bickmore's? What did the farmers do when their horses got collar sores?

He said very little to me. The men did not come back to dinner. They took their lunches into the fields, Mrs. Jones said, and added a great deal of unnecessary explanation.

After dinner when we were sitting on the porch smoking our pipes and Mrs. Jones had blessedly occupied herself with the dishes in the backyard, an unexpected interruption came upon us. I saw Caldwell rouse suddenly from his silent depths.

"There's Annie," he said to himself.

"Annie?" I said, sharply.

"What? Oh, just that girl. Her name's Annie, Mrs. Jones told me."

I divined that Mrs. Jones had also informed on Caldwell, for when the girl arrived at the porch she said:

"Howde, Mr. Caldwell!" and turning to me, simply "Morning."

She was quite altered in all except the essential beauty of her face and poise. Her hair was coiled under a straw shade hat, her dress was green with embroidery about a collar open on her brown throat and she wore tan shoes and stockings. There was a suppressed mischief of laughter in her eyes.

"Is Mrs. Jones in?" she said.

"I think she's in the yard, isn't she David?" said Caldwell. I glared at him and went back to find her.

She stopped her washing and began to dry her hands saying she'd be right along. I went through the house again to the porch but something stopped me before I got there.

"If you hadn't of been so set on using that there royal coachman," the girl was saying, "you'd of got him yourself, Mr. Caldwell."

"Well," Caldwell answered, "that's the only fly I ever had any luck with."

"That's all right but you got to pick your time. Nobody ever caught a trout round here on a royal coachman on a morning like this. Now, if you'd a used a brown hackle . . ."

Mrs. Jones came through the hall with much bustle and talking to herself, and Caldwell raised his voice suddenly.

"Well it's a fine day, anyway," he said.

The girl said, "Morning, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones and Joseph ain't home to dinner?"

"Not to-day, Annie. They took their lunches into the fields. Joe'll be sorry to miss yer."

"Oh, I only came with a message from Dad. He says two of Mr. Jones's cows has broke through into his pasture."

And having delivered her message she turned abruptly and walked down the path whither Mrs. Jones, seeing an opportunity for elaborate explanation, followed her. She addressed no other syllable to Caldwell or to me. We sat silent a moment and then I got up, my mind complicated by questions.

"You might exercise Chesty," said Caldwell.

"I was thinking I might unless you——"

"Oh, no, I couldn't. It wouldn't be good for him to change riders now. I'll stay around here."

I rode all that afternoon, content to be alone. I broke away from the road soon and went gently along through the woods on a little path that followed the stream. Chesty's feet made pleasant soft sounds, the stream talked along in its monotone and I fell into a deep revery. I do not know where I went nor how long, but I think the horse must have turned when he felt that we had gone far enough, for when I came out of the absorption of my thought, I found myself with the stream on my left at just the place we had stopped the day before when Caldwell had found Bay's sore. It seemed as if an infinity of life had passed between. And then, suddenly, through the leaves I saw Annie. She was deep in the stream with her dress tucked up and the water over her knees. She held a steel fly-rod in her hand and cast at intervals up-stream with graceful and practiced movement, snapping out the line and flicking the fly so lightly that I could not see it touch the water. I stood a moment thrilled by her dexterity and held again by the beauty of her absorbed face.

Not till I had tied Chesty by the roadside and stolen through the brush to the

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stream side did she know of my presence. Then she looked up without surprise, put a finger to her lips and went on with her casting. I stood silent, watching her. I think I might have stood hours thus and not tired of it. There is something fascinating to me always about the motions of casting with the whirr of the line through the air and the straight drop of the fly to the transparent water; the sudden flick away, with the line disappearing behind, only to come again from nowhere and drop further without a ripple. But about Annie's casting there was more than these. There was something mythical in her poised, straight young figure, something that might vanish like a dryad from my sight and leave me alone with the dark trees and the talking stream.

Yet after a timeless interval she wearied and reeled in the line.

"It's no good," she said. "You try."

She moved out of the water without seeming to disturb it.

I woke to find the big boy standing over me and laughing.—Page 410.

In a moment I had caught the fever and with the cold stream clamoring about my knees cast again and again into a little log-sheltered pool. I was conscious of the awkwardness of my casting after her swift grace. Yet strangely there was reward for my clumsiness that had eluded her skill. In a second she was leaping up the stream after the fish that had caught my hook. Before I knew it she had plunged in and landed in her net a long flashing trout.

"Look!" she shouted running down through the water toward me. "It's a

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regular whale! It's the biggest trout in the world!"

She came up to me with her hand over the struggling fish. She was laughing with joy like a child, and splashing the water with her feet. I reached for the fish and then suddenly she slipped and reached for my shoulder for support. I swung my arm round her to keep her from falling and held her an instant while she gained her footing on the slippery stones.

And then, somehow, the fish flopped out of the net and off the hook. I hardly noticed that it was gone. I was conscious only of holding her there in the stream.

"Oh, oh!" she cried struggling away from me. "Let me go! Oh, he's gone! You've lost him! You've lost your trout!"

She stood facing me, her body rigid and anger and tears in her eyes!

"You let him go!" she kept crying.

No doubt I looked very stupid and futile standing there with my rod in my hand, and the line drifted down stream.

"You don't care," she said.

"I guess I'm not much of a fisherman."

She must have seen something in my face then for she reddened and looked down. Then she turned her back and walked slowly up against the current.

"Don't go," I said, and remembered the day before when she had looked so. The freedom had gone from her body and something of her grace as she walked through the water, splashing now, carelessly.

She looked back. She was still blushing deeply and there was a sort of hurt anger in her eyes.

"Your line will get tangled," she said.

I turned and saw that it had caught in a stump. By the time I had recovered it she had come out of the stream and was carrying her shoes and stockings behind a clump of bushes.

When she came back she was laughing as if the whole incident had been forgotten. She ran up to the horse and began petting him.

"Can I ride him," she cried. "My, you were funny with that trout. Can I ride him?"

She was laughing and teasing at once like a child when two thoughts are crowding each other in its mind.

"Do you know how to ride?"

"Sure I can ride."

In an instant she was off down the road with Chesty at a surprised gallop. She rode as she did everything else, supple, relaxed, and beautifully balanced. I sat down and waited for her, slowly drawing on my socks and winding my puttees. I don't know how long I waited, but I know that an uncounted multitude of high-colored thoughts flooded my mind. I think in that little interval I had evolved the most fanciful visions that ever tricked a human brain not definitely delirious. It is pleasant enough now to laugh at them. I thought, for instance, of Annie in New York in strange clothes, dancing. . . . I was young then and my fancy moved, sometimes, out of the confining streets of reason and experience.

When Annie came back, she said:

"I met your friend."

"Caldwell?" I said in sudden tumult.

She laughed in her musical way. I imagine, really, that it was just a country girl's laugh.

We stayed that night, and the next day when there was hardly a remnant of Bay's sore, Caldwell could not bring himself to leave.

"I'm getting to like these people," he said.

He did not mention Annie. I don't think Caldwell has ever mentioned Annie. He talked a good deal that day about the Joneses and said the boy Joe would be better for a spanking. I remember becoming controversial when he said that and, by some curious trick of perversity, taking Joe's part. I remember getting so earnest about it that I came finally to a rather kindly feeling for the boy.

Caldwell and I were at odds about everything that day. We disputed about Bay's sore and about Bickmore's Gall Cure, and about the price per pound for oats and a dozen other trifles on which we habitually agreed. In the afternoon we separated again, Caldwell setting out on foot and I on horseback in opposite directions.

I had a long, lonely ride, beset with many thoughts. I searched the stream for Annie but she was nowhere. I remembered unhappily that I did not even know where she lived or even her name.

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I knew nothing about her. I reasoned with myself with hard words, talking aloud a good deal and to my horse sometimes; saying I know not what absurdities. If horses by some miracle came gifted sometime with the human gifts of speech and malice there would be strange revelations of their masters. For they are often enough confessors in those seasons of fever which attack strong and sensible men without their will.

"Let me go! Oh, he's gone! You've lost your trout!"—Page 414.

I found Caldwell, on my return, in a wretched state of nerves. He said nothing at supper, but glared at the boy who paid no attention to him, and turned away Mrs. Jones's pleasantries with abrupt yes and no. I tried to keep a pleasant balance, and to save Caldwell I drew down upon myself a bombardment of garrulousness.

After supper Caldwell announced that he was going to walk.

"Do we start to-morrow?" I said.

"Yes. At dawn."

I made no move to walk with him. I should almost have liked his company this night. I should have liked to talk of commonplaces in our old easy-going way.

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But I saw he needed no companion. He strode off and was lost down the road.

When the moon came up I made an excuse to Mrs. Jones and wandered down to the stream. I followed it with my eyes on the ground and a half-consciousness of the beauty of the moon shadows in the woods. I think now that I have never since known so soft and fine a night with the uncertain light playing in the water and the night creatures tuning into their symphony.

I had sat a long time on the stream bank at the place where we had fished, thinking back over the little incidents that had played themselves there. And what manner of other things I do not, and have no wish to, remember. I looked up at a sound and saw Annie moving down the road with the moon full on her face. Her face was transformed in the light; all the child-look gone yet a frightened eagerness in her eyes.

A torrent of thoughts ran through me and I moved to speak to her. As I turned I heard steps running down the road and a large figure, dark against the pale east sky, came up to her. In an instant she was in his arms and he was kissing her and crushing her in an uncontrolled way while she clung to him with her arms about his neck, her whole being absorbed in the instant's passion. The universe whirled before me and the stars burst like rain out of the sky and the dark crashed in on me and left me trembling.

There was a short, sharp cry from the woods opposite. The two on the road fell apart an instant, then joined hands and ran down the road. I looked across to the dark bit of woods whence the cry had come and saw Caldwell's figure against the darker trees. He saw me at the same time and came to join me.

"Did you see?" he said.

"Yes."

He laughed then, a little sound in the back of his throat.

I said, because I felt I must say something, "It was Joe, wasn't it?"

But Caldwell did not answer.

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# The Tired Woman

BY HELEN CHOATE

Up against my body
Pain has pressed its edges;
Between my thoughts are driven
Words cruel as wedges;

Ecstasy has fashioned
Sword-points inhuman
To torture and trouble
The heart of a woman.

And these wounds shall some day
Make splendid scars to wear,
But now life is pressing
Too sharp for me to bear;

Now the truth naked
Is pain to my seeing:
I am a tired,
Sick, and broken being.

Keep me from keen words;
Let harsh fact be bent
Into pliant fantasy
And tender compliment.

Let my foot be shodden
In a silken sandal;
Give my bruised fingers
Smooth things to handle.

Let not Beauty
Loom stark upon me,
Make vague the poignancies
That have undone me.

Dearest and comforter,
Till I find healing
Soften me the edges
Of thinking and feeling.

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# Sir William Osler and the Thirteen Pensioners of Ewelme

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

WHEN Sir William Osler, having achieved the highest honors in the medical world, accepted the Regius Professorship of Medicine, at Oxford, the most honored post in medicine that the United Kingdom can offer, he became master of the almshouse in which dwelt the thirteen aged pensioners of Ewelme. And among all who mourned the passing of the man who had so richly contributed to the academic and scientific world, no individual group more truly grieved for the departure of a friend and benefactor than did these thirteen inmates of the historic almshouse, which for three centuries has been linked with the famous Oxford professorship.

It was a special privilege to visit Ewelme last summer in company with Lady Osler, who is regarded by the villagers in this picturesque spot as "Lady Bountiful," she having endeavored in every way in her power to supplement her husband's work for the betterment of the village folk as well as the old pensioners.

The motor trip of fifteen miles through the lovely country outside of Oxford included glimpses of several quaint English towns: Nuneham, famed for its splendid park, to which Hawthorne paid an enthusiastic tribute; Dorchester, with its historic abbey; and Benson, with its Saxon traditions and interesting church; the drive ended at the picturesque hillside on which is perched the ancient church of Ewelme, which has stood guard upon this slope for nigh five hundred years, having escaped the ravages of the Puritans through the efforts of a native son of Ewelme, an officer in the Parliamentary forces, who was able to protect the fine old edifice.

Close by the church cluster the buildings of the rectory and almshouse, while just below is situated the school, which formed part of the original endowment. A short walk up the thickly wooded slope brought one on this especial summer day into a centre of activity. A village fête was taking place, and tables were spread under the trees, covered with articles for sale, most of them being the handiwork, flowers, and garden products of the little community. From an adjacent porch, where stood the rector of the church, Lady Osler "opened the bazaar," making a brief address expressive of her interest in the villagers, to whom she gave a cordial invitation to visit her home at Oxford. After a survey of the tables, the children's sports, and other features, tea was partaken of under the trees, and then the visitors wandered back through the garden that climbed the hillside to the quaint almshouse.

This institution, which, since its foundation in 1437, has always been the home of thirteen aged pensioners, is without doubt one of the most unique in England, and it is probable that no other almshouse in the world can rival it in picturesqueness or in historic associations.

The story of its origin, and that of the adjoining buildings, reads like a fairy-tale, beginning:

"Once upon a time there lived a lovely Princess, whose name was Alice. She lived a long and useful life, which was replete with action and romance. She had two husbands, who were in turn linked with the most stirring events in England; and she herself played no small part in the political life of her day. She was the granddaughter of the first great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, and dwelt in a magnificent manor-house at Ewelme Park. She, with her second husband, William de la Pole, built the church where she now lies buried in an alabaster tomb,



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which is unsurpassed in beauty by any similar monument in England. It bears the following inscription:

"'Pray for the soul of the most serene Princess Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, patron of this church and first foundress of this Almshouse, who died the 20th day of May in the year 1475.'"

The statutes of the almshouse, as drawn up by the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, remain among the treasured documents of this institution. They were written on vellum, and devised to meet all possible contingencies which might arise, with elaborate directions for future management of the home, including plans for daily religious services. The only injunction laid upon the almsmen was that they should properly conduct themselves, and that they should, once each year, "pray for the soul of Duchess Alice."

For nearly five centuries this quaint almshouse has sheltered its thirteen pensioners, and still the good work goes on, with an unbroken procession of aged incumbents, who have dwelt peacefully in their rooms about the quadrangle, looking out on the picturesque brick courtyard, from the centre of which their water-supply is pumped. Not alone are old men admitted to this home, but in case one of the almsmen has a wife, she also is allowed to dwell there with him.

From the clear, sparkling water that gushes from the hillside, close by the church, the village has derived its name "Ewelme," which is said to mean a "spring," or "source of a river." This stream runs through the village and on to the adjacent towns. It may be seen as one approaches Ewelme, flowing along at the right of the road, in place of any sidewalk, and held in bounds by a stone border. Thus it glides on past many gateways, from which emerge small rustic bridges, across which householders must step in order to reach the street. And the innumerable cress-beds that skirt the stream furnish the leading industry of Ewelme, which sends its water-cress all over England.

From the first master of the almshouse, Sir John Seynesbury, who was installed in 1442, one may scan the long list of masters until one reaches the date 1904, and the name of Sir William Osler, whose ministrations for the almsmen were manifold, and whose memory is dearly prized by all at Ewelme.

It was in 1603 that King James I annexed the mastership of Ewelme to the regius professorship at Oxford, thereby increasing the income of the professorship, which was deemed very meagre, and this arrangement has been continued up to the present time.

Therefore it was that with the acceptance of this chair Sir William became the guardian of the thirteen pensioners. And straightway, with his characteristic energy and love of proper sanitation, he set about improving the primitive conditions of the buildings where they dwelt.

From the western door of the church a covered passage leads to the entrance of the almshouse, and just above and looking down on the old structure are the rooms reserved for the master. In these Sir William and Lady Osler spent many happy days in quiet and seclusion, meanwhile contributing to the welfare of the old pensioners.

A flight of steps descends into the ancient quadrangle, around which runs a cloister, open upon the inner side and fringed with boxes of bright geraniums; this cloister is paved with brick and roofed with ancient timber, the barge-boards of the gables on each of the four sides being richly carved. The doors of the almsmen's dwellings open upon this cloister, the front walls being constructed of brick and timber in a herring-bone pattern. Each of the thirteen pensioners has two rooms, with an allowance of twelve shillings a week; a doctor and nurse being provided in case of illness. (The trained nurse who presides over this masculine household lives in a picturesque stone cottage close by.) The almsmen are allowed to purchase their own food if they desire to do so, and may prepare it as they like, each one in his small individual home. This plan gives each a sense of personal freedom unusual in such institutions.

Pre-eminent among the benefits conferred upon this place by Sir William Osler was the rescue and restoration of many priceless documents which had for years been locked up in an antiquated safe, where they had become saturated with dampness and covered with mould.

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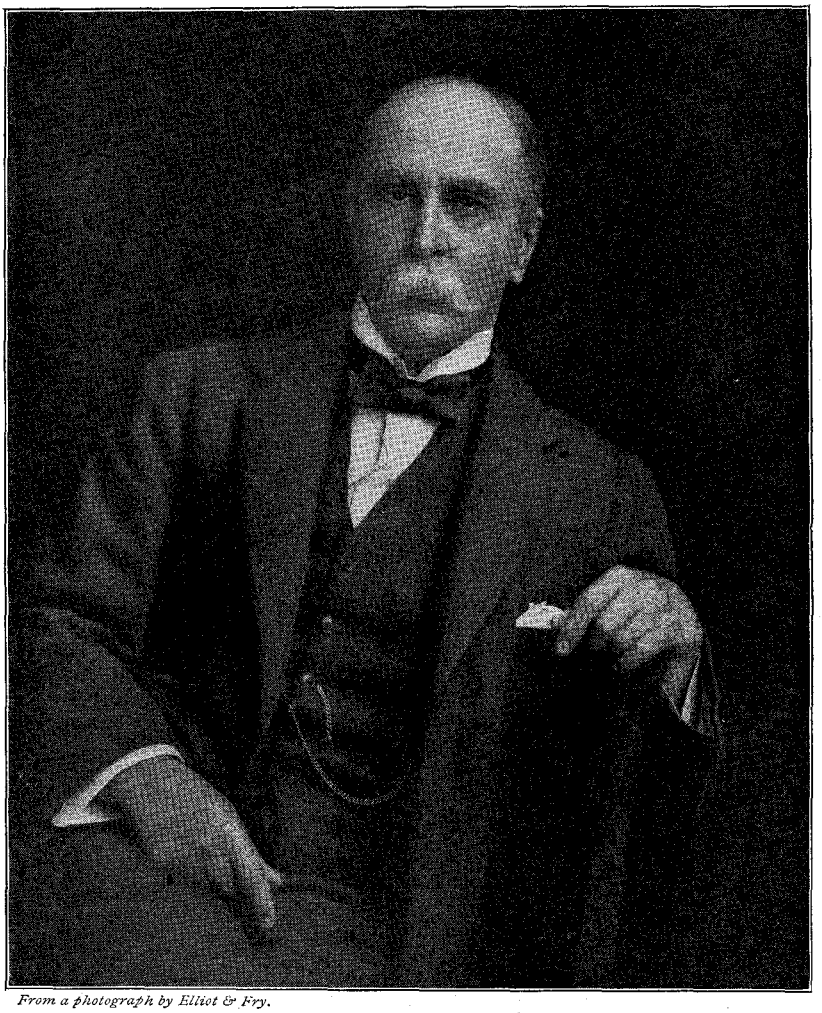
These sadly neglected muniments, which were dripping with water when first extracted from the old safe, were spread out to dry, and then Sir William placed them in the hands of the best repairer and binder in Oxford, who was able to restore them to their present excellent condition. These documents consist of rent-rolls dating from the fifteenth century; grants of land, and other rare legal papers, besides many fine seals and royal signatures. They are now bound up in great volumes, properly protected from dampness, and are a source of vital interest to students of history and other visitors.

The rooms which were reserved for the occupancy of Sir William were by him fully furnished, so that at any time he could reside there, or at a moment's notice bring a friend to spend a day or so and taste this simple life in which he so delighted. It is remembered that his keen enjoyment of this primitive existence was not shared by his faithful butler, who was apt to accompany him, and who when asked "if he did not like Ewelme" replied with injured dignity: "No, sir. Historic interest is well enough, but I prefers modern life."



*From a photograph by Elliot & Fry.*

Sir William Osler.

Of even greater value than his contri-

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bution to the material comfort of the old pensioners was the master's personal influence among them and his success in bringing up the morale of the institution. Before his coming they were considered a gloomy company, but with his visits and personal interest new life and cheer entered into the place, and since 1905 the atmosphere of the cloister has undergone a most surprising change. Sir William found that the men had become lax in their attendance at daily prayers in the chapel built for that purpose, and so he summoned them into his presence, presiding over them in solemn dignity arrayed in his university cap and gown. He then proceeded to administer good advice, suggesting that they were not sufficiently grateful for their blessings or they would be glad to give daily thanks for them; and in this connection he asked the bishop of Oxford to write a special prayer to be used at the service, which took place each morning at ten o'clock. This prayer, which is now said daily, voices the almsmen's thankfulness for benefits enjoyed, as well as gratitude toward the founder, Duchess Alice. It is an interesting fact that since this custom has been revived the spirit of the place has been transformed from one of general dissatisfaction to one of grateful appreciation.

The cottage of the trained nurse, close by the almshouse at Ewelme.

The beauty of the old church with its notable monuments, and royal associations, and the quaint old almshouse with its thirteen pensioners, must remain a joy to all appreciative visitors; and as they study the ancient buildings and peruse the precious documents they may at the same time learn more of the thirty-second master of the almshouse, whose mastership will ever be gratefully remembered.

Sir William Osler's benefactions apart from his contributions to science and medicine were manifold. He had lived in three countries, benefiting all, and was honored and beloved by all; he was sought from far and wide not only because of his wisdom and great knowledge of medicine but because of his generosity, sympathy, and personal charm. Born in the Province of Ontario, Canada, in 1849, he was graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, in 1868, and took his medical degree four years later at McGill University, where, after two years' study abroad, he was appointed professor of medicine; then followed ten years of active scientific work, at the end of which period he was called to the University of Pennsylvania. Five years later the newly established Johns Hopkins School of Medicine offered him the chair which he retained for fifteen years; and it was during this period that by his writing and teaching he came to be recognized as the most

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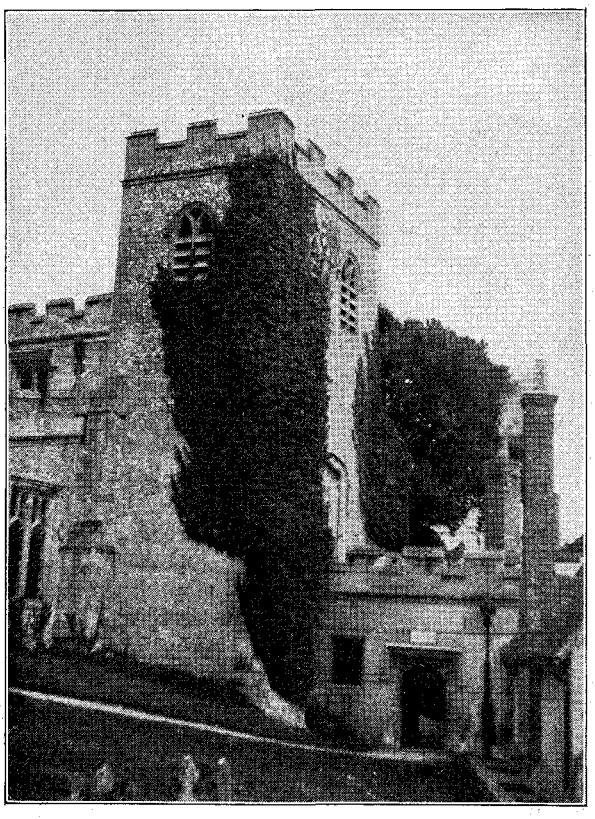
eminent and widely influential physician of his time.

After refusing many other calls he finally accepted that much-coveted post, the Regius Professorship of Medicine at Oxford. He was at this time fifty-six years of age, and the next fifteen years represented even greater activity and more far-reaching influence than that attained at Baltimore.

He and Lady Osler made their beautiful home at Oxford a centre of unbounded hospitality, which was of inestimable value both to undergraduates and to medical men from all parts of the world. Such generous hospitality caused the playful term, "The Open Arms," to be given to this home, the portals of which were during the war even more widely thrown open, hospitality of the table being extended to some fifteen hundred persons in the course of one year.

Sir William rejoiced in the atmosphere of the ancient seat of learning, and became absorbed in many activities there outside of the duties of his regius professorship. He took an important part in the administrative work of the university and of the Bodleian Library, where as curator he wrought many extensive changes; he was associated with the Clarendon Press, and became president of the Classical Association, an honor aspired to by all great scholars. Apart from his profession and literary labors, his hobby was "books," and he accumulated a great library, covering the whole history and field of medicine, from early parchments to the latest scientific works. He also collected every known edition of his lifelong favorite, the "Religio Medici," of Sir Thomas Browne, whose masterpiece he kept always by his bedside. In the indexing and classification of this library on a novel and original plan, Sir William had made considerable progress before his death, and he delighted to show his treasures to the appreciative. His incomparable medical library, with its elaborate catalogue, is destined for McGill University, where it will be sent as soon as the catalogue is completed by Doctor Francis, Sir William's nephew, who is now busily engaged upon this work.



The church at Ewelme.

After the death of his son Revere, who had already acquired a valuable collection of imprints of the Tudor and Stuart periods, Sir William and Lady Osler presented to Johns Hopkins this collection, greatly enlarged by Sir William's treasured books and manuscripts, to stand as a memorial of the great-grandson of Paul Revere, who sleeps under a wooden cross in Flanders.

Sir William's charm as a writer had much to do with his success as a teacher, and his bibliography covering a period of forty-nine years presents some seven hundred and thirty titles, including his collected essays and addresses.

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He was a delightful speaker who could grace any occasion, but his lighter sayings were sometimes misunderstood, or misinterpreted, as was the case in one instance, when, in delivering his farewell address to his devoted colleagues in Baltimore, he let fall a quotation from one of Trollope's little-known works, "The Fixed Period." The remark about "chloroform" for those of advanced age, in reality Trollope's, was seized upon by the press, and emphasized in a manner utterly unfair to Sir William, who would not have dreamed of offending his colleagues, most of whom were over sixty, an age that he himself was then approaching.

Sir William Osler's name should stand upon the honor-roll of those who gave their lives in the World War, for had he saved himself in any small degree during those strenuous days, he might have carried on his ministrations for humanity many years longer. He was pre-eminently a man of peace. All his life he had hated strife, and striven to avert it in all directions, and for this reason he suffered more acutely, though from the outbreak of hostilities he threw himself into the heat of war activities. He served untiringly at the War Office, upon committees, and as senior consultant to the forces. Long railway journeys and the inspection of hospitals taxed his strength severely, but he carried on with unabated enthusiasm. He received a colonel's commission, and it was due to his influence that the United States, in 1915, sent volunteer units abroad to serve with the French and British units. And when, in 1917, his only son was killed while fighting with the artillery in Flanders, he but increased his labors, although it was a blow from which he never recovered. Early in October, 1919, he was taken ill after a long, cold motor-drive from the north, where he was held up by the railway strike, and from this illness he never rallied, passing away the following December.

A year before his death he received an offer from the two leading English political parties to stand as fusion candidate from Oxford for the seat in Parliament, but he refused on the ground that the seat should, in justice, be offered to Asquith.

As president of the Classical Association, a body of the most eminent British scholars, he made his last and perhaps most notable address in May, 1919, on "The Old Humanities and the New Science," in which he made a brilliant plea for "no human letters without natural science, and no science without letters."

He was a great doctor, a great scientist, and a great benefactor, but, above all, he was a great personality, with the power of giving something precious to every one with whom he came in contact. They had life more abundantly for knowing him.

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# I Grieve for Beauty Wasted

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Always I am mourning
The far-off, unseen places,
I, who gather beauty
As April gathers rains;
Always I am thinking
Of colored, wind-swept spaces,
And the radiant silence
Of unpeopled plains.

I grieve for beauty wasted—
Is there no way to keep it?
God, hold it for a lover
Of sky and wind and flower,
And then some autumn twilight
God—let him come and reap it—
A million years of splendor
In one breathless hour.

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# The Walls of the Past

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING
Author of "What Am I?" "What Shall I Believe?" etc.

ONE of my friends is an eminent psychologist. He has published any number of articles, several books, and is a professor in one of our leading American universities. He is interested in the study of human conduct. So am I. We are both fond of argument and discussion, not only for "the fun of the thing," but also as one of many means of getting at the truth. What we argue about is, however, not problems of international politics, nor the merits and demerits of socialism, but questions in the field of science, philosophy, and, especially, psychology.

On many questions our arguments and discussions disclose the fact that we agree; on some questions we find that we do not as yet agree, though in time we may; but on one question our disagreement is persistent. That question interests each of us extremely; indeed, the answer to it is fundamental to each of our philosophical and psychological points of view.

The question on which we do not agree, and perhaps never shall, concerns the problem as to what is involved in the very process of argument itself. As regards this my friend and I start with different points of view, different convictions, different conclusions that we have reached as a result of training, study, and investigation. My friend tries by his argument, which he assumes to be, as an argument, logical, to convert me to his position, and accordingly to compel me logically to give up my own position. I likewise endeavor to turn him from what I regard as the error of his way, and to make him see things as I see them.

The interesting problem in the situation is this: My friend as a psychologist maintains that psychology is a science, and accordingly he accepts that which is regarded by many as the fundamental principle or highest common factor of all science, namely, determinism. That is, he accepts the current and dominant scientific point of view, that in nature there is no such thing as chance, but that whatever occurs must occur, just exactly as it does occur, because of preceding causes; that wherever and whenever the same cause operates under the same conditions, the same effect not only does, but must occur; that if precisely the same causes and conditions never recur, but only similar and at least slightly different and new congeries of causes and conditions, then there is a cause for these differences. This view was first intuited by the Greeks, then lost sight of during the Middle Ages, only to be revived, however, with the new birth of science in the work of such pioneers as Leonardo, Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

My friend carries out this view, or endeavors consistently to carry it out in his psychology. For him man is part of nature—in fact, there is nothing that is not part of nature. Therefore, man is no exception to the principle of scientific determinism. Each individual is what he now is because of the multiplicity of lines of causes and effects that recede indefinitely far into the past, but that also, as they come forward, converge in and upon the individual as upon a point. Those lines can perhaps, for convenience' sake at least, be grouped as two, namely, those of heredity and those of environment, including under this last term physical, organic, and social conditions, facts, and causes. My friend, as a psychologist, is, of course, interested primarily in a very special set of lines. As he argues with me he calls them, for brevity's sake, ideas. Thinking—and he certainly would have me *think* when he tries to convince me—is for him wholly a matter of the association of ideas. When I think, he maintains, one idea follows another because the two ideas have been contiguous



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in past experience, that is, because they have occurred together in time or place or because they have a core of similarity contiguous to their differences. One idea, therefore, recalls another as a cause produces an effect. What specific idea I have is, of course, entirely the result of two general sets of causes and conditions. My own inherited capacity at birth is one cause. I am a man and not a tree. So my native brain capacity, or my inborn intelligence, is different from the capacity of a tree to respond to stimuli. It is a specifically human cause or condition. But I am also an individual, born with an individual capacity and intelligence that are specifically different from those of all other human individuals.

The other cause or set of causes is the physical, organic, and social environment into which I, as a specifically individual capacity and intelligence, was ushered some forty odd years ago. The fact that I was not born in India or China, nor at the North or South Pole, but in America, accounts for much. Also the fact that I did not first see the light of day in the time of Pericles nor in the thirteenth century explains a good deal. I was surrounded, when I came upon the scene and first opened my eyes, by mountains and valleys, woods and fields, and by a society that consisted of the descendants of the Puritans. This was my early environment. Since my childhood and boyhood days other environments have, it so happens, also produced their effect on me, but on a "me" that was originally a product of New England both by heredity and environment. That "me" I have, however, never outgrown. It was upon it that later forces operated only to form as a resultant a combination product of themselves with what an earlier environment and an original heredity had already made me.

According to my friend's philosophy and psychology, then, when I think, not only is the appearance of one idea the effect of another, a preceding idea, as cause, but also the very linkage itself between ideas, as well as the ideas that are linked, is the causal product of the multifarious factors of a physical, organic, and social environment that have acted on the inborn and acquired capacity and intelligence that are "me."

Here, then, are two walls of the past that I cannot scale, heredity and environment. Both walls have been long in the making. They are broad and they are high. Within them I am enclosed. Beyond them I cannot see. Perhaps, indeed, they are as but one wall. For, just as the rocks and the fields, the mountains and the valleys, of my early environment were not matters of chance, but the effect of various series of causes receding indefinitely far into the past, so also were the inherited capacity and intelligence with which I entered the world but the causal product of a specific complex of those organic forces that make up and that have produced the realm of living beings. So also are the traditions, the body of customs, the habits, the funded knowledge, the beliefs and practices and institutions, that, taken together, form the social environment in which I was born, a completely determined causal effect.

This in brief is my friend's philosophy, this his psychology. And most of his friends among the psychologists and scientists share this philosophy with him. Such a view is, indeed, quite in accord with the dominant scientific point of view of the present day.

Now it is of the correctness of this position that my friend tries to convince me, by a rigorous logical argument—a "me" that he would analyze and explain in accordance with the psychology that I have just indicated—a "me" that is, therefore, by his own philosophy but a poor helpless mortal, the defenseless product of various converging causal lines of forces that diverge ever more widely as they extend ever more remotely into the far distant past.

There would be no occasion, however, for my friend's either wishing or endeavoring to convince me, if there were no disagreement between us. But disagreement there is. Somewhere, somehow, the walls can be scaled, I argue against him. So my friend, interested in the truth, and holding the opposite position, endeavors to turn me from the error of my way. He endeavors to demonstrate —logically, and not psychologically—the correctness of his position, and to get me to think and to reason quite as he does; and not as I not only do think, but also

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as, by his own philosophy, I cannot help thinking.

Here, then, is the rub, here the issue. It is the problem as to whether I can scale the walls of my own past or not, and, if I can, how? By my friend's philosophy, whatever I think, I *must* think. So, since I think differently from what he does, I ask: Why should he not accept the inevitable, and cease trying to convert me to another way of thinking? Also, since he does try to convert me, I ask: Is this no real trying on his part, but only an inevitable effect of antecedent causes operating first in himself and then on me, so that my conversion, should it occur, would itself be only an inevitable effect in me of an inevitable effect in him, even though it be also a "right-about-face" from my own previous convictions? Or does my friend, as regards myself, presuppose that, although I may be a good deal of a machine in many ways, I nevertheless am not a machine in every way; that, although I have a past, I also have a present and a future that are more than the mere causal product of the past; that, although my body and brain present inherent limitations, I am also something more than body and brain; that, although much of my thinking is conditioned by or is identical with the association of ideas, I am nevertheless enough of an agent to *control* associations; that, whatever my habits have been up to the present, I nevertheless can now see, counter to my habitual convictions, the logical cogency of his argument, and thus reach a conclusion which I have never reached before—a conclusion which, if I were alone in the world, would be an absolutely new thing; that, accordingly, I am not a mere passive recipient, a "blank tablet," a helpless link in a causal chain, but an agent, an initiator, a creator? Does not my friend presuppose, logically, all this when he endeavors to have me "right-about-face" in my way of thinking? And does he not also, as regards himself, in his effort and his endeavor, presuppose that he is really trying to change the course of events, that his endeavor may count for something, and that he himself is a real agent who possibly can make things different from what they were—this by intelligence, by reasoning, by thinking? Does he not presuppose that he can scale the walls of my lamentable past?

My only answer to these questions is "yes." But perhaps I give this answer because for me the logic of a situation is as much a fact as is any other aspect of a situation a fact. The area of a triangle is a fact, but not a logical fact. But if the triangle is plane, and has two sides equal, it is by virtue of the fact of logical necessity or the logical fact of implication that the two opposite angles are equal. Equal sides *imply* equal angles and conversely. It would also seem to be logically impossible for the "two opposite angles" to be both equal and unequal at the same time. Even a triangle cannot "blow both hot and cold."

No more can a man. If one is a determinist in his theoretical psychology, then logic demands that he should, if possible, be consistent with that psychology in the concrete psychological situation of trying to convince another mind of the correctness of that psychology. Consistency would demand, then, either that one recognize that this other mind cannot be changed, since its nature is determined by preceding causes of heredity and environment, in which case the effort to change it is useless; or that, if it is changed, this comes to pass because it is causally made to change by an argument proceeding from another mind which is in turn determined. To grant, either tacitly or explicitly, that that other mind can escape its own past and be convinced by the *logic* of an argument, is both inconsistent and dangerous. Either there is determinism to the limit on both sides of an argument, which then becomes conflict and not reason, or there is an exception at one point or another, and then "the jig is up"! An inch is as good as an ell, and one exception as good as a million. And, as I view the matter, "the jig is up" when my friend tries to *convince me by reasoning* —by logic. For he therewith presupposes either that he himself is a real rational agent in the sense of changing the course of events from what the past would otherwise make it, or that I can go counter to my past and be convinced, or both. Four possibilities in all. Either we are both agents in this sense, or neither is an agent, or he is an agent and I am not, or I



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am and he is not. It is a case of three to one against determinism—by the laws of chance.

I hold, then, that my friend is in the awful dilemma of being forced to be either consistent or inconsistent. If he is consistent, it must be either with his theoretical determinism or with his practical indeterminism; if he is inconsistent, it is inconsistency either with determinism or with indeterminism. But if he is consistent with his determinism, he should not try to convince me, while if he is consistent with the indeterminism which he presupposes in his effort to bring a "right-about-face" in my way of thinking, he can no longer consistently hold to his theoretical determinism. However, what he actually does is to attempt *both* to hold to his theoretical determinism *and* to convince me of the correctness of that theory. Such an attempt is, however, doomed to failure. It convicts my friend of rank inconsistency. His deterministic philosophy suffers complete shipwreck. Inconsistencies are, however, sometimes readily avoided. Thus, in the case of triangles, one willingly admits that some triangles are isosceles and that some are not. Why not concede, also, in the case of men, that some acts are causally determined and that some are not? Then one can both maintain this principle and, consistently with it, endeavor to convince another mind of its correctness.

Thus it seems to me that my opponent must admit that, although much that I do and say and think is the product of a machine-like process, still I am undetermined enough in other respects to have the *logical* cogency of his argument convince me. At this point at least, I maintain, he grants that I am not the victim of the force of circumstances, but that I have a way of escaping from or perhaps even of controlling such forces, and that this way is by reason.

Nor do I think that my opponent gets the better of me if he argues that the fact that the logic of a situation appeals to me is but a special case of his own general principle, that what appeals must appeal, that what I do I must do. For this means that a long line of causes and effects, of things that "couldn't be otherwise," is finally broken in upon by something that *is otherwise*, namely, by something that "works" *not causally but logically*. The absolutely new does, after all, appear. Once upon a time living beings were not and seemingly could not be, yet the time came when living beings were. The "impossible became possible." At one time, also, there was no such thing as thinking; then later there was, and again there was something new. And not so long ago men did not think "evolution," but now at least most "thinking" men do, so that again there has been a genuine evolution in the sense of the appearance of something new.

The basic question at issue is this: Is the world in which we live and of which we are a part a completely predetermined sort of affair, or is it a world in which there are also novelties, creations, agencies, and initiations? I am convinced that the latter is the case, and that not only were reasoning and intelligence themselves new things, but also that they are now one means of initiating new courses of events, one means of creation. Indeed, reasoning must itself have been a novelty in the course of events, since the time was when reasoning was conspicuous by its absence, as it is now altogether too inconspicuous in its presence.

While I do not think, then, that my friend can consistently carry out and apply his philosophy to all things, I must nevertheless admit that he succeeds remarkably well with it as regards most things. There are many, indeed far many more things that are causally fixed and determined in this world than there are things that are not, and among these things is a good part of human conduct, both individual and social, and of the environment in which human nature is nurtured. Shut in we are on every side by walls that the past has erected, walls that are high and steep and strong, with at best only here and there an incline, a projecting stone, or a step by which to scale them.

Scale we cannot the barriers formed by our heritage either from the earth or from the organic world of which we are part. By the chemical elements and the physical forces which are the same in our bodies as they are in the surface and depths of the earth, and which are alike

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the product of the age-long processes of inorganic and organic evolution, there are erected walls that are impassable. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Nor am I any more able to escape the confines which the forces of organic evolution have set in the way of reflexes and instincts, emotions and sensations. I am an active being, I "behave"; but I act and behave through my reflexes and instincts, emotions and sensations, in reaction to and upon the forces of the environment which nature has furnished me—which are indeed nature herself. Those reflexes and instincts, emotions and sensations, are the product, through eons of time, of a set of causal factors that includes variation and natural selection, inheritance and the struggle for existence, as these forces have produced the multitudinous species of the beasts of the field and the forest, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea. Their reflexes and instincts, emotions and sensations, are mine, and mine are theirs. They are my brothers. Our heritage is one and the same. And that heritage is derived from the primal characteristics of the first living forms.

But organic evolution is two-dimensional. Not only do its lines extend indefinitely far back into the past, but as those lines have come forward, they have also diverged with infinite variety. Man is not only like his ancestors and his brothers through an inheritance which he cannot transcend, but he is also different, perhaps very different, from any other living being. He is different both in quality and degree, and for this reason his biological evolution has been supplemented by a social evolution.

Man is more intelligent than any other living being—a fact that could be established by submitting any would-be competitor to a sort of modern "intelligence test." He also has more instincts, though his instincts are less definite at birth, and in many cases slower to develop. Man is more capable of profiting by experience, of learning, thus to transform his inherited capacities into habits, and what man has learned is stowed away through all sorts of instrumentalities such as language, belief, religious bodies, government and law, economic orders, literature and science. All these form the great body of tradition and of custom into which every human being is born.

Among the many psychological characteristics of human beings there is the instinct to imitate, and the strong tendency to form habits, certain habits being themselves the product of this very instinct to imitate. Thus, for example, one does not inherit one's native language as one inherits the color of the eye, but language is, nevertheless, inherited. It is inherited psychologically through the process of the child imitating the sounds made by his parents and others about him, until the specific habit of speaking and of thinking in a certain way is formed. For, when one thinks, one tends to think in words.

It is thus that the new accomplishments of the parents as well as what they in turn psychologically inherited from their parents and other human beings, are inherited by the progeny. It is a psychological, and not a physiological inheritance. The results of the ability to learn, to profit by experience, to invent and discover, carried on from one generation to another, form a tradition, a body of customs and institutions. This tradition the individual inherits psychologically largely upon the basis of imitation.

Tradition, customs, institutions, and a psychological inheritance are thus superposed on or added to a strictly biological and physiological inheritance. Nor are the laws of the two inheritances the same, for while there is much evidence that biological inheritance conforms to the much-discussed Mendelian Law, it is doubtful whether psychological inheritance conforms to this law. The Mendelian Law is a law of the inheritance of independent pairs of mutually exclusive unit characters. Psychological inheritance is much more a matter of fusion with and accumulation from the past. But its effects on human conduct are no less profound than are the effects of physiological inheritance.

One cannot scale the walls which the past has erected in the case of that inherited bodily and mental equipment with which one is endowed by parents and ancestors. Reflexes and instincts,

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intelligence and emotional disposition are part of this equipment. But no more can one surmount those barriers that are present in the form of the traditions, the customs, and the institutions which are likewise the product of the past and which form the social environment into which one is born.

Those traditions, customs, and institutions are present in every aspect of common sense and every-day life, of religion and theology, of legal and political and economic organization, of philosophy and possibly of science, and together with the native endowment of intelligence, instincts and emotional disposition they form the entire equipment with which a new-born human being starts its career through life. What, however, is the effect of that traditional and customary body of belief, knowledge, and practice on the development of this native endowment? Is the effect not only to erect walls which the individual cannot scale, but also to bind the individual hand and foot? Or is there a way of escape?

The answer to this question involves the consideration of some of the more important factors in human psychology, more especially those that concern the instinct to imitate, the learning process, the emotion of fear and the feeling of dependence, the reliance upon authority, the mechanizations of habit, the association of ideas, the development of social patterns, the place in conduct of subconscious wishes and of compensatory and defense reactions, the rôle of "trial and error experimentation," and the effects on human conduct of imagination, invention, discovery, and reasoning. Yet the problem is simplified through the fact that some of these may be examined together.

An individual is born with the ability to learn, to profit by experience. This he does by responding to the stimuli that reach his organism through the forces that are present in his environment. But the ability to learn, to profit by experience, is always the ability to learn *something*, to acquire some specific mode of muscular action, as in walking and playing games, or some specific set of ideas. Learning has a content, and the content in the case of ideas is given by instruction and by imitation. But in both cases the result is essentially the same. The ideas, the content learned, the knowledge, are derived from the past. The common sense that the child acquires is the common sense that has been slowly accumulating for thousands, even hundreds of thousands of years, and that has become traditional. The religious and theological views which the child learns are the views of those by whom the child is nurtured. And the case is not different with legal, political, and economic ideas. The ideas of the tradition become the ideas of the child.

But as the content of traditional common sense, religion and theology, and of traditional economic and political views, is acquired by the child, through imitation and instruction, this content is stowed away. Its form becomes that of associated ideas, of sentiments consisting of the association of ideas and primary emotions, of habits mechanical and automatic in character. Ideas, points of view, modes of behavior are taken for granted. They are accepted without question. They become the very warp and woof of the individual's personality, sinking into unconsciousness yet retaining complete effectiveness. For it is one of the lessons of modern psychology that every idea has a motor effect. Every idea leads to action. If a hypnotized subject be given but one idea, that idea leads to action as inevitably as cause leads to effect. It is only when ideas are in conflict that action seems to cease. But the virtual energy of the ideas still continues.

This is but a very brief statement of a very important fact, yet it is sufficient as a preliminary to the recognition of a still more important fact as regards the question we are examining. This fact is that tradition, customs, racial habits, and conventional reactions pour into and indeed *make* the mind of the individual, through imitation and conventional instruction, so that they form a subconscious matrix which is as much the product of the past as are the inherited reflexes and instincts, emotions and intelligence.

Two forces in physics, if they bear upon a common point, give a resultant force that is found by constructing, first, a parallelogram, two sides of which represent the direction and magnitude of the

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two forces, and by then drawing a diagonal. The diagonal represents the resulting force. The two contributing forces are each in turn, in nature, the product of preceding contributing forces, and the resultant force is of a direction different from that of its components.

The case is not different with respect to tradition and native endowment as the two forces that make the human mind. Each force recedes into the past as a series of causes and effects. Each force converges upon a point that is an individual human being. *Indeed the mind is made;* it is causally produced. One may ask, whether, if the mind would endeavor to transcend itself, that very effort is itself anything more than another link in the chain of inevitable causes and effects which make the mind what it is.

The result is manifold. On the one hand, there results the subconscious mind as the complex of the deposits from the past, and as the organ of all disavowed and unrecognized wishes and motives. Yet ideas, conscious or unconscious, lead to action, conscious or unconscious. It follows, therefore, that tradition flows through the individual's subconsciousness to produce all sorts of attitudes, all sorts of compensatory and defense-reactions, all sorts of prejudices, all sorts of opinions, with no knowledge of their real character or source. There is, for example, fear in the presence of the novel and the compensatory reaction of leaning upon and of desiring authority in the field of religion and politics. There are such rationalized schemes of betterment as socialism, which are in part the outcome of the compensatory reaction that results from a subconscious sense of inferiority. There is the valuation of that which is a characteristic of the class to which one belongs as the expression of the unconscious wish to preserve one's own masterfulness. A further result is that groups of individuals are, without their knowledge, made into "crowds," so that there is an extensive if not a total loss of individuality and of initiative. Life, thought, action, motive, reasoning, are crystallized, fixed, and mechanized.

Now one may ask what there is of harm or evil in such a scheme of things. The answer is that there is no harm, if this is really the total and complete scheme. Indeed, provided this scheme represents the facts, one might better ask, whether this very question is not itself without meaning. But the questions arise: Is this the total and complete scheme of things? Is the psychologist correct in his view that human beings are the prisoners of their own past? My answer to both questions is "no," and accordingly my answer to my first question is, that the evil is not in such a scheme of things itself, but in regarding it as the complete scheme of things when as a matter of fact it is not.

Ideas have effects, wrong ideas as well as right ones, and I am willing to lay it down as a principle that the effect of wrong ideas is always harmful. Perhaps some one will question this, but if one does, then so much the better, for I shall then have made that person think, and thinking is a means of doing away with that which is erroneous, and therefore evil and harmful.

The real scheme of things is, I maintain, one that involves every now and then a break with the past. It is a scheme of things in which the new is produced, in which novelties occur and in which agencies act. This is shown both by logical demonstration and by an appeal to fact. Life once was not, and then it was; thinking has not always existed, but now, let us hope, it does exist; evolution has always been going on, but thinking about evolution has not. Evolution itself must, then, be of such a character that it allows thinking about it to appear when before such thinking was absent. It must be of such a character as to permit the new and the novel now and then to arise.

But one need not depend upon such logical arguments. There is evidence as well as argument. History is replete with the names of men who started something new that has not yet stopped. Socrates, Archimedes, Christ, Galileo, Newton, Darwin were not guiltless of such radicalism.

But the chief practical reason why the view under discussion is harmful is that, since it does not fit the facts, it is a view that is a maladaptation to the environment, particularly to the social environment. Human society in its development

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is ever presenting the new and the novel. Therefore, it is only those means by which the novel can adequately be dealt with that really adapt the individual to his environment. And what are those means?

First and foremost, intelligence and reason, intelligence to get as many facts as possible before one's self and before others, and reason to use these facts. In the presence of the novel, adherence to the past alone, to tradition, custom, and habit, is an inadequate means for the solution of problems, no matter whether the adherence be conscious or unconscious, although, if it is the latter, it is a concealed adherence and one that by its very nature cannot bring the facts before one. The rule is, then: adhere to, or rather, present the past, as one set of facts that bear upon present problems, but as only one set. But this requires that one should pull out of his subconsciousness, and into his consciousness, to the extreme limit, all that the past has deposited there by way of complexes, wishes, prejudices, and the like. Only in this way can the past be made one of many facts for reason to consider in solving present problems.

In the presence of the novel, too, pressing problems can be solved only provided that all the facts that bear upon the situation are considered—and who can tell what facts bear and what do not until facts themselves are known? There is the demand, then, that, in order to deal with problems, there should be as much intelligence as possible, with intelligence defined as the ability to discover facts.

But to make the unconscious conscious and to get all the facts possible, are only two prerequisite conditions. They are not all that is adequate if the walls of the past are to be scaled and man is not to be prisoner of his own bodily and social heritage. There must be reasoning, thinking, knowledge. Just as the psychologist, when he endeavors to convert me to his determinism, presupposes that it is by reason, and by reason alone, that I can scale the walls of my own far-reaching past, so in general it is by reason alone, and not by imitation, habit, loyalty, conservatism, reverence for authority, and the like, that the past can be escaped and that the novel in any situation can be adequately dealt with.

It is by such means, and by such means alone, that the physical sciences have progressed and are still progressing, and that the control of natural forces is possible to the wonderful extent that it now is. Thus, for example, it was by reasoning and by intelligence alone that Galileo was able to break with the rule of the Aristotelian tradition in mechanical science, and to establish the modern science of mechanics. So, also, by reason and intelligence alone were Copernicus and Newton able to break with the traditional Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and to lay the foundations for modern astronomical science. And by reason and intelligence alone did Lavoisier establish modern chemistry. In these cases it was by reason and intelligence that a more perfect adaptation to the environment was brought about and that men were able to escape the past and to learn of the country beyond. By and large the physical sciences have continued this development. Advance has been made always upon the basis of the past, but only as reason has scaled the walls of that past and become aware of the novel.

Unfortunately the social sciences, if there be any such, have not followed this example, but, in the midst of the novel and the new as produced by the forces of a dynamic social process, they have clung to the past as if it were the only fact to be considered. In this field the walls of the past have not been scaled. In religion, ethics, politics, economics and education there has been too little of the method of the natural sciences, and too much of blind imitation, too much of mechanized habit, and too much of loyalty to and reverence for the past for itself alone as this has been crystallized in institutions of authority. There have been too much prejudice, too much crowd consciousness, too many unavowed motives with subsequent rationalization of unconscious wishes, too much timidity in the presence of the novel. Difficult it is, indeed, to surmount these barriers, but surmounted they must be if men are not to be prisoners of their own heredity and environment.

If one would escape from these con-

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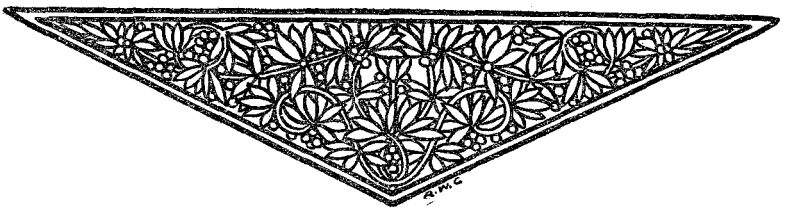
fines, I discover no means within man's control except fearlessness and intelligence and reason—fearlessness and intelligence to discover the facts, and reason to use them. Accident, revolution, and catastrophe may also initiate and start new things going—but these means are beyond man's control. Reason is not. It is the one controllable means, even as my friend, the psychologist, tacitly presupposes in his argument with me, of scaling the walls of tradition and habit when circumstances demand heroic measures.

Even with reason, however, the course is not easy. Physical science has progressed slowly and so must social science. But a beginning is made if the willingness exists both to question the past as the sole guide to the future and to allow one's self to be convinced by the reasoning of others as well as to reason one's self. The means to this is education, but an education that is itself in its standards and methods not bound by the past, but that is guided by reason. The result will be a more adequate adaptation to the novel that now is present, as seldom before, in our social, economic, political, and religious life.

Can the walls of the past be scaled? "Yes, by reason." And it is necessary to scale these walls if we would map our journey and control our course rather than lose our way and wander like lost children.

This, then, is my answer to my question. Either the psychologist is right or he is wrong. Either all human processes —digesting, secreting, acting, thinking, and reasoning—are but links in a causal chain of events that binds everything hard and fast, or there are exceptions. The exceptions in any case are not many, but they are most important. For it is only among the exceptions that the opportunity is present for man to make his environment and not be made by it. And the chief exception is reason, with this defined as the ability to get at the logic of those situations which fearlessness and intelligence disclose. Granted that one does not by taking thought give one's self the ability to think, but that this is the gift of nature, it does not follow that nature has not outdone herself in making this gift. Reason is the ability to see with the eye of the mind and not with the eye of the body.

Either my psychologist friend is right and I am wrong, or the converse is true. If he is right, I see no hope. The walls of the past cannot be scaled. But most precious among the possessions of mankind is the conviction that they can be. And that conviction is justified both by history and by the logic of the situation into which the modern psychologist puts himself when he argues for the control of human behavior. The walls of the past can be scaled. And the means thereto is reason.



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# Daylight Saving

BY EDWARD STEESE

Poor Miss Meig! For an hour or more
She has sat on the porch that fronts her door;
In scratchy coat and crazy hat,
Gray skirt and cracking shoes she has sat
Watching the motors go up, go down,
For the one that will give her a lift to town.
Her dull brown eyes grow worried, and stare;
She thinks a little of the wind in her hair;
But her hands in her lap lie quiet and thin,
Head nods, and thinks she's already been,
Spent a two-dollar bill and a dime . . .
And forgets she's an hour ahead of time!

"Let me see . . ." What *had* she seen?
Fields baked brown and trees still green,
Hills and valleys and stacks of hay,
Sailboats keeling in the wind on the bay.
What she'd smelt! Where did she shop?
Where? Where? Head goes drop;
Up fly hands to incredulous eyes,
She sees the road and the morning skies,
The dusty nasturtiums beside the porch,
The glimpse of sea to the right of the larch . . .
Poor Miss Meig! What time can it be?
Her hat all crooked; breath cracks, "Dear me!"
All a-flutter, how she must feel
When she sees at her door, *the* automobile!

"Well, now, well!" Up she gets,
Umbrella, basket, and shawl forgets;
All a-tremble, and laughing so,
Down she plumps in the big tonneau;
*Then* she sees the lady who sits
Beside her there and quietly knits . . .
"Dear Mrs. Brown, forgive me, do;
So excited I didn't see you!"
Off goes the car and over the bumps,
While the lady knits, and Miss Meig's heart thumps,
She gasps for breath, and closes her eyes,
She feels like a bird that flies and flies;
And then she thinks she's sailing a boat;
And then she thinks of the dust in her coat.
"Dear-oh-dear! Not so fast!"
She says each bend in the road her last;
And still beside her the lady knits
As poor Miss Meig is losing her wits.
But now at last they come to a smell
Rank as the rankest breath from hell,
The stench of kelp on the salty rocks



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And drying fish on the codfish-docks.
The car slows down; she opens her eyes
And laughs and smiles and chokes and sighs;
Rich Mrs. Brown can't walk for gout,
But when the car stops, Miss Meig gets out.

Miss Meig has all afternoon to waste,
But gets all hot in her flustered haste;
Twice she's gone to the very same store,
But didn't know she'd been there before!
"Let me see!" A pound of rice,
Three dried herring, and an ounce of spice;
A pair of rubbers, number ten . . .
And then she buys them all over again!
Now upstreet for an underskirt,
A pair of gloves that won't show dirt . . .
Can that be all? She looks in her purse,
And sees a half-dollar for better or worse.
"Dear-oh-dear, how the money flows!"
As into the postcard store she goes,
Writes two cards to a distant friend
And then she hasn't much more to spend.
Forty cents left . . . May no one see! . . .
Miss Meig looks 'round. Oh me, Oh me!
Through a swing door she slides to sin,
And plunks down her forty for a glass of gin.
Miss Meig, may Heaven forgive, if it see
This first little, last little, sordid spree!

Rich Mrs. Brown continues to knit;
Time goes, but she never notices it;
Miss Meig, as she chokes on the very last,
Thinks, "Oh my, how the time has passed!"
Out she goes, and spry is her step;
She trips down the sidewalk, hep, hep, hep;
She goes to the shop where she bought the skirt;
She goes to the grocer's and tries to flirt;
Her motor is waiting down the way,
But after all, she must say good-day!
But first into every shop she must go
And thinks that the town at large must know,
Let gossips whisper and church-bells peal,
Of her first mad ride in an automobile!

Rich Mrs. Brown was knitting still
When poor Miss Meig came, tired and ill,
But rich Mrs. Brown must never know
Miss Meig feels a sinner from top to toe;
Miss Meig looks sad, and off they go.
The air is cool on her faint, hot head;
She thinks of the silly things she has said,
Remembers she left some money somewhere,
But that is least of things she must bear.
The world is heaving upside-down.
As the motor rolls from the dusty town,
But, into the country come at last,

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The dreadful feeling is almost past.
Sick Miss Meig, she looks around
And sees the beauty of grass and ground;
A sudden wonder has come to birth
In quick, new love for the sun-washed earth;
She breathes the air and loves its feel,
And the rolling sway of the automobile;
She looks far up to the cloudless sky,
And hills and fields that are moving by;
She sees the golden light of the hay,
The sheen of willows on a summer's day;
Now by the windy bay they run,
She sees the waves click-clack in the sun,
A leaning schooner hoist pearly sails,
The sea-wind move in the meadow-swales;
She sees the shore's long curving reach,
And bright young people run on the beach;
She looks at rich Mrs. Brown, who sits
And looks at nothing, but only knits;
She sees an old man fish in a stream,
Her mind flows out, joins his in a dream;
But then they come to another bend,
And the clear sea-view has come to an end;
Miss Meig leans out, and waves good-by . . .
But Mrs. Brown never swerves an eye.
Miss Meig could cry but wants to shout
When she sees blue asters coming out;
She watches valleys and lakes and hills
With clouds above them till her glad heart thrills;
She feels the sweet hill-wind in her hair . . .
Hat topsyturvy, but doesn't care . . .
She feels the sun on hands and face,
And laughs when the motor's pulses race;
Her soul has swung to the mountain-tops
When suddenly the motor stops.

She smiles, and wipes the tears from her eyes,
And thinks she has been in paradise;
But no, here, here is her cosey house
To welcome back from her carouse;
Miss Meig gets out. "Oh, thank you so,
Dear Mrs. Brown, you never can know . . ."
But when she has stepped to the dusty lawn
And turned around, the car has gone.

Poor Miss Meig, she stands at the gate,
And cries, and wonders, and calls it Fate;
She stands in the sun till her poor head reels,
Stands and watches the automobiles,
Stands until her tired brain seems
Bewildered by strange and curious dreams:
She dreams that rich Mrs. Brown still sits
And knits, and knits, and knits . . . and knits.

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# AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

SUPPOSE Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Lord Haldane, Compton Mackenzie, G. K. Chesterton, Lytton Strachey, Sheila Kaye-Smith, St. John Ervine, John Masefield, A. E. Housman, Archibald Marshall, A. W. Pinero, W. B. Yeats, May Sinclair, and scores of other writers, were all living and working in the State of Michigan. I think that not only would the contribution of Michigan to creative literature be considerably greater than at present but the standard of competition there would be so high as to furnish a tremendous incentive to ambitious youth.

In every comparison made between the level of literature in England and in America, the concentration of British writers should be kept in mind. England is almost exactly the same size as the State of Michigan or the State of North Carolina, and it seems to me highly probable that if our best American writers were neighbors, the quality of our literature would improve. Competition is essential to success; thus it is a salutary thing for a boy who has led his class in a small village school to fare forth to a great university and discover whether he is relatively or absolutely good. He will not be long in finding out; he will see that what is considered good work in one locality is no more than average in another.

There is no doubt that the standard of literary excellence in England is higher than in America. I account for it partly by the fact that the leaders of British literature are huddled together so that they can almost hear each other, and partly by the fact that many centuries have established a literary tradition. Every new author is forced to compete with the quick and the dead. To the student of literature, every mile in England is holy ground.

People who talk about their travels are bores. Three hundred years ago, the dean of St. Paul's, John Donne, in a burlesque will, bequeathed "my silence to any that abroad hath been." But literary pilgrimages have an especial interest to lovers of books, and the only travels that I venture to talk about are the journeys that I have made to literary shrines. I suppose there is no man in the world who has less of the frontiersman in him than I; I have not the smallest inclination to visit wild or waste places, or to be the first man to climb a mountain. I had rather be the last man up the mountain; for the mountain becomes to me more steadily interesting in direct proportion to its human associations. I had a good deal of sympathy with G. K. Chesterton when he said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, but I will not lift up my carcass thither."

I had rather stand on a street corner where Doctor Johnson talked, or see Egdon Heath at twilight, than gaze on an illimitable expanse of untrodden snow. Ludgate Hill is more interesting than Mount McKinley.

It is not so necessary for Englishmen to travel extensively as it is for Americans; for the tight little island has an extraordinary variety of climate and of scenery. On the bleak-looking coast of Cornwall roses bloom in January; while the contrast between the topography of Cambridgeshire and that of Westmoreland is sufficiently impressive.

For a tourist in fair physical condition, the best way to see England is on a bicycle, and I heartily recommend this method of locomotion. It is cheap, effective, independent, and salubrious. Furthermore, an enormous number of English men and women continue to ride the silent wheel; it has never gone out of fashion as in America. It is a great pity that twenty years ago it became with us a fad; all fads smell of mortality. It used to be a common sight to see men and women in any town in the United States



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riding bicycles with the same motive and in the same spirit that in later years inspired them to excel in ping-pong, diavolo, and cross-word puzzles; indeed, foreigners who made any protracted stay in America were forced to take up the bicycle. There was a time when any fair morning in Central Park Jean and Edouard de Reszké could be seen pedalling.

One never becomes exhausted wheeling through England, because one is so often forced to dismount in order to behold something interesting. In one afternoon I visited Windsor Castle, Eton, the cottage where Milton wrote part of "Paradise Lost," the grave of William Penn, and the churchyard at Stoke Poges immortalized by Gray.

I shall have more to say of travelling in England in a subsequent number of this excellent magazine; I will content myself now by relating my long and finally triumphant pursuit of the nightingale. Many may think it is ridiculous to go abroad merely to hear a nightingale; but when one remembers that this is the most famous of all song-birds, and when I remember how I had unsuccessfully chased the vocal fowl through many countries and for many years, I consider the result worth recording. All the great British poets for five centuries paid poetic homage to the famous bird, and it became essential to my happiness that I should hear him. Wherever I went, I found he had just left. For example, whenever I was in Florence, and went out to the Cascine or along the Arno, and listened to nothing, I was always informed that last week scores of them were in activity. Speaking of the moon in Florence, Browning said:

> "Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
> Rounder twixt the cypresses and rounder,
> Perfect, till the nightingales applauded."

Well, many a night I walked along the Arno, and saw the moonlight on the façade of San Miniato, but heard no nightingale. It was the same way in Germany; Bremen is famous for its nightingales, but there were none for me. I asked my English golf-partner if he had ever heard a nightingale, and he replied, "I wish I had a shilling for every bootjack I have thrown at them." I never saw a bootjack, but it appears to be an implement used by Englishmen to throw at nocturnal soloists. I suppose every well-regulated British household has a collection of bootjacks, which are hurled at the voices of the night, are collected again during the day, and conveniently arranged for the midnight barrage.

In an interesting conversation with the English novelist, Alfred Ollivant, I mentioned my bad luck, and he declared that if I would come down to his house in Sussex on the following Saturday, he would guarantee to produce a nightingale. Accordingly at the appointed time we took the train, and I was agreeably shocked to observe that the station where we got off was Horsham, the town where Shelley was born; of course there should be singing-birds there. We drove in the twilight nine or ten miles; and after we had proceeded some distance, Mr. Ollivant remarked, "Now, this is funny." "No," said I, "this is not funny at all; this is the same bad luck I have had for years." "Why, last Saturday night there were scores of them all along the road." This time there were none. After dinner we sat in the garden till midnight; nothing. I gave it up, and went to my room; but just as I was getting into bed, there was an excited knock on the door and a hurry call. At the word, accoutred as I was, I sprang to the window. It was a very dark night, no moon, no stars; I made out three enormous blurs rising from the lawn—they were three tall trees. In each of the trees there was a nightingale, and the three birds were singing together. It was a concert worth all the years of waiting. As I listened in ecstasy, I thought of the long succession of British poets who had paid their tribute to the midnight minstrel, and the splendid stanza by Keats came into my mind, the stanza which begins with the words

> "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

and ends with the lines

> ". . . the same that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

In Kipling's story, "Wireless," referring to these lines, he says: "These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry."

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And now you will see how well repaid I was for my Sussex adventure. For the next morning as we walked across the fields on our way to church, we heard two other English soloists—the skylark and the cuckoo, both celebrated in British poesy. The larks rose almost vertically, as if trying for the altitude record; and after they had become invisible aloft, we could hear their voices—the poet calls it a "sightless song." The cuckoo I had never heard before; his song is a precise imitation of that abomination known as the cuckoo-clock, only of course you cannot train him to strike right. He is a ventriloquist; the powerful notes seemed to be directly behind my shoulder, whereas they came from a distance of about a thousand yards.

The most famous four birds in English literature are the nightingale, the blackbird, the cuckoo, and the skylark. All four are unknown in America. We have the yellow-bill and black-bill cuckoo, but they are quite unlike the English variety. As for the blackbird, I thoroughly agree with Theodore Roosevelt and with Lord Grey that he is the finest singer in England. When I read many years ago Tennyson's poem to the blackbird, celebrating the beauty of his music, I could not imagine what caused the poet's enthusiasm; the word blackbird had for me a quite different connotation. Our red-winged blackbird, with the scarlet epaulets, has only a genial wheeze; while the so-called crow-blackbird sings as though he had tonsilitis, or as though his voice were adolescently changing. But the British and the Continental blackbirds emit the most heavenly music. In spring dawns in Germany, they used to wake me up at four o'clock; I never thought of throwing bootjacks at them, for I was entranced by the melody. One February day, while standing in front of the University of Munich during a violent snowstorm, I saw a blackbird on the branch of a tree; he had his beak pointed toward the wind, and, while the snowflakes beat upon his little face, he poured out a stream of the loveliest music in the world.

Many reasons have been given why no one of this supreme quartet can live in the United States; when they are imported, they die. Some say they cannot get the right diet—what nonsense! It has remained for me to discover and to announce the true reason. It is because we have not sufficiently great poets. When a nightingale, who is accustomed to hearing tributes from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, comes hither and is greeted by American poets, he dies.

Several distinguished men have retroactively joined the Faerie Queene Club. Professor Albert S. Cook, of Yale, finished reading the poem on August 21, 1876, having previously read all the other works by the same poet. Professor Charles G. Osgood, of Princeton, whose "Spenser Concordance" of a thousand quarto pages was published in 1915, has an abundant entrance; and Professor Charles H. Whitman, of Rutgers, whose "Subject-Index to Spenser," which Professor Cook calls "the readiest clew through the maze of the 'Faerie Queene'," must not be forgotten.

Miss Susanna A. Matteson, of Auburn, R. I., read the entire poem in preparation for a college thesis on the Spenserian stanza, which metrical form she does not admire, perhaps because of the enforced work. She writes: "Another poem that I read on the same occasion, 'The Revolt of Islam,' I would offer for the Ignoble Prize if I had any idea that it was eligible. [It is.] I am not very fond of the Spenserian stanza, anyway; it gives me the disconcerted feeling of one who, thinking he has reached the top of the staircase, finds he has still another step to go."

I welcome in the membership list of the Asolo Club, Mrs. Georgiana Lacy Spalding, of Santa Barbara, who writes, "It is the only hill town."

In a recent issue of SCRIBNER'S, I said that Browning was assigned to take Anne Thackeray *out* to dinner. Henry Alfred Todd* wrote me from the Century Club: "A hundred to one that Lady Ritchie said '*in* to dinner.' I never in my life heard an English man or woman say *out* to dinner—nor, for the matter

* Mr. Todd, who was professor of Romance Philology at Columbia, died on January 3d.

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of that, have I ever heard an American man or woman say '*in* to dinner.' Try it on with your American and English friends."

This is interesting, and I respectfully refer it to H. L. Mencken. Oscar Wilde said that, after all, America and England were very much alike, "except, of course, the language."

The death of William Archer is a severe loss to the world of thought and letters, and a sharp personal grief to me, for we had been intimate friends many years. The last night I was in England, September 29, 1924, I dined with him at the Reform Club, and we had much good talk. Throughout his long career as a dramatic critic, he devoted all his scholarship and persuasive powers toward the elevation of the drama. To him, more than to any other man, is due the English and American recognition of Ibsen; he endured an endless amount of ridicule and obloquy, surviving even Max Beerbohm's terrible cartoon. Americans ought to remember Archer with affection, for I do not think any British writer has taken a more cordial attitude toward the United States. He loved Americans, loved the American theatre, and loved even our furnace-heated houses. He was a Scotsman, and proud of it; but his extensive travels and long sojourns in remote corners of the earth had made him a citizen of the world. Incidentally, I never heard any man or woman speak the English language with more precision or with a more excellent enunciation.

The recent elevation of Lord Jellicoe in the ranks of British nobility reminds me of the time, just after the war, when I sat down to a late supper in a New York club with him and with that distinguished American, Charles M. Schwab. When I was told that I was to have the honor of a place at the small table, I supposed that I should see two men whose faces would bear the marks of the prodigious responsibilities and ceaseless labors forced upon them by the Great War. I do not see how any one could have borne a heavier burden than Admiral Jellicoe, who was in supreme command of the Grand Fleet; and everybody knows what Mr. Schwab carried through. To my amazement, both men looked to be in absolutely perfect condition. Admiral Jellicoe was the very model of a healthy old salt, laughing and telling stories as though he had never had a worry in his life; and Mr. Schwab was the incarnation of geniality. The physical capacity of certain men is fully as amazing to me as their supply of cerebration.

Among the new books, let me heartily recommend "Memoirs of an Editor: Fifty Years of American Journalism," by Edward P. Mitchell, formerly editor-in-chief of the New York *Sun*. There are over four hundred pages, and not one of them is dull. I am glad that Mr. Mitchell has stepped out from the cover of journalistic anonymity into the full light of authorship; for a man who can write such English as this ought not to fail of recognition. I see now why I, and every one else, used to read *The Sun*, whether we agreed with it or not; that editorial page, in Dana's and Mitchell's régime, was the most interesting in America. I remember one editorial, at the time of President Cleveland's pronouncements on Venezuela, where in the first phrase, two birds were killed with one shot: "The New York *Evening Post*, which differed from President Cleveland on the only occasion when he happened to be right," etc. In Mr. Mitchell's book, American Presidents, from Lincoln to Coolidge, are passed in review, and interesting anecdotes told about them; many letters, from distinguished authors, are printed for the first time; and a complete portrait is made of Charles A. Dana. The book is packed with common sense, shrewd observation on public men, on manners, and on life; it is pervaded throughout with a hearty love of humanity and faith in life. It might be used as a valuable and convincing text-book on the art of living.

When I was a young man, I wrote an editorial for the New York *Sun*, sent it through the post, and was pleased to see it appear on the second day. So I can claim to be one of the anonymous authors of that editorial page. Incidentally, my article had the honor of receiving special comment in the United States Senate by

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Senator Hoar. Perhaps I ought to add that the comment was unfavorable.

John Masefield, whose skill in narrative-verse composition has been abundantly proven, has written a veritable thriller in his novel, "Sard Harker." There are many beautiful lyrical passages in this prose, but the reader will not be able to linger over them and enjoy them, because the story is so wildly exciting that one simply must find out what happens next. I forgot everything else while reading this book. I am grateful to the author for so much entertainment; on a rainy day I gave the novel to the famous golfer, Mr. Travis, and he told me it had saved his life.

The difficulty of sequel-writing is once more illustrated by the Frenchman, André Maurois, chiefly famous as the author of "Ariel." His novel about Colonel Bramble was, I think, the most humorous book produced by the war; it had quality. Now he has endeavored to carry on in a story called "Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady," where the endeavor is more conspicuous than the result. It is a dull and worthless book.

The English novelist, J. C. Snaith, has written a diverting novel, "There is a Tide," dealing with the adventures of a raw American girl in England. Not only does the heroine talk the latest American dialect, but Mr. Snaith's researches in this strange lingo have been sufficiently successful to enable him to write page after page of description in United States slang. "Mame" comes from Cowbarn, Iowa, and mingles freely with the English nobility. This is an international novel, emphatically not in the manner of Henry James. It constantly reminds me of Henry James by its obtrusive contrast. What would he think of it?

When will Mr. Snaith write a book as good as "Broke of Covenden"?

I admire the American-Scandinavian Foundation for many things, and especially for the recent publication of "America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer." These have been selected from the original voluminous collection, which appeared in 1853. I congratulate the editor, Adolph B. Benson, on his skill in selection and condensation, for I do not know when I have read a foreigner's impressions of America with more enjoyment. Fredrika Bremer was a famous Swedish writer, who at about the age of fifty travelled widely in the United States and wrote letters home to her sister. She is, of course, universally known in Sweden, where she has an unassailable place among standard authors; it is my hope that the re-publication of these letters in this volume will give her a renewed vogue in America. The editor's comment is just and truthful: "We may safely assert that Miss Bremer's greatest claim to immortality abroad is based on her letters of travel. These are classics of their kind, as fresh and charming as on the day they were written, and the wealth of their information is enhanced by the sympathetic personality of the recorder as well as by their humorous, compelling style." I do not know of any traveller in America who spent time to better advantage. She seems to have seen everything worth seeing, to have heard everything worth hearing, to have met everybody worth knowing. She had many conversations with Emerson, which she reports in detail; she heard Daniel Webster make a great speech in the Senate; she made a pencil sketch of Washington Irving; she talked with those radicals, Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, and Theodore Parker; she dined with Longfellow, and liked the American wine; Whittier called on her; Charles Sumner read aloud to her a "poem in prose" called "The Great Stone Face," by a young writer named Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose latest work, "The Scarlet Letter," "is making a great sensation, and is eulogized as a work of genius." She heard in church "one of the best extempore Christian discourses that I have ever heard in any country." The preacher was a young man out of the West, Henry Ward Beecher.

She not only made the most of her opportunities, but her descriptive letters are so vivid that we are enabled to share her good fortune. Possibly her literary skill was heightened by sympathy. At a time when there was more than a certain condescension in foreigners, this is what she wrote:

> I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain; that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more

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worthy to be loved than any other. Their hospitality and warm-heartedness, when their hearts are once warmed, are really overflowing and know no bounds. And since so many travellers see and make a great ado about their failings, it is well that there should be some one who, before anything else, becomes acquainted with their virtues. And these national failings, so far as I can yet see them, may all be attributed to the youthful life of the people. In many cases I recognize precisely the faults of my own youth—the asking questions, want of reflection, want of observation of themselves and others, a boastful spirit, and so on. And how free from these failings and how critically alive to them are the best people in this country!

At this moment I am writing in Augusta, Ga.; the newspapers here are rejoicing in the fact that the Savannah River is to be reopened for navigation, and a fleet of steel steamers built; some of the most interesting pages by Miss Bremer deal with her voyage on a steamboat up this very stream. Let me urge all Scribnerians to buy a copy of these letters, for it is difficult to exaggerate their charm. In reading them, the past becomes to-day.

John Galsworthy's reminiscences of Conrad, published in the January issue of SCRIBNER'S, make the best article on the subject that I have seen. It is not necessary that one famous novelist should write a literary criticism of the works of another; but it is his duty, at the appropriate time, to give the world the benefit of his intimate knowledge of his friend's character and personality. No man is so well qualified to perform this service for Conrad and for his readers as Galsworthy; his manner in performing it is in striking contrast to that of some others who have crowded the mourners. If only some Elizabethan had written a similar essay on Shakespeare! It would have been worth tons of scholarly commentaries.

When Goethe died, his contemporaries were certain of the curiosity of posterity and fortunately did everything possible to satisfy it. But although Ben Jonson was fully aware of the immortal genius of his friend, and ranked his plays above all the works of Greece and Rome, he could not foresee the intense interest that people in the twentieth century would have in his personality, character, temperament, habits, and opinions.

One of the most important books of the year 1925 is the second volume in David Alec Wilson's huge biography of Carlyle, which takes us to the publication of "The French Revolution." Mr. Wilson has a way of making every detail interesting. It is probably the most valuable biographical work of our time, and when it is finished, we shall know Carlyle as Boswell made us know Johnson. I can think of no other "Life" with which this can fitly be compared. Although Carlyle was a great writer, he himself was more interesting than anything he wrote. Much new light is thrown on Jeffrey, and one sees plainly why Carlyle, after criticising Jeffrey's political attitude with severity, wrote, "Yet, on the whole, he is about *the best man* I ever saw."

I take pains in these pages to recommend only those novels which I feel sure discriminating readers will enjoy. Let me say then that "The Three Hostages," by John Buchan, is so captivating a story, takes and holds such a clutch on one's attention, that any one who does not enjoy it ought to consult a physician.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize, Trial by Jury. More than forty years ago I heard that distinguished jurist, Edward J. Phelps, say in a public lecture, "Trial by Jury is a good thing which has outlived its usefulness." To-day it looks like a bad thing which continues to demonstrate its uselessness.

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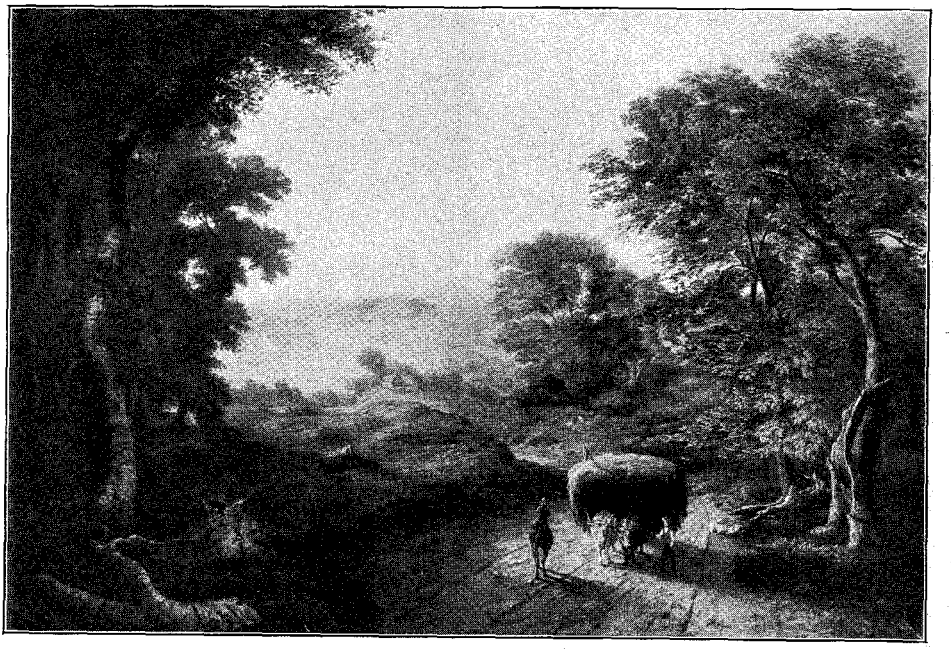
# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Berkshire Hills.

From the painting by George Inness.

THE story of American landscape-painting has a peculiar interest because it constitutes the most decisively national achievement of our school. I have a particular reason for returning to it at this time. George Inness was born at Newburgh on May 1, 1825. In commemoration of his centenary the Macbeth Gallery in New York City arranged this season a loan exhibition of about thirty of his works, ranging from the sixties to his last period. It was a well-chosen, fairly representative collection, a good illustration of the art of Inness. I rejoiced in it for its own sake, and it set me to thinking about the whole development of American landscape art. It is a subject for which I have a special predilection, for it is one affirming the American genius in extraordinary fulness and brilliance. In our earlier history, when we were learning how to paint, we got our first impetus from the British tradition of the eighteenth century, and adjusted that tradition specifically to problems of portraiture. Our first efforts to deal with the subject-picture remain, critically speaking, almost negligible. I have sometimes wondered if our nearness at that time to the ideas of Puritanism did not have something to do with it. Such ideas, still lingering in the air, may possibly have slowed up the attack upon that study of the nude which bears so heavily upon the treatment of the figure. The thought persists despite the essays in the nude which can be discerned here and there in our formative period. In any case the fact remains that the significant disciples of nature in the pioneering phase



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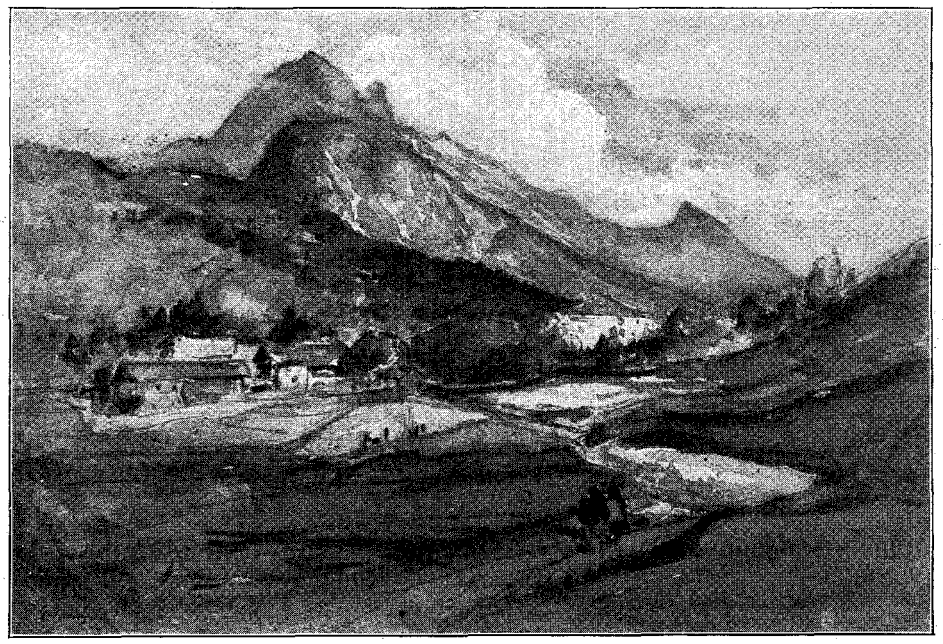
of American art are those who sought their inspiration in field and forest.

♣ ♣ ♣

THEY were not, to tell the truth, the most exciting types in the world! Thomas Doughty, born in 1793, Asher B. Durand, born in 1796, were distinctly wanting in the creative fire so indispensable to the founders of an authentic school. portraiture by a certain rectitude which was in itself well calculated to give a measure of stimulus to the evolution of a better movement. It is customary and reasonable to ascribe their failure to assert themselves more effectively to the insufficient store of ideas behind them. It is convenient and not unfair to say that we needed acquaintance with the new outlook and the new methods brought into



In Italy.

From the water-color by George Inness.

It seems sometimes as if their names had gone conclusively down the wind, and with them the names of men like Kensett and McEntee, Whittredge and Bierstadt, S. R. Gifford and F. E. Church. But I wish the people who hold this view would now and then, just out of old loyalty, go to the Metropolitan Museum and renew the impressions which the Hudson River men are there to convey. No doubt they are impressions of a dry, pinched, and altogether too literal reproduction of the given subject. But these pictures are also exemplars of honest workmanship, of judicious composition, of sound and sometimes graceful drawing. They are allied to our earlier and more successful play around 1830 by the painters of France. Of course Barbizon set a new beacon by which we were in due course bound to profit. But the crux of the matter resided, as it always does, in the question of personality. Everything in art depends upon the caliber of the artist. Consider, for example, the case of Homer Martin, born in 1836. He was a pupil of William M. Hart, and when he began was not only conversant with the Hudson River methods but whole-heartedly employed them. Yet Martin, having intensely that gift which we call temperament, presently emerged from under the handicaps of his pupilage and painted some of the things most exquisite and

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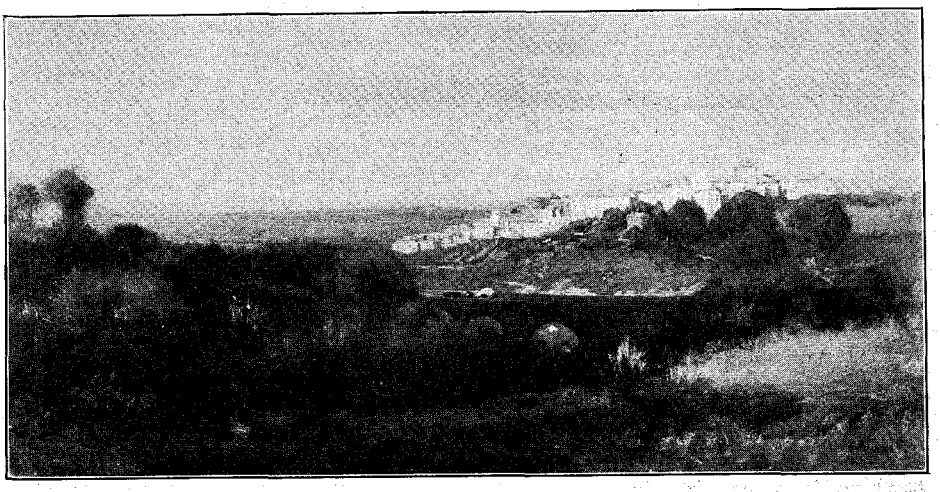
most modern in American landscape. Genius does the trick. It did it for George Inness.

EVERYTHING about his career points to the power of originality in him. In the biography written by his son occurs this statement of the precocity of his aspirations toward art:

> In speaking of his aims and ambitions, my father once told me that his desires first began to crystallize when, as a very little chap, he saw a man painting a picture out in a field. Immediately a responsive chord was struck, and his own nebulous groping for self-expression became at once a concrete idea. Then and there he made up his mind that when he grew up he would be a painter. He told me that he thought it the most wonderful thing in the world to make with paint the things that he saw around him, clouds, trees, sunsets, and storms, the very things that brought him fame in later years. He told me with what awe he viewed the difficulty of getting a piece of paper big enough, for he thought that to paint a landscape one had to have a paper as large as the scene itself—a thought as naïvely conceived as it was expressed.

With these emotions seething in his bosom he had to reckon with a father who was kind and generous, but whose belief in the virtues of a mercantile career led him to set the lad up, at the age of fourteen, as proprietor of a little grocery-store in Newark! But almost immediately he escaped from that and was placed under the instruction of an artist in the town, named Barker, who in a few months had taught him about drawing and painting all that he had to teach. His son says that a little later he did some work in an engraver's office, but was not interested, and shortly entered the studio of Regis Gignoux in New York. There is also mention of his susceptibility to certain old masters in engravings casually encountered in a print-shop. In after-years he could not remember just what



Albano.

From the painting by George Inness.

the pictures were, but he could not forget their broad lesson. "There was a power of motive, a bigness of grasp in them," he said. "They were nature, rendered grand instead of being belittled by trifling detail and puny execution. I began to take them out with me to compare them with nature as she really appeared, and the light began to dawn." That light stayed by him all his life long, and with it there was fused a remarkable inner illumination. "The true use of art," he was wont to say, "is, first, to cultivate the artist's own spiritual nature. . . . The true artistic impulse is divine."

This is an appropriate point at which to pause upon the nature of the man. He thought much and could talk well, but I should say that he was an emotional and

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mystical type rather than an intellectual. That naïveté to which his son alludes in the anecdote of his boyhood was never quite lost. He seems, indeed, naïveté itself when you compare him with a contemporary of his like the lettered, philosophical, sophisticated La Farge. I can find no traces in his biography of what is surely untraceable in his works—anything like exhaustive examination of historic schools or academic organization of ideas. Something like the latter might perhaps be identified in some of his letters or sayings, and, of course, as a technician he knew what he was about, following a reasoned method. But his thought, as thought, in such specimens of it as have come my way, has always seemed to me to be impulsive and a little confused by his mysticism. An instance of his intellectual crudity is supplied in a letter of his on one of the most momentous developments in modern painting, a letter from which I take the following passages:

> I am sorry that . . . I have come to be classed as a follower of the new fad "impressionism." . . . Every fad immediately becomes so involved in its application of its want of understanding of its mental origin and that the great desire of people to label men and things that one extreme is made to meet with the other in a muddle of unseen life application. And as no one is long what he labels himself, we see realists whose power is in a strong poetic sense as with Courbet. And impressionists who from a desire to give a little objective interest to their pancake of color, seek aid from the weakness of pre-Raphaelism, as with Monet—Monet, made by the power of life through another kind of humbug. For when people tell me that the painter sees nature in the way the Impressionists painted, I say, "Humbug!" from the lie of intent to the lie of ignorance.

On another occasion, alluding to this same bugbear of impressionism, he declares that he is down on all that sort of thing, characterizing such "fads" as shams. I could quote further specimens of what seems like nothing more nor less than a hopeless obscurantism, but it is unnecessary to do so or to linger over the subject. I touch upon it only to point the fact that Inness was not precisely a thinker. He was, instead, all imagination and emotion, all eye and hand. His essential attitude he thus illuminatingly expressed, referring to a practice begun at the outset of his career: "I would sit down before nature, and under the impulse of a sympathetic feeling, put something on canvas more or less like what I was aiming at. It would not be a correct portrait of a scene, perhaps, but it would have a charm. . . . When I tried to do my duty and paint faithfully I didn't get much; when I didn't care so much for duty I got something more or less admirable." Add to this his passion for nature, his insight into her moods, and you have some idea of the equipment that he took with him when his friend Ogden Haggerty, an auctioneer in New York, enabled him to go abroad not long after his marriage in 1850, when he was still in his twenties. He painted and studied the old masters in Italy for two years. He remained here as long on his return from abroad, but in 1854 was on his travels again, this time working much in France. There followed a long American period, but once more in the seventies he was under foreign skies. The remainder of his career down to his death in 1894, was spent in this country. The biography contains one interesting fragment on his contact with the Barbizon school, so interesting that I must quote it intact:

> As landscape-painters I consider Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot among the very best. Daubigny particularly and Corot have mastered the relation of things in nature one to another, and have obtained the greatest works, representations more or less nearly perfect, though in their day the science underlying impression was not fully known. The advance already made is that science, united to the knowledge of the principles underlying the attempt made by those artists, will, we may hope, soon bring the art of landscape-painting to perfection. Rousseau was perhaps the greatest French landscape-painter, but I have seen in this country some of the smaller things of Corot which appeared to me to be truly and thoroughly spontaneous representations of nature, although weak in their key of color, as Corot always is. But his idea was a pure one and he had long been a hard student. Daubigny also had a pure idea, and so had Rousseau. There was no affectation in these men, there were no tricks of color. But the trouble with Rousseau was that he has too much detail. He's little, he's twopenny. He's little with detail, and that takes away from his artistic worth.

From that fantastically inept "twopenny" allusion it is clear enough that he was no docile pupil sitting at the feet of the great Frenchmen, and I do not think it could be said that he was at any time

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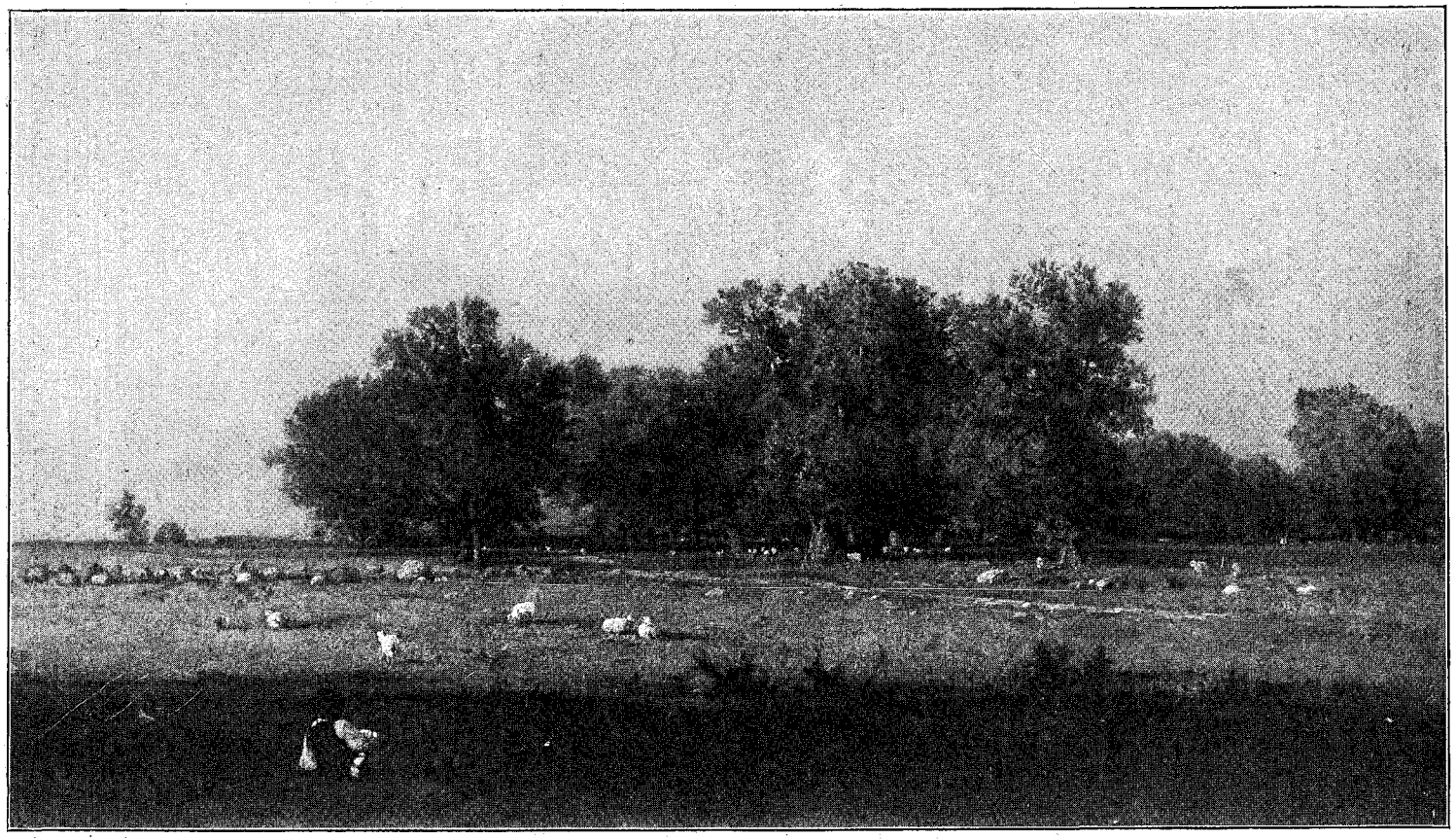

Durham, Connecticut

From the painting by George Inness.



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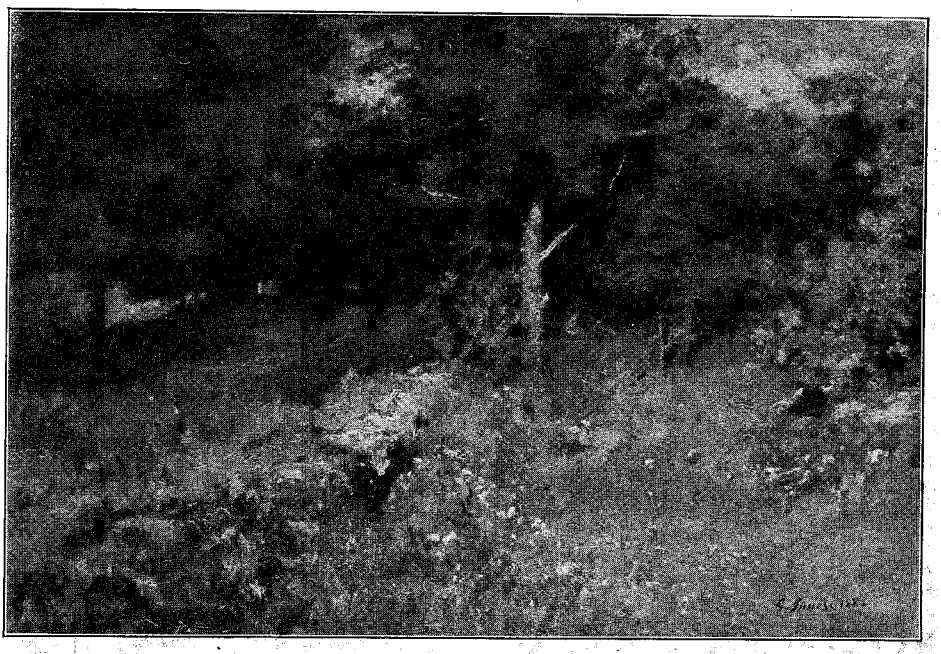
definitely subject to their influence. But it is undeniable that the whole European experience was beneficial. It broadened him and it steadied him, and I think especially his broodings on French and Italian soil strengthened him in the art of mere picture-making. His earliest paintings show a minutely close analysis of detail. It is obvious from landscapes like his "Juniata River," or his "Berkshire Hills," or his "Nook Near Our Village," that he could not throw off the pressure of the Hudson River tradition all at once. But in Europe finally he did completely reject it, gaining at great strides in largeness and freedom. The big monumental "Barberini Pines," in the Metropolitan Museum, shows perhaps most conspicuously what he drew from the classical environment that he found in Italy, but I remember a little "Albano" of his that is even more eloquent of his growth. The composition is perfect—a foreground with no great incident, a bridge in the middle distance, and then beyond that the gleaming town on its hill. And I recall it, too, as a superb piece of painting, the brushwork vigorous and explicit, the handling a blend of force and delicacy that could have been matched only by Corot. It is the *maestria* of this "Albano" that henceforth characterizes Inness, only waxing stronger as time goes on, until at his full maturity he worked like the authoritative conductor of a magnificent orchestra.



Summer Foliage.
From the painting by George Inness.

HE was a great colorist. A blazing sky appealed to him as a stirring theme appeals to a virtuoso. But even while it wrought him up to a high pitch of enthusiasm he held his hand and kept his picture on the safe side of merely sensuous improvisation. Creative frenzy was thus governed by him in whatever key he painted. His impulsiveness, it is true, sometimes led him into strange ways with a canvas. Dissatisfied with a perfectly good design he would proceed to "tickle it up," and not infrequently this meant the complete transmogrification of it. He was capable of turning a landscape into a marine overnight, and the client

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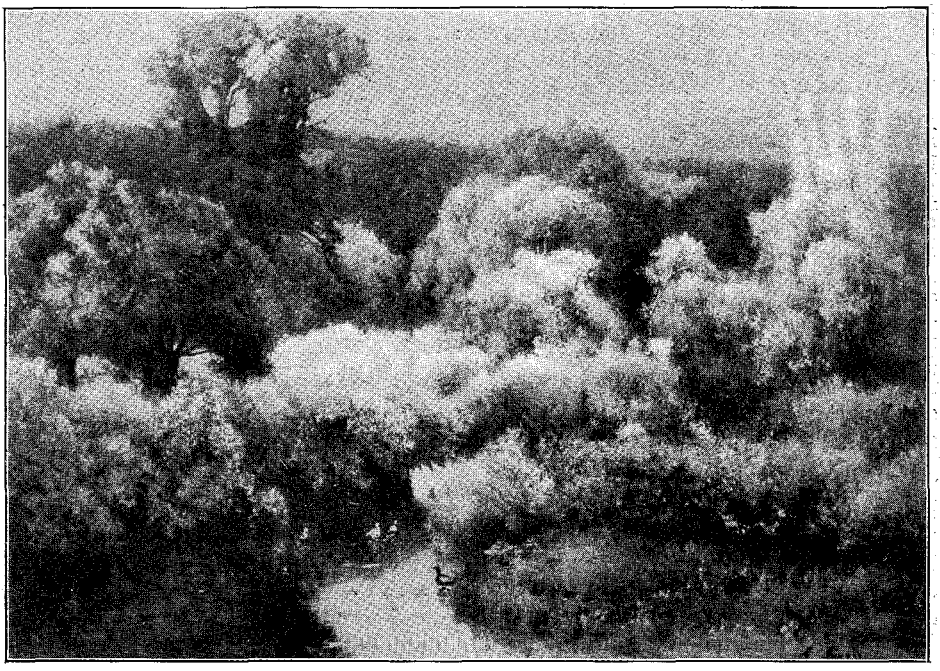
who wanted to be sure of the picture he bought did well to carry it off on the spot, before the artist had a chance to "improve" it. But the important thing to remember is that the truth of nature never suffered from any of the changes which he was so often tempted to make. His memory was a veritable anthology of the things of the visible world. He was largely, I gather, a studio painter, but no resolute open-air man ever beat him in fundamental veracity. I do not think that any modern landscape-painter, either of the Barbizon school or any other, has surpassed him in truth, in beauty, and in that stamp of individual genius which gives artistic immortality to both.

It is a large saying, but I do not hesitate to make it, for I have a deep sense of the splendor in his work, its note of organic creative strength. From the thirty pictures at the Macbeth Gallery my memory travelled over thrice that number more, and I had a vivid sense of the might and scope of this great painter. There was a wonderful amplitude about his genius, a wonderful energy. He poured forth his designs in glorious profusion, and they have rich substance, an abounding vitality. It was in America, too, that he brought his art to a climax, during the eighties and the early nineties. He is our own man, his roots going down deep into our own soil. His landscapes are among the raciest, most characteristic things American art has given us. They most faithfully depict the American scene, and they enrich it with the beauty that only art could give to it. They do this, curiously, in spite of the fact that he was not one of the sublimest technicians that ever lived. The "twopenny" Rousseau could easily have taught him something about the drawing of trees, and from the Barbizon men generally he might have learned something about the definition of textures. Yet against his limitations in technique there must be set the circumstance that he had an uncanny way of getting the effect that he wanted. I remember some water-colors of his done on the Italian border beneath the shadow of



Grey Lowery Day.
From the painting by George Inness.

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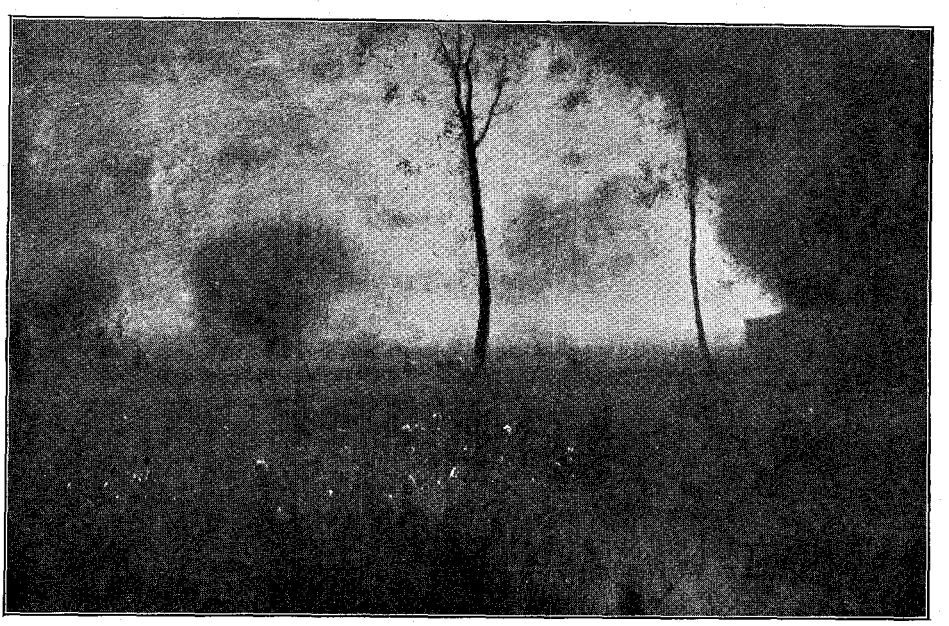
the Alps. Grandiose ground-forms were sketched in them, with a feeling for structure reminding one of the drawings of Turner. I go back to that saying of his: "The true artistic impulse is divine." He had it and had it so supremely that the niceties of manual dexterity never, after all, troubled him very much. With his vision he could afford to be a little careless of technique.

I have spoken of the exhibition of his works as reviving the question of American landscape art at large. It does not do so in the sense of drawing attention to a master and a school. Inness did not rear up a large company of pupils. But he did leave an ineffaceable mark because he left American landscape better than he found it, fixed it in a new status, and inculcated by example a new point of view. It would be false and unjust to say that he did this single-handed. Wyant counted in ushering in a new régime. Homer Martin counted. So did Winslow Homer. But for George Inness it was reserved to illustrate the modern hypothesis of landscape-painting with an energy, a brilliance, an individuality, and, I repeat, a splendor, giving him unique salience. His influence might seem to have been curtailed by the rise in this country of that very impressionistic movement which he so mistakenly contemned. Many of his juniors, including some of our best painters, gladly and profitably derived from Claude Monet the aid which he disdained. But their interest in problems of light constituted, in a sense, a detail. Broadly speaking, it was from George Inness that they took over the point of view, the habit of mind, typical of American landscape art in the last thirty years and more. If the old methods of the Hudson River school are no longer valid, if the "natural magic" that now holds sway is one concerned in utter freedom with the everlasting truths of light and air and color, if our painters and their public explore the intimacies of nature in a spirit of sympathy and understanding, it is largely because Inness found the key to a more beautiful world. He accustomed us to a different kind of landscape, and he established it as the right one. He liberated us from an inadequate tradition and gave us a new standard to live by. Only a man of genius could have done it.



Sunset at Montclair.
From the painting by George Inness.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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VOL. LXXVII — *May 1925* — No. 5

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ILLUSTRATED

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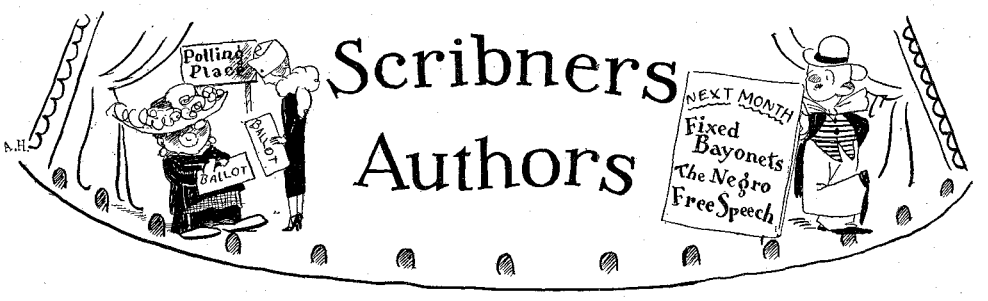


*A Revelation as to June and a Counting of Petals in May*

FIX bayonets!

It was 4.35 the morning of July 18. The 49th Company of the 5th Marines was going into battle. Captain John Thomason, Jr., has produced a most vivid and gripping account of this battle at Soissons. We use these time-worn words "vivid" and "gripping" advisedly, for they fit exactly what this Marine officer has done with picture and word in the June SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Many of the sketches were done on the field of battle, all of them were derived from personal observation and experience. Captain Thomason has achieved action through dash of line and rhythm, he has achieved significance through a fine ability to express the deep feeling of the thing. Captain Thomason expresses the Marine's sourly humorous acceptance of discomforts and hardships, the damnable beastliness of actual fighting, the thrill of it despite its beastliness, and, over all, the fine and high courage of these men to whom the war came not as a crusade for righteousness but a change from the routine of peace-time service and a part of the day's work.

**A True Artist—A Captain of the Marines**

Several people have asked us if we didn't know the war was over, referring to Thomas Boyd's stories and other things on the war which we have published. Well, we can't say that we do. Its effects are with us yet. The World War may be over, as far as actual fighting is concerned, but the air is filled with wars and rumors of wars. The trouble has been not with the war as a subject, but the way it has been treated. We have always held the opinion that there should be no ban on writings about the war, if the writing could stand on its own feet. This, the first literary work by Captain Thomason ever published, certainly can. We are willing to place it beside any other writing that the year has produced for vividness, for significance, for proportion and truth. It is not reporting, it is art. It is not personal exploitation, it is moving personal experience told almost impersonally.

**How Free Is Free Speech?**

With such a start, the June number countenances no retreat and each article is full of stimulating and thought-worthy material. Judge Robert Watson Winston, author of the charming "A Freshman Again at Sixty," which appeared in the December number, contributes "How Free Is Free Speech?" a vigorous discussion of the principle which is the very basis of our institutions. Judge Winston was the attorney for Josephus Daniels in the celebrated case in which the future secretary of the navy was condemned to jail for criticising a judge. Judge Winston later went to the bench of the Superior Court of North Carolina. His avowed purpose in re-entering the University of North Carolina at the age of sixty is to fit himself "to interpret the New South to the nation, and the nation to the New South." The task is one in which we wish him all possible success. Too long has the South been regarded as a queer phenomenon, and too often have professional Southerners been unconscious promoters of the idea. Interpretation and understanding come through mutual criticism, the free interplay of ideas. Sectional Bourbonism is the great hinderer.

A friend of ours once wrote us from the South that the mark of a true Southerner was the ability to shake your head and remark solemnly that you didn't know "what's going to be done about the nigger question." But he was a Northerner and hadn't been below the Mason-Dixon line long. We have a suspicion that he had been talking with Northerners, anyway.

**"The Nigger Question"**

Albert Guérard discovered that there was no race question in the South. It is entirely a Northern importation. The many letters which we received about Gerald Johnson's "The Battling South," in the March number, state that the negro is happier, more content, better cared



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MOTHER AND CHILD.

Painted by Max Bohm.

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